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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

TTA. f. 1.

Mary II. and Lord Preston's Daughter.

VOL. XI.

LONDON,
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
1847

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."

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VOL. XI.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1847.

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TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.[1]

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THE swiftest gales and the most propitious weather that ever speeded a favourite of fortune to the possession of a throne attended Mary, princess of Orange, in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She arrived there, glowing in health, and

[1] The preceding events of the life of Mary II. when princess, have been related in conjunction with those of her sister Anne, in vol. x.

overflowing with an excess of joyous spirits beyond her power to repress. Mary was brilliant in person at this epoch, and had not yet attained her twenty-seventh year.

Mary had been declared joint sovereign with her husband, but was not yet proclaimed, their signatures to the Bill of Rights being expected in return for the election which elevated them to her father's throne. The merely nominal regality to which the convention of 1688-9 had been induced to confine Mary's position in this double sovereignty, would have been more consistent with the ideas the Anglo-Normans entertained of female royalty than with the era of the next queen-regnant, who was called to the throne after the potent Elizabeth.

Mary brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom she had neither the power nor the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange had not dared to outrage public opinion in England, by making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father. But as he by no means intended to break his connexion with her, Mary was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. Subservient to conjugal authority in all things, Mary submitted even to this degradation. Her compliance prevented the English people from murmuring at witnessing the toleration of her husband's mistress at Whitehall, at the same time holding a responsible situation about her own person. The new queen, perhaps, thought she had gained a great triumph over "the Villiers" by the obligations under which she laid her husband, by the sacrificing to him the power and precedence with which the convention had originally invested her. Mary had even sent to her husband the letters of Danby, urging her to insist on her nearer claims.

The success of William and Mary was not a little accelerated by the publication of an absurd prophecy, which affected to have described the tragic death of Charles I.,

the restoration of Charles II., and ended by declaring, that the next king would go post to Rome; all which was to happen when there were three queens of England at the same time. On the landing of Mary, the three queens were expounded to mean herself, Catherine of Braganza, and Mary Beatrice.[1]

The scene of Mary's landing in England[2] on the morning of February 12, 1688-9, strange to say, has never been described by any historian; it is, however, graphically delineated in the second of the contemporary Dutch paintings, which have been recently brought to Hampton Court Palace. The queen appears in the centre of the group of English courtiers, who stand bare-headed on the shore to receive her, and are backing and bowing down before her with demonstrations of profound respect. Her page stands in the back-ground, laden with her large orange cloak, which, with its hanging sleeves and ample draperies, sweeps the ground. Mary has also removed her hood, and shows herself to the people without any covering on her head, or shoulders; her bodice is cut very low, and draped with folds of fine muslin, looped with strings of pearls; her hair is dressed with lofty cornettes of orange ribands and agraffes of pearls. She draws up her purple velvet robe to show an ostentatious-looking orange petticoat. Orange banners are borne before her and about her. Her tall lord chamberlain, hat in hand, is backing before her, and directing her attention to her grand state charger, which is richly caparisoned, with purple velvet saddle, and housings emblazoned with the crown and royal arms of Great Britain, and led by her master of the horse, sir Edward Villiers, who is in full court dress. Her majesty is preceded by females strewing flowers, she is surrounded

[1] Lamberty, vol. i. p. 371.

[2] The queen embarked at the Brill, Monday, Feb. 10, and was in the Nore in a few hours.

by her officers of state, and attended by her Dutch lady of honour, in lofty stiff head-gear. This lady is, probably, madame Stirum.

If Gravesend were the place of queen Mary's landing, and if the Dutch painter has been correct, Gravesend must have been very different in appearance then, from what it is at present, which is probable, because it had, at that time, ancient towers called block-houses, and other river fortifications still standing. The princess Anne, and prince George of Denmark, with their attendants, received her majesty at Greenwich palace.[1] The royal sisters met each other "with transports of affection;" says lady Churchill, "which soon fell off, and coldness ensued." But not then; both Mary and Anne were too much elated with their success, to disagree in that hour of joy and exultation—joy so supreme, that Mary could neither dissemble nor contain it, according to the testimony of every one who saw her. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for her; and, amidst a chorus of shouts and welcomes from an immense throng of spectators, she entered it with her sister and brother-in-law, and was in a short time brought to Whitehall-stairs, where she landed with them, and took possession of her father's palace.[2] William, for the first time since his invasion, came to Whitehall, but not until Mary had actually arrived there.[3] Mazure attributes to design this remarkable trait in his conduct. "By such artifice," says that historian, "William threw on the daughter of the exiled king the odium of the first occupation of his palace."[4]

Four writers, who all profess to be eye-witnesses either of her landing or her demeanour in the palace, have each recorded what they saw; one of them, a philosophical ob-

[1] Oldmixon, p. 780.
[2] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough. [3] Lamberty.
[4] Mazure. Revolution d'Angleterre, vol. iii. 365.

server, Evelyn; another an enemy, lady Churchill; a third, a panegyrist, Oldmixon; and the fourth an apologist, her friend, Burnet. This concurrence of evidences, each of whom wrote unknown to the other, makes the conduct of Mary one of the best authenticated passages in history. "She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding," wrote Evelyn, "seeming quite transported with joy." Some of Mary's party, to shield her from the disgust that eye-witnesses felt at her demeanour, declared she was acting a part that had been sternly prescribed her by her husband's letters. Her partisan, Oldmixon, enraged at these excuses, exclaimed, "If they had seen her as others did, they would not have ventured to report such falsity; so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman."[1]

Lady Churchill, in her fierce phraseology, speaks of what she witnessed without the slightest compromise, and as her assertions are borne out by a person respectable as Evelyn, she may be believed: "Queen Mary wanted bowels; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct. For whatever necessity there was of deposing king James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very chamber, and from that bed; and, if she felt no tenderness, I thought, at least, she might have felt grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.[2] But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not even imparting

[1] Oldmixon's History, p. 780.
[2] Conduct, by Sarah duchess of Marlborough, p. 26.

them to my mistress, the princess Anne, to whom I could say anything." As the conduct of her mistress had been still more coarse and unnatural than that of her sister, lady Churchill knew that she could not blame one without reflecting severely on the other.

The following apology, made by her friend Burnet,[1] weighs more against Mary than the bold attack of her sister's favourite. "She put on an air of great gaiety when she came to Whitehall. I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that, afterwards, I took the liberty to ask her, 'How it came that what she saw in so sad a revolution in her father's person had not made a greater impression on her?' She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and assured me 'that she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts;' but she added 'that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness in which she might perhaps go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part not natural to her.'"

Thus did queen Mary throw from herself the blame of an unfeeling levity, which had revolted even the coarse minds of Burnet and Sarah Churchill; but surely the commands of her partner had reference only to the manner in which she acted the part of royalty, while the eyes of her new subjects were upon her; it did not dictate the heartless glee,[2] when she made her perambulations to examine into the state of the goods that had fallen into her grasp, on the evening of her arrival and betimes in the succeeding morning. He might prescribe the grimace he chose, to be

[1] Burnet's Own Times.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

assumed in her robes, but not her proceedings in her dressing-gown, before her women were on duty.

"She rose early in the morning," says Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the convenience of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed and apartment where the queen of James II. had laid, and, within a night or two, sat down to basset, as the queen her predecessor had done. She smiled upon all, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, and that she takes nothing to heart, while the prince, her husband, has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfully serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on his affairs."

Mary thus took possession not only of her father's house, but of all the personal property of her step-mother, which had been left in her power. Evelyn was scandalized at seeing in her possession several articles of value, among others a cabinet of silver filagree: "It belonged," he says,[1] "to our queen Mary, wife of James II., and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent,"—honestly would have been the more appropriate term. The case was uglier since her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes and his personal property, which her uncle, lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart, observes "was utterly neglected."

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns, although it was Ash-Wednesday. The first day of Lent was then kept as one

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

of deep humiliation; strange indeed did the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the flourishing of drums, seem to those attached to the established church. The day was most inclement, and with a dismal down-pouring of wet.[1] All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one, according to the preceding testimony.

The ceremonial of the recognition of William and Mary as the joint-sovereigns of England was prepared in the Banqueting-room of Whitehall, where they were previously to sign the celebrated Bill of Rights, which promised to every protestant Englishman the enjoyment of liberty. It is true parliament might dispense with these salutary laws, as was indeed frequently done by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, during the reigns of William and Mary. In fact, it was suspended within three months of the signature of the bill of rights, but at first only for a month.[2]

About noon on Ash-Wednesday, February 13th, 1688-9, William and Mary proceeded in state-dresses, but without any diadems or circlets, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting hall, and placed themselves in chairs of state under the royal canopy, accompanied by their attendants. This scene is best described in a letter, written by lady Cavendish, the daughter of the excellent lady Rachel Russell, a very young woman, sixteen years of age.[3] "When the lords and commoners had agreed upon what power to give the king, and what to take away from him, the particulars of which I cannot tell you, (she means the Bill of Rights previously alluded to,) my lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting house, and, in a short

[1] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. [2] Lamberty, vol. i.

[3] The letter is extant, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire: I saw, however, only the first portion of the original MS.; it is addressed to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Allington, whom, in the fashion of that day, she calls Silvia, and herself Dorinda. She gives, it will be seen, romantic names to that very unsentimental pair, William and Mary.

speech, desired them, in the name of the lords, to accept the crown. The prince of Orange answered in a few words, the princess made curtsies. They say when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled."

"It was expected," said Evelyn, "that both, especially the princess, would have showed some reluctance, seeming perhaps, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should, by his mismanagement, have forced the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, 'that there was no intention of deposing the king, only of succouring the nation;' but nothing of the kind appeared."

As soon as their signatures were affixed to the Bill of Rights, William and Mary were proclaimed William III. and Mary II., sovereign-king and queen of England, France and Ireland. "Many of the churchmen," resumes the young lady Cavendish, "would not have it done on that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see *Ormanzor* and *Phenixana* proclaimed king and queen of England, instead of king James, my father's murderer.[1] There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, they frighted me, too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it would be to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people! At night, I went to court with my lady Devonshire, (her mother-in-law,) and kissed the queen's hands, and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires[2] and candles in almost every house, which looked *extreme*

[1] The young lady was lady Rachel, daughter of the lord Russell, who was beheaded in 1683.

[2] The bonfires were lighted before the doors in that century; the bonfire, and the size of it, were the test of the loyalty and good-will of the householder.

pretty. The king is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence; he is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; yet, if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. As for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is agreeable, and her motions extremely graceful and fine; she is tall, but not so tall as the last queen, (the consort of James II.) Her room is mighty full of company, as you may guess."

At this memorable drawing-room, the princess Anne displayed her knowledge of the minute laws of royal etiquette. The attendants had placed her tabouret too near the royal chairs, so that it was partly overshadowed by the canopy of state. The princess Anne would not seat herself under it until it was removed to a correct distance from the state-chair of the queen her sister.[1]

Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash-Wednesday, as to leave neglected a delicate stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the real intentions of archbishop Sancroft. The conduct of the primate was inscrutable to her consort and his courtiers. No character is so inexplicable to double dealers as the single-hearted—no mystery so deep to the utterers of falsehood as the simplicity of truth. When archbishop Sancroft resisted the measures of James II., as dangerous to the church of England, and tending to bring her back to the corruptions of Rome, no one of the Orange faction believed for a moment in his sincerity. They took the conscientious and self-denying Christian for a political agitator —the raiser of a faction-howl, like Titus Oates. In their distrust of all that was good and true, they deemed that the

[1] MSS. of Anstis, Garter King at Arms.

primate of the church of England had some secret interest to carry, which had not been fathomed by William of Orange, on account of his want of familiarity with the technicalities of English ecclesiastical affairs; they supposed that the primate and the queen would perfectly understand each other. The queen had the same idea, and accordingly despatched two of her chaplains, one of whom was Dr. Stanley, to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation day, to crave for her, archbishop Sancroft's blessing! The clerical messengers had, however, other motives besides this ostensible one; they were to attend service at the archbishop's private chapel, and note whether king James and his son were prayed for, and bring the report to the new queen.[1]

While her majesty waited for this important benediction, she once more took possession of the home of her childhood, St. James's palace, where she meant to tarry till her coronation, which circumstance a brilliant contemporary has thus illustrated in his description of that palace:—

> "There through the dusk-red towers—amidst his ring,
> Of Vans and Mynheers rode the Dutchman king;
> And there did England's Goneril thrill to hear,
> The shouts that triumphed o'er her crownless Lear." [2]

The archbishop's chaplain, Wharton, went to his venerable master for directions as to "what royal personages he was to pray for in the service for Ash-Wednesday afternoon." "I have no new directions to give you," replied the archbishop. Wharton, who had been brought up in the church of England, had left it for the Roman-catholic creed, and had turned again, determined to take the oath to William and Mary. He, therefore, affected to consider this injunction

[1] Life of archbishop Sancroft, by Dr. D'Oyley, vol. i. p. 434. Wharton has likewise related these events in his curious Latin diary.

[2] New Timon, Part i., p. 3.

as a permission to use his own discretion, and prayed for the newly-elected sovereigns. The archbishop sent for him, in great displeasure, after service, and told him "that henceforth he must desist from this innovation, or leave off officiating in his chapel." The expression of the archbishop in reproof of those who prayed for William and Mary, was, "that they would require to have the absolution repeated at the end of the service, as well as at the beginning." The archbishop then admitted the messengers sent at the request of the queen for his blessing. "Tell your princess," answered the uncompromising primate, "first to ask her father's blessing; without that, mine would be useless."[1] The political ruse of requiring Sancroft's benediction is illustrative of Mary's assumption of godliness, and the response, of archbishop Sancroft's unswerving integrity in testing all such assumptions by the actions of the professor, whether princess or peasant.

In the second day of her reign, queen Mary manifested her inimical feelings to her uncles. Clarendon had retired to his seat in the country, for repose after his labours in the convention; he was both ill, and heart-sick at the aspect of the times. He wrote a letter, and gave it to his wife to deliver in person to his royal niece. This epistle doubtless contained an unwelcome disquisition on filial duty, for lady Clarendon, when she saw the demeanour of the queen, dared not deliver it. "My wife," wrote lord Clarendon, "had some discourse with the new queen on Thursday, (February 14th,) who told her she was much dissatisfied with me, and asked angrily, 'What has *he* to do with the succession?' Lady Clarendon assured her 'that he had acted for her and for her sister's true interest.' She moreover

[1] Two contemporaries, who certainly never saw each other's historical reminiscences, relate this remarkable incident, but without marking the day when it occurred; these authorities are the duke of Berwick, in his Memoirs, and lord Dartmouth, in his Notes. The fact is, therefore, indisputable.

asked her majesty 'when she would please to see her uncle?' To which queen Mary replied, 'That she should not appoint any time.' Lady Clarendon asked, 'Whether she forbade his visits?' The queen said, 'She had nothing to do to forbid anybody coming to the withdrawing-room, but that she would not speak in private to him.'"[1] Her uncle, Laurence, was not more graciously treated. "My brother," continues lord Clarendon, "told me that the new queen had refused to see him, but that he had kissed king William's hand, who treated him civilly. My brother advised my wife not to deliver to the queen the letter I had written." Three days afterwards, queen Mary refused to see the children of her uncle Laurence. They were little girls of seven or eight years old, incapable of giving political offence.[2]

The expectation of the dissenters of England was, that a general union and community of property were to take place between them and the church of England, as the chief result of the revolution. Dr. Bates was the leader of a deputation from them. He had an audience both of the king and queen at St. James's Palace, soon after their accession, and made them an eloquent speech on the subject of this union. The reply of the queen was—

"I will use all endeavours for promoting any union necessary for edifying the church. I desire your prayers."[3]

Soon after this diplomatic reply, the new queen made close examination as to any reforms needed in the celebration of divine service at her royal chapel of St. James, and in consequence expelled forthwith "several fiddlers," who had received appointments in the choir, and sustained part, if not the whole, of the sacred music therein performed. Her majesty's religious deportment at church

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264. [2] Ibid.
[3] White Kennet's History of England.

gave general satisfaction, but the behaviour of her spouse greatly scandalized all who saw him at church, where it was his pleasure to wear his hat. If ever he happened to be uncovered during the solemn recital of the liturgy, he invariably assumed his hat directly the sermon began. His partisans excused this conduct by observing that such was the custom among the Dutch dissenters; they likewise pleaded that the Jews did the same; but members of the church of England did not like the king's irreverent demeanour a whit the better on account of the examples he followed; the queen's suppression of "fiddling" was universally approved, but they could not away with the hat of her Dutch partner.[1]

King William being thoroughly impatient of London air, and of all the pomps and ceremonies connected with his accession, hurried the queen away with him to Hampton Court, where he secluded himself in utter retirement. "He was apt to be very peevish," says Burnet, "and to conceal his fretfulness put him in a necessity of being very much in his closet; he had promised his friends to set about being more visible, open, and communicative. The nation had been so much used to this in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible." He said 'that his ill health made it impossible.' In a very few days after he was on the throne, he withdrew to Hampton Court, and from that palace he only came to town on council days, so that the face of a court was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety and diversions of court disappeared; and, though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king by a great vivacity and cheerfulness, yet, when it appeared that she meddled little in business, few found their account in making their court to her; though she gave great content to all

[1] Tindal's Continuation, p. 24, vol. i.

that came to her, yet very few came." In the first days of their reign, William and Mary agreed upon the destruction and the reconstruction of the principal suite of state-rooms of the historical palace, Hampton Court.

It was the custom, at this time, for presentations to be made to the queen after service, when she was coming out of Hampton Court-chapel. Lord Clarendon writes, "In the evening, March 3rd, 1689, my brother Laurence came to me, and told me that he had been to Hampton Court, where king William had, at last, presented him to the queen, but it was in the crowd as she came from church—he kissed her hand, and that was all."[1]

The veteran diplomatist, Danby, was extremely sedulous in his visits to Lambeth, hoping to induce archbishop Sancroft to crown the new sovereigns. The archbishop refused to crown either the king or queen, and, as well as lord Clarendon, persisted that he could not take any new oath of allegiance. Four of the bishops, who had been sent to the Tower by king James II., with two others of their episcopal brethren,[2] and several hundreds of the lower English clergy—among whom may be reckoned the revered names of Beveridge, Nelson, Stanhope, and Sherlock—followed the example of their primate, and forsook livings, property, and preferments, rather than violate their consciences, by breaking the oath they had sworn to the former sovereign.[3] By the great body of the people, they

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 267.

[2] Archbishop Sancroft; Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells; Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely; Dr. Lake, bishop of Chichester; Dr. White, bishop of Peterborough, and Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, were the non-juring prelates who refused to take oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

[3] Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, not only followed the revolutionary movement, but had been its agents. History continually shows, that although the human character is not always consistent in greatness of mind, it usually is so in meanness; it was not probable that Trelawney would sacrifice his interest to any scruple of obligation when he obtained

were infinitely reverenced; but from the triumphant party they obtained the rather ill-sounding designation of nonjurors or non-swearers. Although English ears are not delicate as to musical concord, they are remarkably so in regard to syllabic melody. The art of calling ill-sounding names has, therefore, been in all ages successfully practised by politicians in England. Queen Mary herself made some attempts at this easy but witless department of the war of words. For instance, she gave sir Roger l'Estrange, a literary partizan of her father, the cognomen of *Lying Strange Roger*. Her majesty deemed it was an anagram of his name; but her superfluous letters would puzzle the orthography of the adepts in making anagrams, or any other kind of word-twisting.

Her late chaplain, Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, expressed himself indignantly, regarding her personal demeanour, at this juncture. He refused to quit his bishopric, or take the oaths to her. Queen Mary sarcastically observed, "Bishop Kenn is desirous of martyrdom in the nonjuring cause, but I shall disappoint him." There was

his preferment by such prostrations as are in the following letter. James II. preferred too many such persons to ecclesiastical dignities, hoping that they would be pliable to his views. It was the worst injury he did to the church of England:

"The Rev. Jonathan Trelawney, to Lawrence Hyde Earl of Rochester."

"My lord,

"Give me leave to throw myself at your lordship's feet, humbly imploring your patronage if not for the bishopric of Peterborough, at least for Chichester, if the bishop of Exeter cannot be prevailed on to accept that now vacant see. Let me beseech your lordship to fix him there, and advance your creature (*meaning himself*) to Exeter, where I can serve the king (James II.) and your lordship. My estate must break to pieces if I find no better prop than the income of Bristol, not greater than 300*l.* If Peterborough and Chichester shall be both refused me, I shall not deny Bristol. But I hope the king (James II.) will have some tender compassion on *his slave*.

"July 10, 1685." "J. Trelawney.

great political wisdom in this observation; yet there are few persons who would not have felt grieved at standing low in the estimation of a man whose moral worth ranked so high as that of Kenn.

An early opportunity occurred for the queen to reward the revolutionary services of Burnet, by his promotion to the valuable see of Salisbury. There was a great choice of rewards of the kind at the queen's disposal, for no less than six prelates of the reformed church of England died in the beginning of the year 1689. The queen exercised her functions, as the "*dual* head" of the church, by a personal exhortation to the following effect:—"That she hoped that I (Burnet) would set a pattern to others, and would put in practice those notions with which I had taken the liberty sometimes to entertain her." The awkwardness and ungraciousness of this allusion to his "notions" and "liberty taken," are the faults of his style of expression, in which he was certainly inferior to the queen; the words are, however, precisely as he has left them.[1] The queen concluded her admonitions with a careful proviso regarding Mrs. Burnet's habiliments. "She recommended to me," he adds, "the making my wife an example to the clergymen's wives, both in the simplicity and plainness of her clothes, and in the humility of her deportment."[2] It is needful to mention here briefly, that the "notions" commended by her majesty were so very little to the taste of the English people, or the flock over which he extended his crosier, that his inaugural pastoral letter was condemned to be burnt by the common hangman; and accordingly it was thus executed by order of parliament—the national pride of England being aroused by a "notion" as untrue as it was insolent—the new bishop having declared that William and Mary exercised their regal power by right of conquest—a

[1] MS. of Burnet, Harleian MSS. [2] Ibid.

remarkably distasteful clause to the victors of Solebay. The execution of Dr. Burnet's sermon was not the only case of the kind in this reign. The lords sentenced a book published by Bentley, to be burnt by the common hangman in Old Palace Yard, intituled, "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors."[1]

The coronation of the joint-sovereigns next occupied the thoughts of every one at their court. The former regalia with which queens-consort were inaugurated was not deemed sufficiently symbolical of the sovereign power shared by Mary II., and a second globe, a sceptre, and a sword of state, were made for her. The queen-consort's crown was, however, considered proper for her use, and she was crowned with the beautiful diadem which her father had caused to be made for his queen, Mary Beatrice. An alteration of far greater import was effected in the coronation-ceremony.[2] The oath was altered decidedly to a protestant tendency, and the sovereigns of England were no longer required to make their oath and practice diametrically opposite.[3]

The morning of April 11th brought a multitude of cares and agitations to the triumphant sovereigns in addition to the ceremony to which the day had been devoted. Just as their robing was completed, and they were about to set off for Westminster-hall, news arrived of the successful landing of James II. at Kinsale, in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception

[1] MS. Journal of the House of Lords, 1693.

[2] Regal Records, by J. Planché, Esq. Menin; and above all, the abstract of the coronation-service forwarded to the princess Sophia at Hanover, just after the coronation of James II., shows the coronation oath before the alteration was made. King's MSS. Brit. Museum.

[3] The fact that the ancient catholic coronation-oath, taken by queen Elizabeth, was likewise administered to the Stuart sovereigns is now firmly established; *the very alteration here effected proves it*, if any one doubts the evidence that exists.

of Londonderry and a few other towns. At the same moment the lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham, delivered to queen Mary the first letter her father had written to her since her accession. It was an awful one, and the time of its reception was awful. King James wrote to his daughter, "That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband, but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the prince of Wales were living, the curses of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." If queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, king William certainly was. Lord Nottingham, who recorded the scene as an eye-witness, declares "that the king forthwith thought fit to enter into a vindication of himself from having, by harsh authority, enforced the course of conduct which had brought on his wife her father's malediction, and he took the opportunity of declaring "that he had done nothing but by her advice, and with her approbation."[1] It was on this memorable occasion that, irritated by the ill news of her father's formidable position, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him *go* as he did."[2] These words were reported to James II., who from that hour believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished some cruelty or other to be perpetrated against him."[3]

The alarming news of the arrival of her father in Ireland was communicated to the princess Anne likewise, while she was dressing for the coronation. The political prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy, and the ladies at the

[1] MSS. of lord Nottingham, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Ibid.
[3] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark, vol. ii. p. 329.

toilet of the princess Anne, who had jeered and mocked at the birth of the disinherited prince, were now silent, and meditated how they should make their peace if king James were restored. Mrs. Dawson was present, who had belonged to the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York; she had been present at the birth of the exiled prince of Wales, as well as that of both his sisters. The princess Anne, in the midst of the apprehensions of the moment, asked Mrs. Dawson "whether she believed the prince of Wales was her brother or not?" "He is, madam, as surely your brother, the son of the king [James] and of his queen, as you are the daughter of the late duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was one of the first persons who received ye both in my arms."[1]

It will be remembered that, in the odious correspondence which took place between the princesses on this subject, it was mentioned that Mrs. Dawson had previously given the same solemn testimony to the princess Anne. She had, moreover, added technical evidence,[2] which must have brought conviction to any woman who was not predisposed to the falsehood, and desirous of believing the worst. Such conversations as these occurring, as they did, at the actual robing for the coronation of Mary and her spouse, resemble more the passionate dialogue of tragedy, where the identity of some princely claimant is discussed, than the dull routine of ceremonial in times closely approximating to our own. And then, as if to bring this drama of real life to a climax, the old exiled king, in his memoirs, after relating the horrid observation of his once beloved Mary, bursts into the following agonizing exclamations:—

"When he heard this, he perceived that his own children had lost all bowels, not only of filial affection, but of com-

[1] Memoirs of James II., p. 329.

[2] Correspondence of the princess Anne and princess of Orange, Dalrymple's Appendix.

mon compassion, and were as ready as the Jewish tribe of old to raise the cry, 'Away with him from the face of the earth!' It was the more grievous, because the hand which gave the blow was most dear to him! Yet Providence gave her some share of disquiet, too, for this news coming just at their coronation, put a damp on those joys which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father. Like another Tullia, under the show of sacrificing all to her country's liberty, she truly sacrificed her honour, her duty, and even religion, to drive out a peaceful Tullius, and set up another Tarquin in his place."[1] This comparison of Mary II. with the Roman Tullia, which first occurred in the lamentation of her bereaved father, struck the key-note of the most tremendous satire that ever was aimed against a crowned head in modern times: but how or where the English poet met with the idea—whether it was a coincidence, or a communication from the exiled king at St. Germains'—is a literary question of some interest.

The mere ceremonial of the coronation of Mary II. and William III. sinks into flat and vapid verbiage, after its introductory scenes of stormy passion. Who, after the awful malediction and the agonizing bewailment, where the tenderness of the parent is still apparent, can pause to measure the length of trains, or value the weight of gold, or the lustre of jewels?

The strange scene of recrimination between the king and queen of the revolution must have taken place nearly at their entering on the business of the day. It explains what Lamberty mysteriously affirms, "that all was ready for the coronation by eleven o'clock;" but such were the distractions of that eventful day, "that the ceremony did not commence till half-past one." The king went from the

[1] Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

palace of Whitehall nearly an hour before the queen, descended the Privy Stairs where his royal barge waited, entered it with his suite, and was rowed to Westminster Palace. He arrived at the Parliament water-stairs, passed up by Old Palace-yard at ten o'clock, and went direct to the "Prince's chamber," where he reposed himself, and was invested with his surcoat and parliamentary robes. This chamber, used as a robing-room on these state occasions, belonged to the old palace of Westminster: it was once the state-apartment of the heir of the crown.

The queen, who received the news of her father's landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, retired from the foregoing discussion to perform the private devotions considered suitable for a coronation morning. When her majesty left Whitehall, which was an hour subsequently to the king, she was attired in her parliamentary robes, furred with ermine; on her head she wore a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones. In this array, she entered her chair, and was carried from Whitehall palace, through the Privy Garden,[1] thence into the Channel or Cannon row, and so across New Palace-yard, up Westminster Hall into the large state room called the Court of Wards, where she rested herself while "the proceeding" was set in order in the hall.[2]

The place of the princess Anne is not noted in any account of the procession—in fact, her situation rendered it imprudent for her to take any part, excepting that of a spectator. Her husband, prince George of Denmark, went in the robes of an English peer, as duke of Cumberland, which title his brother-in-law, king William, had recently

[1] "When Whitehall existed," says Menin, "a way was opened through Privy Gardens to New Palace Yard, for the chairs, not only of the queen, but the nobility, by special order of the lord chamberlain."

[2] Menin's English Coronations of William and Mary, pp. 6-16, and Lamberty.

bestowed on him. The prince walked next to the archbishop of York, and took precedence of the nobility.[1]

The peers were called over by the heralds in the house of Lords, and the peeresses in the painted-chamber, "where," adds the herald, as if it were an unusual custom, "their majesties were graciously pleased to be present," no doubt for the purpose of specially noting the absentees, "for," observes Lamberty, "the number of peers and peeresses at the coronation of William and Mary was remarkably small, and not by a great number equalling the procession in the preceding coronation." He declares, being drawn up in order, the peers and peeresses were conducted four abreast from the court of requests, down the great stone staircase into Westminster Hall, and their majesties followed them by the same way, as the herald says, "they took their places in Westminster Hall, and their seats on the throne, then placed above the table."

The coronation medal illustrated the sudden dethroning of the late king. Thereon, Phæton was represented as stricken from his car. Neither the subject nor the execution, nor the motto, was greatly relished by Evelyn; neither that of another medal, representing the British oak shattered, while a flourishing orange-tree grew by the stem, with the motto, "Instead of acorns, golden oranges." "Much of the splendour of the ceremony," continues Evelyn, "was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it. There were but *five* bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths: several noblemen and great ladies were absent." In all probability, the alarming news of James II. being reigning in the green island had caused the absence of many time-servers. The chief peculiarity in the ceremony was that of the double regal-household, and

[1] Menin's English Coronations of William and Mary, pp. 6-16, and Lamberty.

the addition of those who carried the regnant-queen's orb, regal-sceptre, and state-sword.

At the recognition both the king and queen appeared on the platform, and the demand was made, "whether the people would accept William and Mary for their king and queen;" the answer was as usual, by acclamation. "The king was presented by the bishop of London, although;" adds Lamberty, "the archbishop of York was actually in the abbey, the queen by the bishop of St. Asaph; the bishop of Rochester, as dean of the church, gave the king instructions how he was to conduct himself; notwithstanding these instructions an odd blunder occurred: their majesties were kneeling by the rail of the altar, at the time when their first offering was to be made, consisting of twenty guineas wrapped in a piece of rich silk; the envelope was there, but, alas, the gold was absent! The grand-chamberlain looked aghast at the lord-treasurer, the lord-treasurer returned the glance, then each demanded of the other the guineas for the offering—none were forthcoming. The gold bason was handed to the king, the king was penniless—to the queen, her majesty had no money. The bason remained void, a long pause ensued, which every one began to deem excessively ridiculous;" when lord Danby, who had had assuredly enough of the public money, drew out his purse and counted out twenty guineas for the king, the bason was therefore not sent empty away.

The Holy Bible was presented for king William and queen Mary to kiss, and it was especially noticed that it was not presented to king James, and that there was no communion-service at the preceding coronation. Dr. Burnet, the new bishop of Salisbury, then presented himself in the pulpit, and preached his sermon from the following text, 2 Samuel, xxiii. 3, 4. "The God of Israel said, the rock of Israel spake to me: He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be

as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." The sermon lasted just half an hour, and their majesties were observed to be very attentive to it. It was considered to be an excellent one, and so it was,—for the purpose, being aninvective on the queen's father by name from beginning to end.[1]

The bishop of London tendered the coronation-oath according to the recent alterations, "to maintain the scripture and the protestant religion as established by law." The king and queen replied simultaneously to each proposition, blending their voices in assent, and each holding up the right hand. They likewise kissed the book together. The unction was not simultaneous, the bishop of London first poured the oil on the head of William, and then went to the queen and performed the same ceremony.[2]

King William appropriated all that was possible of the ceremonials, symbolical of sovereign power, wholly to himself. Queen Mary was neither girt with the sword, nor assumed the spurs or armilla, like the two queens-regnant, her predecessors. When the sword was offered at the altar, Mary and her regal partner carried it between them, when the difference of their stature must have had an odd effect; and the action itself, a diminutive man and a very tall, fully formed woman, carrying an enormous sword between them, appeared rather absurd. The ancient coronation-ring by which England had been wedded to her royal admiral, James II., still encircled his finger, for he mentions his struggle to preserve it in the scene of his direst distress, when plundered by the rabble at Feversham. As he was successful, it is certain that this ancient gem was never worn by either Mary or her spouse. There exist, in fact, accounts

[1] Menin's English Coronations of William and Mary, p. 64; likewise Lamberty.

[2] Lamberty's History, vol. ii. p. 247. He was present, being actually one of Bentinck's secretaries.

of charges made by the court-jeweller, at this time, for two new coronation-rings.

The archbishop of Canterbury having positively refused to crown either William or Mary, his office was performed by the former tutor of the queen, Compton, bishop of London. The usual supporters, the bishops of Durham, and of Bath and Wells, were likewise absent—one was infirm, the other said "he would not come." Altogether, it was a coronation completely out of sorts: something new and extraordinary happened in every part of it, and ever and anon fresh tidings respecting the progress of James II. in Ireland were discussed between the parties most concerned. Queen Mary looked hot and flushed, and being commiserated by her sister, made that well-known rejoinder, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."[1]

The queen's train was borne by the duchess of Somerset, (the celebrated Percy heiress,) who was assisted by the queen's aunt, lady Henrietta Hyde, accompanied by lady Diana Vere, lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and lady Elizabeth Paulet.

The additional length of the service, owing to the partnership-regality and the interruptions occasioned by the absence of the cash for the offering, caused such delay, that the crown was not set on the head of the queen until four o'clock.[2] The coronation-banquet was in Westminster-hall. The story goes, that the challenge when given, was accepted, for when Dymoke flung down the glove, an old woman upon crutches hobbled out of the crowd, picked it up, and retreated with singular agility, leaving a lady's glove in its place, in which was an answer to the challenge, time and place being appointed in Hyde-park. It is certain that some incident of an extraordinary kind connected with the usual

[1] Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts. [2] Lamberty.

challenge of the champion took place, according to the narrative of a person present, the diplomatist and historian, Lamberty, who says, "when the proper time arrived for the entrance of the champion, minute passed after minute—at last two hours wore away. The pause in the high ceremonial began to be alarming, and promised to be still more awkward than that in the morning. Sir Charles Dymoke at last made his entrance in the dusk, almost in the dark." "He was the son of James II.'s champion,"[1] continues Lamberty; "he made his challenge in the name of our sovereign lord and lady William and Mary. I heard the sound of his gauntlet when he flung it on the ground, but as the light in Westminster-hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish *what was done.*" The circumstances of the challenge are thus proved by Lamberty to have been favourable enough for the adventure mentioned by tradition. "The banquet," he says, "had not been lighted up," and the long delay of the challenge of the champion made it past eight o'clock before the king and queen retired from Westminster-hall.

A stalwart champion, who, by his attitudes, seemed an excellent swordsman, was observed to pace up and down the appointed spot in Hyde-park from two to four the next day.[2] Dymoke did not appear to maintain his own defiance, and the champion of James II. went his way unscathed for his boldness. This incident has been told as a gossip's tale pertaining to every coronation in the last century, which took place while an heir of James II. existed. Sir Walter Scott has made use of it in his romance of "Red Gauntlet." If it ever took place, it must have been at the coronation

[1] Others declare that he was the same champion who had challenged the world in behalf of James II., and that he was troubled with a qualm of conscience, or uncomfortable feeling, regarding the absurdity of his position when repeating the ceremony for those who had dethroned his former master.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

of William III. and Mary II. The times were most unsettled; half the people considered them usurpers, and the other half fully expected the return of James II., which perhaps encouraged the adventure.

Next day the House of Commons in a full body walked from Westminster to the Banqueting-house, where they attended their majesties, to congratulate them on their coronation, in a speech which we do not inflict on our readers at length, but merely quote the concluding line, which seems to allude to the altered coronation-oath. "That the lustre of their deeds might eclipse their predecessors, so that the English should no longer date their laws and liberties from Saint Edward the Confessor's days, but from those of William and Mary." To this address the queen did not reply; her lord and master briefly answered, "that by God's assistance they both hoped to render them shortly a flourishing people."[1] A great pearl and divers pieces of plate and pewter bearing the royal arms of England were lost or stolen at the coronation. A notice appeared in the Gazette, inviting those who had them to return them to the board of green-cloth. The king and queen were at Hampton Court receiving ambassadors, April 18, with congratulations on their coronation.

The sovereignty of Scotland was assumed by Mary and her consort, without a trace of coronation-ceremonial. In truth, the commissioners could not get at the Scottish regalia, as it was safe in Edinburgh Castle, held out by the duke of Gordon for James II. The earl of Argyle, sir James Montgomery, and sir John Dalrymple of Stair, were the commissioners sent by post from the convention[2] of the estates of Scotland, to offer them the northern sovereignty,

[1] White Kennet's History of England.

[2] The whole scene and documents are given from the official account of the transaction, published in Edinburgh, May 24, 1689, re-edited by J. Malcolm, 1811.

assisted by a procession of such of the Scotch nobility in London as could be induced to attend. Mary and William entered the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, in state. A sword was carried before them by lord Cardross. They seated themselves on a throne under a rich canopy; the commissioners being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, the earl of Argyle prefaced his presentation of the letter from the estates, with a speech affirming that the king and queen had been called to the Scottish throne by the unanimous votes of the senate. But in reality Dundee and all the unequivocal friends of James II. had left the house of convention, after almost fighting a battle there, and had flown to arms before the vote was passed.

The Scottish coronation oath was tendered to the king and queen. Lord Argyle pronounced distinctly, word by word, and Mary as well as William repeated it after him, holding up their right hands, according to the custom of taking oaths in Scotland:

"We, William and Mary, king and queen of Scotland, faithfully promise and swear, by this our solemn oath, in the presence of the eternal God, that, during the whole course of our life, we will serve the same eternal God to the uttermost of our power, according as he has required in his most holy word revealed and contained in the New and Old Testament, and according to the same word, shall maintain the true religion of Jesus Christ, the preaching of his Holy Word, and the due and right administration of his sacraments now received and preached within the realm of Scotland, and shall abolish and *gain-stand* all false religion contrary to the same, and shall rule the people committed to our charge, according to the laudable laws and constitutions received in this realm, no ways repugnant to the said word of the eternal God, and shall procure, to the utmost of our power, to the *kirk* of God and whole Christian people, true and perfect peace in all time coming. That we shall preserve and keep inviolated the rights and *rents* with all just privileges of the crown of Scotland, neither shall we transfer or alienate the same. That we shall forbid and repress in all estates and degrees, reif (robbery), oppression, and all kinds of wrong. And we shall command and procure that justice and equity be keeped to all persons without exception, as the Lord and father of mercies shall be merciful to us. And we shall be careful to root out all heretics."——

Here king William interrupted the earl of Argyle, and

said, "If this means any sort of persecution, I will not take the oath;" the commissioner replied, "It was not meant in any such sense;" and the voices of the king and his consort again proceeded in unison.

"And we shall be careful to root out all heretics, and enemies to the true worship of God, that shall be convicted, by the *true kirk* of God, of the aforesaid crimes, out of our lands and empire of Scotland. And we faithfully affirm the things above written by our solemn oath.[1]

"Under our hands, April 24, 1689."

Before the signature, the earl of Argyle explained to their majesties that "obstinate heretics, by the law of Scotland, can *only* be denounced and outlawed, and their moveable goods confiscated." And this interpretation appearing to imply "no persecution" in the eyes of William and his consort, the ceremonial was completed, each signing the deed.

The oath of allegiance to William and Mary was remarkable for its simplicity; it ran thus: "I do promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties king William and queen Mary. So help me God."[2]

When the coronation was over, the people expected to see the king take the queen in grand state to her houses of parliament; strange to say, although elected by them to the regal diadem of England, her majesty never attained the privilege of meeting her constituents assembled. Yet it had been usual, in former ages, for the kings of England to bring their consorts with them to parliament on grand occasions, even when such queens claimed no higher royalty than that bestowed by the crown-matrimonial. For instance, Anne of Denmark meant to have accompanied her spouse when he intended to open parliament, on the well known

[1] From many expressions in this oath, it appears doubtful whether any alteration had been effected since the prevalent religion had become presbyterian in the north.

[2] Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 263.

fifth of November, to identify which fact, no other document need be quoted than the Common Prayer Book, where thanksgiving is duly recorded for her preservation, as well as for that of king and parliament. Charles I. was not deterred by the danger of his mother; he brought his bride, Henrietta, to parliament, and seated her on the throne by him. All which was no innovation, but according to the frequent examples of their Plantagenet ancestors. Therefore the petty jealousy of the Orange king, which interposed betwixt the English senate and the daughter of England, was the more remarkable.

There is a curious Dutch print,[1] representing what never took place—namely, a grand state-progress of William and Mary returning through the park to St. James's palace, after opening their first parliament. The queen is depicted in her royal robes, invested with the crown and sceptre, similar regal emblems to those borne by her husband. William and Mary are drawn as seated in a fine four-posted car, the pillars ornamented and draped with festoons. The queen's face is girlish and laughing, and so broad withal, that no likeness is apparent; were it not for being seated by William, whose resemblance to his other portraits is remarkable, her identity might be doubted. The royal procession is delineated as passing towards St. James's, near that spot where the solitary cannon now stands. Although the design comprises a curious and correct drawing of old Whitehall-palace, yet the whole must be deemed no other than a Dutch figment; an invention of an incident very probable and very proper, yet which never actually occurred; for the fact may be indisputably ascertained by the Gazette[2] of that year, that king William never went by land to meet his parliament in the first years of his reign, but slipped there by water privately, and went without his

[1] Print-room, British Museum, Crowle's Illustrations of London, vol. ix.

[2] The Gazette was formally recognised then as an organ of government.

queen. In proof of this, a few retrospective passages are here offered.

"Five days after the proclamation of William and Mary, Feb. 18, 1688-9, the king entered his state-barge at Whitehall Stairs, and was rowed in a few minutes to Parliament Stairs (Westminster Palace) where he was received by the great officers of state, the yeomen of the guard making a lane for him to pass all the way from the water side to the Prince's Lodging;[1] he wore the parliamentary robes, and the state-crown was set upon his head." Thus William III. met his parliament for the first time; his ostensible purpose being to pass an act to prevent acrimonious and violent disputations in debates.[2] The king returned in the same quiet and closely guarded manner to Whitehall, assuredly without the queen, or the gazette must unavoidably have named her.

William again wore the crown and robes the next week, Feb. 25, and again he went and came by water to parliament, his armed guards forming an impervious line for his passage from Parliament Stairs till he reached the interior of the ancient palace of Edward the Confessor.

In short, the gazette enumerates King William's visits to parliament, both before and after the coronation of himself and Mary, as taking place at least every week while he was in London; yet never by any chance is the queen named as his companion in these short voyages from Whitehall Stairs to Parliament Stairs. The fact that William III. wore the state-crown and robes in parliament almost every third day, whenever he was in or near London, stands in odd contradiction to his assumed preference of simplicity, and

[1] The robing-room of Westminster-palace, anciently the principal apartment of the English heir-apparent. The bodies of William, of the young duke of Gloucester, of prince George of Denmark, and of queen Anne successively laid in state in this very room, one of the scenes of their worldly glories.

[2] Gazette (British Museum) of February 21, 1688-9.

scorn of royal magnificence. Perhaps he had satiated himself thus early in his reign with the coveted externals of majesty, and found no permanent satisfaction in their use. His queen, however, had no chance of coming to the same conclusion, for she never was permitted to have any communication with her parliament, excepting by means of deputations, which carried up addresses to her; and her usual mode of receiving them, was, seated by her husband in that very fatal banqueting room where the last tragic scene in the life of her hapless grandsire, Charles I., had been performed. When it is remembered, how sadly and solemnly Mary had been accustomed from early infancy to observe the anniversary of the butchery that formerly had there taken place—how she had been taught to raise her little hands in prayer—how she had seen her father and mother in mourning garb and bitter sorrow seclude themselves with all their children and household, and pass the 30th of January in tears and supplications to Heaven, it seems passing strange that she could shake off her early impressions so far as to endure such receptions, especially, as it has been shown, that her customary observance of that day of sad remembrances had been rudely broken by her husband.

King William returned in the middle of May from Portsmouth, whither he had been to see the English fleet after its return from the defeat of Bantry Bay, in Ireland. The queen went with him soon after, to look at the earl of Nottingham's house, at Kensington, which they were inclined to purchase. Their majesties liked the situation, but did not think the building sufficient; yet they proposed to the earl of Nottingham to resign his rights to the lease he held from the crown of Kensington-house for the sum of 20,000*l.*, to be paid out of the treasury.[1] King William considered the air wholesome, notwithstanding its vicinity

[1] Tindal's Continuation, p. 41, vol. i.

to London, and that it would be possible to hold councils there when his asthma would not permit him to breathe a smoke-polluted atmosphere.[1]

The solemn entry of the Dutch ambassadors, being Odyck, Dyckvelt, and four others, to congratulate the king and queen on their coronation, took place at the end of May. On their landing at the Tower, the royal state-carriages came for them, both those of the king and queen, attended by sixteen pages and sixty running footmen, in splendid liveries. The Dutchmen were then brought to Cleveland-house, St, James's, where they received messages of welcome from the king, by lord Cornwallis, from the queen, by sir Edward Villiers, her master of Horse. Lord Cornberry brought compliments from prince George, and the princess Anne sent colonel Sands on the same errand.[2] Such enumeration gives information regarding the persons who were at the important epoch of the coronation in the most responsible offices about the persons of the royal sisters and their spouses.

"The coldness that soon ensued between the princess Anne, and her sister the queen, partly arose," observes lady Marlborough, "from the conviction that William III. had, that the princess and her husband, prince George of Denmark, had been of more use than they were ever like to be again, and partly from the different humours of the two sisters. Queen Mary soon grew weary of anybody who would not talk a great deal, and the princess Anne was so silent that she rarely spoke excepting to ask a question." Whilst giving the world these characteristics of the royal sisters, the writer indulges in an enthusiastic flow of self-praise, because she, "by earnest representations, kept her mistress from quarrelling with the new queen. It was impossible

[1] Lamberty. [2] Gazette, May 27, 1689.

for anybody to labour more than I did, to keep the two sisters in perfect unison and friendship, thinking it best for them not to quarrel when their true interest and safety were jointly concerned to support the revolution." There were likewise other interests at stake; for, if we may believe the uncle of the queen and princess, strong bribes had been promised to this person and her husband,[1] for the service of inducing the princess Anne to give precedence to her brother-in-law at his coronation.

Great rewards and honours had been distributed, at the coronation, among all the agents and promoters of the revolution, especially those who held situations in the households of either Mary or Anne. Lord Churchill received the title of earl of Marlborough, and a rich income arising from court-places; and from this time his wife, whose domination over the mind of the princess Anne rendered her the ruler of her fortunes, and the leading spirit of her history, will be known by the name of lady Marlborough.

But to the infinite consternation of the princess Anne she discovered, that whatsoever golden harvests other agents of the revolution had reaped, she herself, so far from having bettered her condition, was likely to be deprived of the certain and liberal income which had been settled on her by her indulgent sire. It had been whispered to her that king William, when examining the treasury-lists, had said to lord Godolphin, "that he was astonished to think how it was possible for the princess Anne to spend her revenue of thirty thousand pounds per annum?"[2] As Anne had been mal-content with her father for not adding ten thousand

[1] Likewise, Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Narrative of the Revolution, vol. ii. p. 87. This accomplished noble deserves belief, because, like Clarendon, he was in that revolution unstained by bribes, self-interest, or treachery.

[2] Conduct of duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. The amount was really 32,000*l.*, allowed by James II., as a foregoing document has shown.

pounds to this allowance, it may be supposed that the observation of her brother-in-law created some alarm in her mind.

It had been discussed in the royal circle, that it was quite a novelty for any junior branch of the royal family to receive an independent revenue. Even the princes of Wales had never been entrusted with any revenue that was not controlled by the king,[1] at least, such was bishop Burnet's version of history. These were ominous hints, for the princess Anne, who had actually yielded her place in the succession to her brother-in-law, on the promise of a large addition to her revenue. So far from that promise being realized, king William seemed to consider that a separate table ought not to be allowed to any cadet branches of royalty. Certainly the king's conduct at his own table was not of that courtly polish, which would render a domestication at his board during life a very pleasant anticipation. "I could," says lady Marlborough, who speaks as an eye-witness, "fill many sheets with the brutalities that were done to the princess in this reign. William III. was indeed so ill-natured, and so little polished by education, that neither in great things, nor in small, had he the manners of a gentleman. I give an instance of his worse than vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the princess dined with him. It was the beginning of his reign, and some weeks before the princess was put to bed of the duke of Gloucester. There happened to be just before her a plate of green peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without offering the princess the least share of them, drew the plate before him, and devoured them all. Whether he offered any to the queen I cannot say, but he might have

[1] There were few instances of adults possessing the dignity; but according to the ancient laws, the provision in Cornwall was devoted to the heir of England from his birth, with separate officers for its management. Wales itself had sometimes to be reconquered, as in the reign of Henry IV.

done that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch one. The princess Anne confessed when she came home, that she had so much mind for the peas, that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."[1] Some relators of this anecdote add, that, on account of her earnest wish for green peas, the Hampton Court gardens and forcing-houses had been searched to gratify the princess Anne, whose situation rendered disappointment in such cravings somewhat dangerous.

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal virtues on the throne; when the king dined at St. James's palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the Marshal Schomberg, the general of the foreign troops, and some Dutch officers. Schomberg was always placed at the right hand of king William. If any English noblemen came in, according to their national custom, during the royal dinner, they stood behind William's chair, and never a word did the monarch speak to them, nor were they ever invited to sit down to eat, a courtesy common in such cases. So there did the haughty English stand, humbled and neglected witnesses of the meal of the Dutchmen, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The earl of Marlborough had, as an aid-de-camp, a young noble cadet, named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold von Keppel, the handsome page and favourite of the Dutch king. These boys were usually present at the royal dinners: Dillon observed to Keppel, "that he had been present at several of them before he heard the king utter one word to any body;" and asked, "Does your master ever speak?" "Oh yes," replied the young favourite, "he talks fast enough at night over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends."[2] His bottle was

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 115; likewise Echard, in his History of England.

[2] Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.

not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or burgundy, but they scorned Hollands-gin.

Lady Marlborough sent for young Dillon, and questioned him on what he saw and heard at the king's table. The boy told the truth, which was in all probability what her spouse did not; he said, "that he never saw any man treated with such neglect and contempt as lord Marlborough." "It is just what he deserves," exclaimed the gracious helpmate, who had certainly led him into this awkward situation, "he should have considered how much better he was off some months ago!" This speech marks the earliest period that can be traced of enmity expressed by the favourite of the princess Anne towards the sovereign of the revolution. The weak intellect of the princess followed the lead of her ruler as a matter of course. From the same source—the gossiping of the two pages, Keppel and Dillon—king William was reported to have said, "that lord Marlborough had the best talents for war of any one in England, but he was a vile man, and though he had himself profited by his treasons, he abhorred the traitor."[1] William really acted according to this idea, for he gave Marlborough the command of the English troops sent to Holland, to fill the place of Dutch forces kept to awe the English, and removed him, for some months, from communication with the factions fermenting at court.

Other causes of dissension had arisen; they were, it is true, of an undignified nature, and resembled more the petty bickerings of lodgers in humble dwellings, than aspirants for royal dignity in palaces. When the changes took place at the revolution, Anne was, with her favourite, very vigilant to secure all that could accrue for their personal convenience. They had fixed their desires on those splendid apartments

[1] Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.

at Whitehall, which had been built, rebuilt, and fitted up several times by Charles II., to indulge the luxury of the duchess of Portsmouth. This grant king William had promised Anne before the arrival of her sister.

When queen Mary was settled at Whitehall, the earl of Devonshire, who had a great taste for balls, made interest with queen Mary to be put in possession of them, declaring "that these apartments were the best in England for dancing." The princess averred "that she desired these apartments because of their easy access and vicinity to those of the queen," and that "she was ready to give up the Cockpit in exchange for them." Unfortunately, queen Mary happened to say "she would consult the earl of Devonshire on the subject," which gave her sister high displeasure. The princess sullenly observed, "whichever way *he* decided, *she* would not take the earl of Devonshire's leavings."[1] It appears that king William interposed his authority, that the princess Anne might have the benefit of his promise, and she remained in full possession of the Cockpit, and of these coveted apartments as well. Having, therefore, obtained her own way, and more than she had originally desired, it was scarcely reasonable to cherish resentment on the subject.

The next acquisition desired by the princess Anne was the palace of Richmond. She said, "that she loved it in her infancy, and the air agreed with her." Richmond had been, since the time of Henry VII., the seat of the heir to the crown, a fact which did not lessen its charms in the eyes of the princess Anne. But lady Villiers, the deceased governess of the princess, had had a lease of the palace, and madame Puissars, one of her daughters, had obtained the reversion, and refused to yield it to the heiress of the throne. The mistress of William III., Elizabeth Villiers, and the

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

arrogant favourite of the princess Anne, declared fierce war against each other in the course of the controversy; but the matter ended by the triumph of the Villiers' alliance.[1] From that hour, the hostility extended itself to the royal sisters, although for some time their mutual heart-burnings rested smothering under the semblance of kindness.

The unpopular seclusion in which William III. enveloped himself at Hampton Court was no more to the taste of his queen than it was to that of the English in general. Many indications showed that Mary had an extraordinary relish for pleasure, yet her first attempts at dissipation brought considerable mortification with them.

In June, 1689, several skirmishes had taken place between the Williamite army in Ireland and the troops of James II. Blood had flowed, soldiers in the name of the queen and her husband were constantly arrayed against the life of her father, and fresh reports were every day raised that king James was killed, taken, or had died of fatigue or grief. Just as these agitating rumours were the most rife in London, king William came for a few days to hold privy-councils at St. James's palace, and his queen took that opportunity of recreating herself with seeing a play. There was but one play which had been forbidden to be acted by James II., and this his daughter particularly desired to see performed; this was the Spanish Friar, by Dryden; it was disliked by James II., because its licentious comic scenes held up one of the Roman church to ridicule. It deserved banishment altogether for its sins against general decorum. The queen had probably never read the drama; for, instead of finding, as she hoped, passages which would tell severely against her father, she found that the tragic part of the plot seemed as if it had been written for her own especial castigation. Perhaps the

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 27—29.

great enmity she ever manifested against Dryden arose from some vague idea that he had purposely caused the vexation she endured that night.

"The only time," wrote her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham,[1] "that her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, often look behind her, and call for her palatine (pelerine), hood, or anything she could contrive to speak of to her women. It so happened, that every speech in that play seemed to come home to her, as there was a strong report about town that her father James II. was dead in Ireland; and whenever anything applicable was said, every one in the pit turned their heads over their shoulders, and directed their looks most pointedly at her." Nor could this be wondered at,—for a daughter sitting to see a play acted, which was too free for the morals of *that* age, at the moment when news had just arrived that her own father was dead, was indeed a sight to be gazed upon with consternation. The English public, notwithstanding all that partisans may do or say, always feel rightly in such cases, and they took care that the queen should be conscious of that feeling.

"Twenty things were said, which were wrested by the audience to her confusion. When it was uttered on the stage, 'Tis observed at court who weeps, and who wears black, for good king Sancho's death,' the words were made to come home to her. Again, when the queen of Arragon is going in procession, it is said, 'She usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and, at the same time, is praying for a blessing on her army.' Another speech occurred, 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne? What

[1] Autograph letter, written by Daniel Finch lord Nottingham, dated June, 1689; given by Dr. Percy to sir John Dalrymple; see his Appendix, p. 78. It is likewise printed by Dr. Birch.

right has this queen but lawless force?' The observations then made, furnished the town with talk, till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse. The historical scene above narrated, which really may be cited as part of a drama performed by the spectators of a comedy, receives no little corroboration by a manuscript entry at the lord chamberlain's office, noting that, just at this period, Mrs. Betterton received a donation from Mary II. for performing in the Spanish Friar, by the queen's command.

Another play was ordered by the queen, to which she came not. Most likely king William himself had commanded the queen's absence, since she had so far forgotten her political position, as to order the cavalier comedy of The Committee; and he or his ministers foresaw some mortifying manifestation of popular feeling during its representation. In fact, such was the case, as recorded by the pen of Lamberty, the secretary of his prime minister, Bentinck. This writer says, that when the roundheads tender the oath to the commonwealth to the loyal colonels, Blunt and Careless, those cavaliers reply, "Why should we take it when the king will be restored in a few days?" When the passage occurred, the pit rose simultaneously, and gave three rounds of applause. The popular allusion pointed at the oath just tendered, at the coronation of William and Mary.

The master of the revels, from the time of those memorable performances, was a harassed and distressed man,—his duty leading him to weigh every word on the stage, and to examine in all possible lights the action, lest the perverse public should draw therefrom any allusion to the queen's father in the plays permitted to be performed. Shakespeare was viewed with peculiar suspicion, for the inquisition extended not only to new plays, but to those stamped with the admiration of several generations. King Lear was condemned root and branch,—no one could wonder at that cir-

cumstance; but, alas! the master of the revels flew upon Richard the Third, when it was afterwards revived at a great expense, and docked off unmercifully a whole act. The players lamented piteously, and begged "that a few speeches of Shakespeare might be restored to them, only to make the remaining four acts intelligible." "Not one!" replied the director of the diversions of royalty. At last the distressed manager ventured to ask the reason wherefore the play of Richard the Third was alarming to the court? "Because," replied the great man, "the death of Henry VI. will remind the people of king James II., now living in France!"[1]

From these anecdotes, and from others illustrative of queen Mary's tastes and proceedings, at the epoch of her accession, it becomes evident that her majesty wished to frequent the national theatres with the freedom of her uncle, Charles, and that king William chose that she should confine her diversions to the palace-theatres,[2] or to the basset-table.

"Her majesty," continues lord Nottingham, "being disappointed of her second play,[3] amused herself with other diversions. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman

[1] The master of the revels, according to Colley Cibber, is the inferior officer of the lord-chamberlain. From that time "Richard the Third" has commenced with the line

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."

Previously the tragedy opened with the death of Henry the Sixth; whether Shakespeare left it thus is a question, but as a matter of taste, merely considering "Richard" as a glorious dramatic poem, and without being biassed in favour of the reasons of Mary II.'s revel-master, we think that the modern commencement gives the most pleasure to the reader.

[2] Gazette, Feb. 1688-9.—There is the queen's theatre, Dorset-gardens, mentioned in the Gazette, but no notice of her going there. It becomes a question of some antiquarian curiosity to ascertain in what theatre the strange interlude was performed between her majesty and her good people, which lord Nottingham gives us.

[3] Lamberty.

in the Hall,[1] that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses. From thence, she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, to De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way. Mrs. Potter said, 'that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing queen Mary and king William was hatched at her house.' But it seems that since my lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not had much countenance of the queen."[2]

These tours through the curiosity shops, then called Indian houses, were rather more respectable than the next freak queen Mary thought fit to indulge in. The queen had heard that Mrs. Wise, a famous fortune-teller, had prophesied that king James II. should be restored, and that the duke of Norfolk should lose his head.[3] "The last," adds lord Nottingham, in comment, "I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first." Her majesty went in person to the fortune-teller, to hear what she had to say regarding her future destiny—probably, to know if report had spoken truly, and whether she might reckon her hapless sire among the dead. Queen Mary took this disreputable step without obtaining the gratification of her profane curiosity. The witch-woman was a perverse Jacobite, as may be supposed from the tenour of her prophesies, and positively refused to read futurity for her majesty.[4] King William was completely incensed at these proceedings; his reprimand was not only severe, but public. Whether the visit to the fortune-teller ever came to his ears is doubtful; but his wrath was particularly excited by the dinner at Mrs. Graden's. In terms not to be repeated here, (but which proved that his majesty, although a Dutchman, was a pro-

[1] Either Westminster Hall or Exeter Change, which were two bazaars at that time.

[2] Lord Nottingham's letter, as above. [3] Ibid.

[4] Lord Nottingham's letter, as above.

ficient in the English vulgar tongue,) he observed to the queen, that he heard "she had dined at *a house of ill-repute*," and added, with some little humour, that "the next time she went to such a place, he thought it was only proper that he should be of the party." The queen replied, in excuse, "that the late queen, (Mary Beatrice,) had done the same." The king growled the retort, "whether she meant to make her an example?" "More was said," concludes lord Nottingham, "than ever was heard before; but it was borne like a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king, who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles every day, with looking after her buildings, making of fringe, and such like innocent things." The queen's curiosity was by no means restrained by her husband's reproof, rude as it was; for she afterwards went to visit a place of entertainment on the Thames, called the Folly, accompanied by some of her suite; according to the description of a very coarse delineator of London, her contemporary, this floating ark of low dissipation well deserved its name, or even a worse one.[1]

"The censures of the town," wrote lord-chamberlain Nottingham, "were loud on the queen's utter absence of feeling in regard to her father." Her conduct provoked a fierce satire, which was handed about in manuscript among the coffee-houses, where Dryden and the literati of the day, and the wits of the court did congregate. In lines of great originality, portraits were drawn of queen Mary and the princess Anne, as the elder and the younger Tullia:—

"In time when princes cancelled nature's law,
In 'Declarations'[2] which themselves did draw;

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[1] Ward's Picture of London.

[2] The declaration is here alluded to, disseminated by the prince of Orange at his landing. In it, he abjured all intention of aiming at the crown.

When children used their parents to disown,
And gnawed their way like vipers to a crown.
* * * * *
The king removed—the assembled states thought fit,
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,
Voted him regnant in the senate-house,
And with an empty name endowed his spouse.
That elder Tullia, who some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's trembling corpse a wain;
But *she*, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
To crush her father and her king alive!
And in remembrance of his hastened fall,
Resolved to institute a weekly ball.
She, jolly glutton, grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted in rapine and enjoyed her sin;
Yet when she drank cool tea in liberal sups,
The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups."

Queen Mary and her partisans attributed these lines to Dryden, and, indeed, the structure of the verse resembles his cadence and metre. A courtier, of the name of Mainwaring, is now supposed to have been the author; but this person was a great flatterer and correspondent of lady Marlborough; he would never have been pardoned by her if he had attacked her with such uncompromising earnestness. A portrait of that dame is drawn, describing her with the air peculiar to her portraits, in all of which she seems to be turning up her nose at her beholders, and, indeed, this odious expression is the only flaw on her beauty. As for her husband, his treachery to his master is discussed with a pen of fire; and then the author adds:—

"His haughty female who as folks declare,
Did always toss proud nostrils to the air;
Was to the younger Tullia[1] governess,
And did attend her, when in borrowed dress.
She fled by night from Tullius in distress.

[1] The princess Anne.

A daughter *who by letters brought his foes*,
And used all arts her father to depose;
A father always generously bent,
So kind that he her wishes would prevent."

The author of this severe satire must have been intimately acquainted with the interior history of the royal family, since the treacherous letter written by Anne at the same time with that affected one of duty left on her table, slept in the obscurity of William III.'s private box at Kensington, till George III. opened it to Sir John Dalrymple; even now it is scarcely known. This, and the curious coincidence between the comparison of the family of Tullius, made by James II. himself, whose manuscript memoirs were then not only unpublished, but known to few, shows that the author of this extraordinary poem must have been deeper in the hidden archives of the royal family than either Dryden or Mainwaring could possibly be. Perhaps count Hamilton, who had lingered at the court of England in hopes of doing some mischief in behalf of his master, was the author. Hamilton was a favourite of queen Mary II., who found him among her courtiers at her accession; he was her relative by descent from the royal line of Stuart. He affected great zeal for her interest, and undertook, with the gayest air in the world, to induce lord Tyrconnel, the lord lieutenant, (who had married his brother's widow, Frances Jennings,) to give up Ireland into the hands of king William. Lord Clarendon, who had lately been lord-lieutenant there, and was more of a patriot than a partisan, alarmed at the peril of the protestant community, overcame his abhorrence for William sufficiently to offer his assistance in obtaining the allegiance of the Irish without bloodshed. The newly elected sovereigns treated the only honest statesman who came in contact with them with contumely, being enraged that the oath he had sworn to his royal brother-in-law pre-

vented him from taking another to his niece on the throne, or to her husband. The advice of the gay deceiver, Hamilton, (although, if he had a religion, he was of the church of Rome,) was preferred, and off he went as plenipotentiary, to confer with Tyrconnel. The way in which he performed his mission was, by persuading Tyrconnel to hold out the kingdom for James II. When the news came of the part acted by Hamilton, the heir of Sir William Temple, who had accepted the office of secretary of state, and had advised the measure, drowned himself at London-bridge, and the court remained in consternation. Suicide had become hideously prevalent in England at the end of the seventeenth century.

While queen Mary was in London, endeavouring to revive the spirit of gaiety which had for ever departed from Whitehall, her sister remained at Hampton-Court, where she awaited her accouchement. Whenever the princess Anne went abroad, her extraordinary figure excited astonishment. Evelyn seemed to behold her with no little consternation, and thus described her in June, 1689:—"The princess Anne of Denmark is so monstrously swollen that it is doubted that her state may prove only a violent tympany, so that the unhappy family of the Stuarts seems to be extinguishing. Then, what government is likely to be set up is unknown; whether regal or by election, the republicans and dissenters from the church of England looking that way."

Although the whole hopes of the country were fixed on the expected offspring of Anne, and she was thus rendered in some degree a person of more importance than either of the sovereigns, her pecuniary anxieties continued; and if the narrative of her favourite may be credited, she did not receive a single payment of money throughout the year 1689, or rather, from the time of the departure of her father from England.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton-Court permanently, for the summer, in the commencement of July, The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; while Mary, luxuriating in her native air, and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk, under the wall of Hampton-Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalized in Holland, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mien named this promenade "Frow" walk: it is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chesnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there; and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk.

The pleasures of the Dutch monarch were not of a sociable kind; he neither loved the English nor English manners, but preferred Dutch smoking parties, with closed doors, guarded from all approach by foreign soldiers, with pipes in their mouths, and partisans grasped in their hands. The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

"HAMPTON COURT LIFE,[1] IN 1689.

"Man and wife are all one, in flesh and in bone,
From hence you may guess what they mean,
The queen drinks chocolat, to make the king fat,
The king hunts to make the queen lean.

Mr. Dean says grace, with a reverend face,
'Make room!' cries Sir Thomas Duppa,[2]
Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
And you see him no more until supper."

This supper took place at half-past nine; by half-past ten royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

Queen Mary, like every one descended from lord chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry, earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good; her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell; she was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman.

Among the valuable collections of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III., delicately executed in pen and ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a back ground of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with

[1] Inedited MS. from the earl of Oxford's Collection of State Poems: Landsdowne Papers, No. 852, p. 195.

[2] Sir T. Duppa's monument at Westminster Abbey, notices that he was gentleman-usher to king William.

the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the ribbon of the garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture, queen Mary has inscribed, on a slip of vellum with her own hand—"My haire, cut off March y^e^ 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton-Court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them the supply of the very bread she ate at their table. Her retirement from Whitehall to Hampton Court, for her accouchement, must have taken place in June 1689, as the following historical events are recorded by the Gazette of that month:—

"Hampton-Court, June 30th.—On the 28th instant, the baron de Leyenberg, envoy extraordinary from the king of Sweden, had a public audience of the king, and on the 30th, of the queen, to notify the death of the queen Christina. He had afterwards audience, on the same occasion, of their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, being conducted by sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies."

The queen of Sweden, whose death was thus formally announced at the British court, was the eccentric Christina, who had long abdicated her throne, and lived as a Roman-catholic, under the protection of the pope at Rome. The Gazette announced—

"July 24th.—This morning, about four o'clock, her royal highness the princess Anne of Denmark was safely delivered of a son at Hampton-Court. Queen Mary was present the whole time, about three hours; and the king, with most of the persons of quality about the court, came

into her royal highness's bed-chamber before she was delivered. Her royal highness and the young prince are very well, to the great satisfaction of their majesties and the joy of the whole court, as it will, doubtless, be of the whole kingdom."

The queen and the whole of the party who had effected the revolution, were, in fact, unfeignedly rejoiced at this event. The existence of an heir to the throne, who would be assuredly educated in protestant principles, was likely to be the best security against the restoration of the Roman-catholic line of Stuart. The infant was baptized William, in Hampton-Court chapel. The king and queen stood sponsors; they proclaimed him duke of Gloucester the same day, and were generally understood to regard him as their adopted son. He was not created duke of Gloucester, because his mother considered that title as dreadfully unlucky.[1] The king of Denmark was the other godfather, represented by the earl of Dorset.

The queen paid great attention to her sister during a long period of weakness and ill-health. Her majesty was, however, deeply incensed to find, before the princess was wholly recovered, that she was secretly making interest, by the agency of lady Marlborough, with some members of the House of Commons, to move that an independence might be settled on her according to promise.

The large sum of six hundred thousand pounds had been voted by the Commons, as the civil list of William and Mary, and it was then specified that the princess Anne was to be provided for out of it. It seems extraordinary, that either the king or the queen could expect that their sister would forego her undefined share of this provision; they must have known that she could not dispense with her income; and that if she derived all her funds from their

[1] Hooper MSS.

caprice, incessant quarrels must have been the inevitable result. William's nature was harsh and tyrannical to every person related to him; he was never easy without they were from day to day dependent upon him.[1]

The queen, who had no feelings, but as they were reflected from the mind of her husband, was utterly exasperated when she found that a motion regarding the revenue for her sister was pending in the House of Commons. She deemed her sister deceitful and ungrateful in a remarkable degree, to carry on this measure in an underhand manner, at the very moment when she was cherishing her as her guest, and bestowing maternal care on her and her infant.[2] One night the queen took the princess severely to task for this offence, and began by asking her, "What was the meaning of the proceedings in the House of Commons?" Anne replied, "that she heard her friends there wished to move that she had some settlement." The queen replied hastily, with a most imperious air, "Friends? Pray, what friends have you but the king and me?"[3]

Lady Marlborough was not in attendance on the princess when this memorable dialogue took place. Anne, however, repeated it to her with more resentment than she had ever been known to express. The queen never mentioned this business again to her sister, although they met every night, but king William prorogued the parliament just as the motion was about to be made, "That his majesty would please to allow the princess Anne fifty thousand pounds out of the civil list lately granted to him." This matter the public agitated all the summer; meantime, the princess was

[1] Nor was this exacting tyranny confined to his English relatives; his hatred was still more active towards his Dutch cousin, the prince of Nassau-Frise, who was both his godson and heir to his paternal line. The offence of the prince was, that he would not permit William's regiments to be recruited from the peaceful inhabitants of his territory.

[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 29. [3] Ibid.

burdened with debt and care, and other sorrows began to press heavily upon her.

During the first two months of the existence of the young prince, his death was frequently expected; his size was diminutive, and his constitution very weakly; a perpetual change of nurses was the remedy proposed; the poor infant seems to have been brought to the last gasp by this plan. All this time the princess and her child were at Hampton-Court. One day a fine-looking young quakeress, a Mrs. Pack, came from Kingston, with a baby of a month old at her breast; she wished to tell the princess Anne of a remedy that had done her children good; when the prince of Denmark saw her, he begged she would go to bed to the pining and sickly heir of Great Britain, who was that evening expected to breathe his last. The young quakeress complied; the infant duke imbibed nourishment eagerly from her, and from that hour his mother felt hopes of rearing him.[1] The quakeress, it is said, was of a very haughty temper, and endeavoured to rule the whole of the princess's household.

The residence of the princess Anne and her husband at Hampton Court, close to that of the king and queen, began to be excessively irksome to them, and, before the autumn was past, the princess sought for a place near London, the air of which was unexceptionable, for her delicate child. Lord Craven lent his fine house at Kensington Gravel Pits[2] for the prince's nursery; there he remained twelve months. Every day he went out in a miniature carriage, pre-

[1] Memoirs of William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins, Tracts, British Museum.

[2] The memory of the residence of the old heroic earl of Craven, (who was supposed to have been privately married to the queen of Bohemia,) is preserved in the name of Craven Hill, Bayswater. The beauties of this spot are now marred by dense rows of brick houses. The house was destroyed by fire in the last century; its site may be guessed by a fine row of old elms near Mrs. Loudon's house, Porchester Terrace.

sented him by the duchess of Ormond, nor was the severest cold suffered to detain him from the air. The horses, which were about the size of good-sized mastiffs, were guided by Dick Drury, the prince of Denmark's coachman.

King William went from Hampton Court to Newmarket Oct. $\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{0}$, in one day; this was considered surprising expedition. He passed whole days on the race-ground, or in hunting; in the evenings he gambled. He lost four thousand guineas, at basset, at one sitting.[1] The next morning, being in a great state of exasperation, he gave a gentleman a stroke with his horsewhip, for riding before him on the race-ground. The English were not used to such manners; the proceeding was satirized by a bon-mot declaring "that it was the only blow he had struck for supremacy in his kingdoms." His majesty thought fit, in his homeward progress, to pay a visit to Cambridge. There he was received and harangued by the vice-chamberlain, who was the same Dr. Covel whose letter concerning the ill-treatment of queen Mary has already been quoted. While the king was absent, Lord Halifax represented to the queen "how very inconvenient it was for the council to travel to Hampton Court to meet the king there, and represented that a palace at Kensington would be a great convenience."[2]

In the first year of queen Mary's reign, most of her household were Dutch; a few of the higher offices were, perhaps, given to English. Her majesty's chamberlain was lord Wiltshire; her vice-chamberlain, "Jack Howe," (familiarly so called;) her equerry, Sir Edward Villiers; her first lady, and mistress of her robes, the countess of Derby; her ladies of honour, Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Forster; these seem to have been all the English of her household.

[1] Lamberty. He was probably present, being in the service of Bentinck, earl of Portland.

[2] Lamberty.

Madame Stirum, who had accompanied her majesty from Holland, returned in great dudgeon, because she could not be her first lady in England.[1]

The princess Anne prudently withdrew her child and herself from the vicinity of her royal sister and brother-in-law, while the great cause of her own future provision was debated by parliament. The measure was made a trial of strength of party, and many intrigues were set at work to induce her royal highness to withdraw her appeal to the justice of the House of Commons. Lady Fitzharding, the household spy in the establishment of the princess Anne, was strongly in the interest of her own sister (Elizabeth Villiers) and of the king; she was, besides, considered to possess an extraordinary share of the queen's favour; this lady was instructed to persuade the princess to let the motion in parliament drop. But the earl of Marlborough had returned from the campaign in Holland, and both he and his wife carried on the measure, as if their dearest personal interests were concerned. Finally, on the 18th of December, 1689, the Commons signified to the king the propriety of allowing his sister-in-law 50,000*l.* out of the civil list.[2] From this moment queen Mary became the enemy of her sister, not openly and avowedly as yet, for the outward grimace of friendly intercourse continued more than two years. Meantime, Anne was considered not only as heiress to the British throne, but in the more important light of mother to the future line of sovereigns, for her infant son grew and prospered. The circumstance of her bearing an heir at a very important political crisis, and that he should live, while three children she had previously borne had died, formed a parallel case to the birth and prolonged existence of her unfortunate brother.

[1] Lamberty, who gives this list of queen Mary's officials, calls "Jack Howe," "monsieur Jacques Howe."

[2] Ralph.

One winter's night of 1689, the queen's apartment at Whitehall was entered by a scaling-ladder from the Thames, and the daring burglars carried off the plate of her majesty's toilet and the branches of a silver lustre—in all, prey to the amount of five or six hundred pounds. The apartment of the queen's Dutch official, Overkirk, was, at the same time, robbed of a large silver cup. This most daring act was generally supposed to have been committed under the auspices of captain Richardson, gaoler of Newgate; or rather, captain of the thieves put under his charge, to whom he was dreadfully cruel by day, but at night let the worst of them out to rob for his benefit. "The perpetrators of the Whitehall burglary were never discovered, although some of the booty was found, being a branch of one of the queen's toilet-lustres, thrown into a darksome hole in Westminster, which had never before needed a lustre from a queen's table, to illumine its depths."[1]

It was one of the peculiar features of the era of the revolution, that English poetry, such as it was, consisted of hard, unpleasant facts. The above observation on the governor of Newgate presents the original from whence the satirist drew his well-known lines, called "London:"

> "The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
> Duly let out at night to steal for fees."

Gay, in his well-known drama, called the "Beggars' Opera," instead of giving an exaggerated picture of prisons in his day, showed a mere faint shadow of what they actually were, since the era of Henry VIII.

The foregoing stream of occurrences but brings us down to the Christmas of 1689-90; an epoch equally marked with infinite anxieties to the protestant-branch of the royal family reigning in England, and to their exiled father reigning in Ireland. The saying went throughout the British realm,

[1] Lamberty, 696, vol. ii.

that if king James would give some proper pledge for the security of the established religion, he could not be kept out of the government a single day. In truth, every description of plunderer, high and low, had seized on the finances with such vigorous activity, that in one twelvemonth only, the revenue, which James II. had left perfectly clear and free from debt, was minus by three millions.[1] What was worse, the English navy, left by their sailor-king the ruler of the seas, had sustained a scandalous defeat at Bantry Bay, not for lack of skill or bravery, but because the infamous peculators, who had been kept at bay by king James, now embezzled all the funds provided for food and ammunition. The merchant-marine, which had been sedulously cherished by James, and carefully guarded in their voyages to his colonies and foreign factories, by efficient convoys, had been so fearfully plundered by pirates and privateers, since his deposition, that we care not to write down the enormous calculation. Dismal petitions were sent by the merchants, when the parliament of 1689-90 met, complaining of the cruel extortion of convoy-money, especially forbidden by king James. The most guilty of the naval commanders, was captain Churchill, the brother of lord Churchill, who had been the first to desert king James, and had made his market that same year of convoy-money to such an enormous amount, that, on proof, the House of Commons expelled him from his seat as a member, with infamy, and he was afterwards broken, and deprived of his ship.[2] Queen Mary exerted herself strenuously to prevent this act of justice, and we shall see her use her sovereign power to restore him; therefore it could not have been his punishment that aggravated the enmity borne to her by the Marlboroughs.

The war was carried on in Ireland, in the same spirit

[1] See Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Ibid.

of peculation; the soldiers sent to oppose king James, perished with disease, because the contractors supplied them with rotten food, and damaged clothing. The duke of Schomberg wrote piteous despatches from Ireland, on the iniquity of the Englishmen in office, especially if they were leaders in the House of Commons. It is scarcely possible to withhold a smile at the *naive* pathos of some of the old veteran's complainings, or at the picture he draws of the peculations of the notorious general Kirke, and the patriotic Mr. Harbord, declaring, "that each knew the robberies of the other so well, they dared not audit any accounts." Harbord could not check Kirke's audacious robberies, he himself being paid every week for a regiment he had affected to raise; "and," wrote Schomberg to William III., "I do assure your majesty that the existence of this fine regiment is limited to its standard, which leans in a corner of his dressing-room, and that is all that he can show of it." Almost every army-commissioner drew pay for a fictitious regiment; some who had numerous connexions to pension, appointed the regular officers; but others, only the standard, like Mr. Harbord. "Never," groaned poor Schomberg, after relating these enormities, "never did I see a nation so willing to steal!"[1] William III. writhed under the consciousness that this corruption was sapping the foundations of his throne. One day he was discussing these troubles with his minister and confidant Bentinck, whom he had lately created earl of Portland; they observed, with consternation, the appalling public defalcations which had impaired the revenue since the deposition of king James. Portland asked his royal friend, "whether he believed that there was one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?" "Yes, there

[1] Schomberg's Despatches from Lisborne, in Ireland, Dec. 30, 1689. Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 53. No history ever illustrated the corrupt spirit of the revolution like the whole tenour of these letters.

are many," replied king William with a sigh, "there are as many men of high honour in this country as in any other, perhaps more; but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."[1]

This conviction did not prevent king William from disgracing himself by the patronage he afforded to the noxious wretch, Titus Oates. The parliament reversed the just sentence of the law against the perjurer; and William and Mary not only pensioned him with 400*l.* per annum, but, what was far worse, rewarded him for his deeds with two rich livings in the church of England.[2] Titus likewise wrote a most libellous book against James II., and was impudent enough to present it in full levee to the king and queen! Evelyn mentions with disgust, that his work contrived to insult the grandfather as well as the father of the queen, being entitled, "Eikon Basilike, or a picture of the *late* king James." It was a vulgar parody on the beautiful work of Charles I. The patronage of this foul character occasioned horror, but king William was supposed to be in his power on account of former political intrigues.

The queen was observed by her courtiers to put on a statue-like coldness whenever she communed with her sister, who was glad to retreat to her old dwelling, the Cockpit, from the coveted Portsmouth apartments, which were in near vicinity to those of her majesty.[3] The queen's side of the ancient palace of Whitehall seems to have been on the site of the range of buildings now called Whitehall Terrace, while

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes: Portland told the anecdote to Dartmouth's father.

[2] The parliament relieved Titus Oates from the cruel continuance of his punishment, but, at the same time, positively refused to remove from him the stigma of the murderous false-witness, by which he had earned those inflictions. (Parliamentary Journals.) What would be thought in these days of any clergyman being inducted into rich pluralities, whose oath was inadmissible as a convicted false-witness?

[3] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

the residence of the princess, the Cockpit, was on the other side of the Holbein gateway, and opened into St. James's park. The Portsmouth-apartments were occupied by the infant duke of Gloucester as his nursery, whenever he was in town; and the queen could at times approach her adopted son without always meeting the mother, and assuming the austere frown with which she usually beheld her. This arrangement, though really contrived by Anne in an evident spirit of conciliation, was made the means of insults to her of a description as absurd as they were annoying. Of course, the princess, who was a tender mother, passed much of her time in the nursery of her heir. Whenever the queen heard that her sister was there, she forbore to enter the room, but would send an inquiry or a message to her infant nephew—"a compliment," as it was called, in the phraseology of the day. The set speech used to be delivered by the queen's official in formal terms to the unconscious infant, as he laid on his nurse's knee;[1] and then the courtly messenger would depart, without taking the slightest notice of the princess Anne, although she sat by her child. Sometimes, queen Mary sent her nephew rattles or balls, or other toys, all which were chronicled in the Gazette with great solemnity; but every attention shown to the little Gloucester was attended with some signal impertinence to his mother.[2]

Early in the spring of 1690, king William completed the purchase of lord Nottingham's lease[3] of Kensington house, and determined to build there a palace which would be conveniently contiguous to London for councils, and yet

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. [2] Ibid.

[3] Kensington, as the name implies, had always been a demesne of the crown, from the Saxon era. It was the nursery palace of the Tudors, when the court was at Chelsea, in the reign of Henry VIII.; it had been granted in leases from one courtier to another, until, from the Heneages, it had merged in their descendant, Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham.

out of the reach of its smoky atmosphere, which often aggravated his constitutional disease of asthma to agony. The earl of Nottingham's ground at Kensington consisted of only twenty-five acres, being the angle between the present conservatory and Kensington-town, and the whole demesne in king William's occupation never exceeded it. Hyde Park then came up to the great walk,[1] which now reaches from Bayswater to Kensington, extending in front of the palace. A wild gravel pit occupied the ground between the north of the palace and the Bayswater road,[2] afterwards enclosed by queen Anne. A straight avenue of trees and a formal carriage-drive led across the park to William III.'s suburban palace; the round pond did not then exist, therefore the present features of the scene are essentially different.

The king wished the buildings he planned at Kensington to be finished against he returned from his Irish campaign, as he meant to take the field against his uncle in the ensuing spring. Among the important avocations deputed to the queen's management, the superintendence of the erection of Kensington palace was not the least in her estimation, as will be presently shown by her letters.

It was in this spot that queen Mary displayed that extraordinary taste in gardening, which, twenty years afterwards, was mirthfully discussed by Addison and Steele in "The Spectator." Notwithstanding their lively satire, the vegetable whimsies in which her majesty's Dutch predilections delighted, continued prevalent for a century. Let the reader give a glance at the black groups of yews and hollies which rear their odd outlines over the private garden wall at Kensington Palace, near the chapel; those queer contorted trees were once the cherished ornaments of queen Mary's private garden; they were then and there clipped

[1] Knight's "London." [2] Ibid.

into the forms of lions and unicorns, ducks and drakes, cocks and hens, dragons, tigers, and basilisks, by the ingenious shears of her majesty's gardeners, London and Wise. These worthies and their royal mistress once effected the formation of the vegetable statues of Adam and Eve, and the Tree of Knowledge, but the serpent long defied the utmost efforts of their skill. There are some odd black, dwarfish yew-trees among the now delightful gardens at Hampton Court, on which her majesty and her favourite gardeners once exercised their peculiar taste.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

The reins of government consigned to queen Mary—Plan to seize her father—Departure of William III. to Ireland—With the husband of princess Anne—Series of the queen's letters—She describes to her husband her quarrel with the queen-dowager—Arrest of her uncle—Enmity against him—Her sabbath laws—Her want of money for building—Her regnal troubles—Her annoyance from lord Monmouth—She orders the fleet to fight—Loss of the battle of Beachy Head—Her letter on it—She writes to the Dutch admiral—Her affliction—Has not time to weep—Letter on the king's wound—On the battle of the Boyne—Mentions her father—Her meeting with lord Lincoln—Visit to the privy council—Her troubles concerning it—She is mentioned in Jacobite songs—She pleads for education in Ireland—Horrors inflicted there by her husband—Queen reviews militia—Letters to the king—Her disgust at Burnet and his sermon—Unwilling to print it—Her discussions in council—Urged to seize power—Her fidelity to her spouse—Harassed with naval matters—Calmness in stormy debate—Offers command to admiral Russell—Tormented with cabinet factions—Expects the king home—Apologies regarding Kensington-palace and Hampton-Court—Cannot finish buildings—Dreads her husband's anger—Fears for his capture at sea—Plagued by factions—Beset by a mad lord—Harassed with regnal perplexities—Has the vapours.

QUEEN MARY was brought by William III. to council, June 3, 1690, an act of parliament having previously passed, investing her with full regnal powers of governing solely during the king's absence. William proceeded to appoint and declare, in her presence, the junta of nine

privy-councillors whom he had chosen to assist her.[1] The president of this cabinet-council was lord Danby, who first invented the black art of swaying the English senate by personal bribes from government. He was now pursuing his unrighteous career on a more extended scale, under the title of marquis of Carmarthen. His eight coadjutors were lord Pembroke, lord Devonshire, lord Nottingham, lord Godolphin, lord Marlborough, lord Monmouth,[2] admiral Russell, and sir John Lowther. The individuals composing this junta possessed the greatest offices at court. Six, at least, of them were in secret correspondence with her father: two or three, as Godolphin and Nottingham, are supposed to have been personally attached to him, but we believe they may be clearly acquitted of any attachment excepting to their own interest.

Such were the materials of Mary II.'s government, when, in the prime of life, in her nine-and-twentieth summer, the reins of a divided empire were placed in her inexperienced hands. A most extraordinary story was at the same time circulated concerning her, which was that she had suffered, since her coronation, great mental agony on account of her conduct to her father; and, in consequence, had had recourse to the spiritual aid of her friend, Dr. Tillotson. He, to comfort her, preached a sermon from Matt. xxx. 46, on hell-torments. It appears that Tillotson leaned to doubts as to their eternity, for furious comments were made on the sermon by his enemies, as a promulgation of the tenets of the Socinians. The most provoking comment was, that they were adopted to soothe the queen's despair.[3]

[1] Lord Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 316. Sir J. Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] This person is the same eccentric hero celebrated under the name of lord Peterborough, in the reign of queen Anne. It is a task to identify historical characters under the rapid changes of titular appellation assumed by the revolutionists.

[3] Life of Dr. Tillotson, by Dr. Birch. The sermon was preached March 7, 1690. The uproar concerning it lasted some months.

In fact, Burnet thinks proper to affirm that Mary, and particularly her husband, gave some hints that they were conscious of the moral horror of their position when the latter was setting out for the campaign in Ireland.

The manner in which Burnet discusses this extraordinary passage in their lives is sufficiently remarkable even in the printed version he has given to the world, but it assumes a still stranger appearance when the incident is collated with his unprinted manuscript notations still extant.[1] "The day before the king set out for Ireland," says Burnet, "he called me into his closet; he seemed to have a great weight on his spirits from the state of his affairs, which was then very cloudy. He said, 'for his part he trusted in God, and would either go through with this business, or perish in it; only he pitied the poor queen—the poor queen!' repeating that twice, with great tenderness, and 'wished that those who loved him would wait much on her, and assist her;' adding, 'the going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him: he was sure he understood *that* better than how to govern England; and though he had no mistrust or doubt of the cause he went on, yet, going against king James in person was hard upon him, since it would be a vast trouble, both to himself and the queen, if her father should be either killed or taken prisoner.' He [king William] *desired my prayers* and dismissed me very deeply affected, with all he had said."[2]

Now, for a specimen of how the "prayers" worked and the fruits of the "deep affectedness" with which these filial patterns had inspired the revolutionary bishop, no words, excepting his own, shall be used; but his manuscript, instead of the printed copy familiar to every one, furnishes the narrative:[3] "I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of king James's

[1] Harleian MSS. No. 6584. Brit. Museum.
[2] Burnets Own Times, which thus far varies little from the MSS.
[3] Harleian MSS. No. 6584. Brit. Museum.

person; for *one*[1] had *sent by me a proposition to him* [William], which seemed fair: that a first-rate ship, manned by men on whom the king [William] might depend, and commanded by one that the king [William] might trust, should be sent to Dublin, and had orders to declare 'for king James.' He [the commander of the ship] offered to be the person who should carry the message to king James, then at Dublin; for he had served him at sea, and was known to him. He knew the king's temper [James] so well, that, upon an invitation, he was sure he would come on board, and then they might sail away with him, either 'to some part of Spain or Italy.' For he [*the betrayer*] 'would *not engage in it* unless he was assured he [James II.] *was not to be made a prisoner.*'"

Very remarkable is the last clause, when compared with the result and consecutive circumstances.

"When *I* [Burnet] *carried this to the king* [William,] he thought 'the thing might, probably enough, succeed;' but he would not hearken to it; 'he would have no hand in treachery; and besides, if king James should go on board with his guards, there might be some struggle with them and the seamen, and in it somewhat might happen to king James's person, in which he would have no hand.' So he would not entertain the notion. I told this afterwards to the queen, and saw in her a great tenderness for her father, and she seemed much touched at the answer the king had made."

Would, for the honour of human nature, that this passage were true, but sternly is it gainsaid by existing documents. It seems that William and Mary took an immediate opportunity of privately acting on the hint which Burnet says he gave to them; yet, not by the agency of either this clerical

[1] The author has some idea that this "one," unnamed by Burnet, was sir Cloudesley Shovel.

plotter or his naval coadjutor. A warrant has been found among Herbert, earl of Torrington's papers,[1] written throughout by queen Mary's great confidant, the earl of Nottingham, and signed by the hand of king William, authorizing the same admiral [Torrington] who piloted William's Dutch navy, through the Downs to Torbay, the year before, "to seize the person of James II., and to deliver him up, certainly not to Spain, or Italy, but to the states of Holland, to be disposed of *as they should think proper.*" The mercies of the Dutch to the admiral-prince who had quelled their flag in so many tremendous conflicts were not likely to be very tender.

The new information gained by comparing Burnet's manuscript notation of current events with the printed version, given to the world in general, is worth attention. It has been shown, that he claims the introduction of the above plan for kidnapping king James II., by enticing him on board one of the ships that had formerly belonged to him, and asserts, that he, the sea-captain, who had formerly served James, refused to have anything to do with this first scheme, which Burnet "thought fair enough," if his old master was to be made prisoner. Therefore, king James, when entrapped, was to be set on shore in Spain or Italy.[2]

[1] Lord Dartmouth, Notes to Burnet, vol. iv. p. 82.

[2] The following is the transcript from Burnet's History of his Own Times, edition 1823, vol. iv. p. 82, as it runs in print, commencing where it varies from his original version of the event. Harleian MS., No. 6584.

"I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of king James's person, having learned an instance of it from the first hand. A proposition was made the king that a third-rate ship well manned by a faithful crew and commanded by one who had been well with king James (but was such a one as the king [William] might trust) should sail to Dublin and declare for king James. The person who told me this offered to be the man that should carry the message to king James (for he was well known to him) to invite him to come on board, which he seemed to be sure he [king James] would accept of, and when he was on board he would sail away with him and land him either in Spain or Italy as he [king William] should desire, and

Then ensued all the scene of filial tenderness for the bishop to put down in his book. But lo! as soon as the garrulous contriver of the scheme is bowed out with tears and pious ejaculating, and "desired prayers," the filial pair agree that neither conspirator have gone far enough—the fools dictate scruples; and finally, William, the nephew, and Mary, the daughter, executed the Torrington-warrant to act on the plan for betraying the old king; but, instead of sending him to be set on shore, endowed with "twenty thousand pounds," as Burnet has printed, the old admiral is to be surrendered to the Dutch sailors, whom he had so often defeated!

The real nature of William and Mary's intentions towards their unfortunate father is apparent from this consignment, which is in disgusting contrast with the qualms of remorse or apprehension, which their flatterer terms tenderness! In further illustration of their true feelings may be seen, to this day, the "London Gazette" printed under Mary's regency, in which exultant mention is made "that the cannons of her husband, pointed against the tents of her father, had beat down many in close vicinity to him."[1]

should have *twenty thousand pounds to give him* [king James] *when he should be set on shore.*"

The last audacious figment is in the printed history, but not in Burnet's own manuscript notations. On the other hand, the bishop or his worthy executor Mackay, "the spy," favours not the world with the intelligence that he himself was first the contriver and then the introducer of the whole scheme of betrayal "that seemed fair." The printed history then proceeds in unison with the manuscript, to describe the filial scene acted by William, the nephew, and Mary, the daughter. And to do proper justice to the merits of their acting, they seemed to have induced credence in the bishop. For he knew not the secret tendency of their conduct, brought to light a century afterwards, when lord Dartmouth's Notes were printed; that nobleman having discovered when he was lord privy-seal to queen Anne, the cruel warrant proving how William III. and his queen had privately adopted Burnet's scheme to kidnap James II., with those aggravations in his intended destination which must have led to the unhappy old king being murdered by his Dutch gaolers.

[1] London Gazette, July, 1690, which is further quoted in Ralph's History, p. 21.

The husband of the princess Anne shared in the campaign against her father, prince George being made available by William III. to obtain a large body of forces, chiefly heavy cavalry, from Denmark. He hired nearly 7000 of these troops. The consort of the princess Anne, although he volunteered to assist in the strife against his father-in-law, was not given the command of his countrymen. It was according to etiquette that prince George should ride in the same coach with the king, but William III. excluded him with undisguised disgust.

"So exact was the queen, that she would not enter on the government until the king was upon the seas," says Burnet in his manuscript, and likewise gives the following sketch of her majesty's demeanour:[1] "She was regular in her private and public devotions to admiration. She was much in her closet, and read a great deal; she *wrought* much [*in handyworks,*] and seemed to employ her thoughts on anything but business. All she did was natural and unaffected; her conversation was natural and obliging, and she was singular for her vast charities to the poor. A vast mass of people of quality had fled from Ireland, and drew from her great marks of her bounty and goodness; nor was she ever uneasy or angry with those who threw objects in her way. But all this was nothing to the public; if the king talked to her of affairs, it was in so private a way as nobody seemed to apprehend it. Only Shrewsbury told me [Burnet], that the king said to him: 'That though he could not hit the right way of pleasing the nation, he was sure she could, and that we should be all very happy under her.'"

Queen Mary bade adieu to her husband June $\frac{4}{14}$, 1690. He commenced his journey towards the coast of Cheshire[2]

[1] Harleian Collection, Burnet's Original Autograph MSS., No. 6584.
[2] Diary of lord Clarendon.

the same day, meaning to land in that part of Ireland, which would enable him to effect a speedy junction of the great forces he brought, with the miserable and dispirited army commanded by Schomberg and Kirke. The day of his departure, the queen came to Whitehall-palace, where she ostensibly took up her residence, and assumed the reins of government. In due time, she received a letter from her husband, announcing his safe arrival at Carrickfergus, June $\frac{14}{24}$.

Henceforth, the queen becomes the historian of that part of her own reign which is parallel with her husband's campaign in Ireland, in a most extraordinary series of letters addressed to him. The letters of William III. in reply unfortunately exist not; they were probably destroyed by the queen a few hours before her death. Her own were carefully preserved by him, and were found at Kensington-palace after his decease. Her first letter was written in answer to the announcement of his safe arrival in Ireland:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, June $\frac{13}{23}$, 1690.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, it may be, yet being apt to flatter myself, I will hope that you will be as willing to read as I to write. And indeed, it is the only comfort I have in this world, besides that of trust in God. I have nothing to say to you, at present, that is worth writing, and I think it unreasonable to trouble you with my grief, which must continue while you are absent, though I trust, every post, to hear some good news of you, therefore, I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad as it was in Holland, five years ago. I believe it came by standing too near the window when I took the waters.

"I cannot thank God enough for your being so well past the dangers of the sea, I beseech him in his mercy, still to preserve you so, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own, I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death."

This love-letter to her husband was followed by another, dated June 21, which shows Mary launched on the sea

of troubles belonging to her exalted station. She details to her absent lord her refusal to sign the death-warrant of Macguire, the burglar, and her determination of commuting his sentence of death into transportation,[1] and then adds, "I shall not trouble you with everything the lords said to me at this time—the chief thing was that they had had the *parson* in examination."

Her majesty proceeds to relate, in diction rather too involved for direct quotation, why "this *parson*" was in trouble with the privy-council. A prayer had been ordered by her to be said in all church of England places of worship, for the success of king William's arms against her father in Ireland. Lord Feversham, chamberlain to the queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had taken upon him to stop this prayer from being said by "the parson" of the Savoy chapel, because it was under the jurisdiction of Somerset-house, the dower-palace of Catharine of Braganza, whereby king William was deprived of the benefit of the prayers of the protestant part of the dowager's household, conduct which Mary viewed with intense indignation.

The whole proceeding brings strongly to mind the rugged, but noble lines of Davenant on the political prayers of his day:—

> "Still does the ambitious world rudely prefer,
> Their quarrels, which they call their prayers to heaven;
> Deeming the Almighty like themselves can err,
> Depriving some of what's to others given."

The bitterness which pervaded the mind of Mary against the forlorn queen-dowager, her uncle's widow, whose friendless state in a foreign land ought to have called forth better feelings, is apparent throughout the whole of this correspondence. She proceeds thus to describe to her wedded

[1] It must be remembered that the West India Islands and North America were, at that time, the penal settlements for convicts.

partner how she took lord Feversham to task for the offences of his royal mistress:—

"I was," she writes,[1] "*extreme* angry, which the lords (of the privy-council) saw, but I shall not trouble you with it. I told them *that I thought there was no more measures to be kept with the queen-dowager herself after this*—that is, if it were her order, which no doubt it is. First, lord Nottingham was to send for lord Feversham to him, I desired him 'to speak as angrily to him as possible,' which he promised to do. Lord Feversham was with him as soon as he got home, having heard of the *parson* being examined. When lord Nottingham told him all I said, he seemed much concerned, and desired to come *and throw* himself at my feet, and own all the matter as a very great fault in him, but done out of no ill design. To be short, he came yesterday to my bed-chamber, at the hour when there was a great deal of company (I mean just before dinner); he looked as pale as death, and spoke in great disorder."

Mary has been regarded by the world as the passionless idol of the glorious revolution, but, if her own account of her sayings and doings in the present series may be trusted, it must be owned that she could show vixenish vivacity enough on occasions. As Lord Feversham had recently been a prisoner in the Round Tower at Windsor Castle,[2] on the committal of king William, perhaps his pallor proved his alarm lest the queen should send him back to his old place of durance.

Queen Mary's narrative proves that she gave her morning receptions in her bed-chamber. She thus continues to narrate the tribulations of poor lord Feversham, who, being a

[1] Letters of queen Mary to king William, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., from the Kensington box, pp. 115, 116.

[2] Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, 2nd series, vol. iv. p. 184. His name was Louis Duras; he was nephew to the great Turenne.

Frenchman, was, of course, rather hyperbolical in his mode of apology to the fair offended majesty of Great Britain:

"He said," continued the queen, "that he must own it was a very great fault, since I took it so, but he begged me to believe it was done not out of any ill intention, nor by agreement with anybody; he assured me, the queen-dowager knew nothing of it. That it was a fault, a folly, an indiscretion, or anything I would call it!' I told him 'that after doing a thing of that nature, the best way was not to go about excusing of it, for *that* was impossible, since, to call it by the most gentle name, I could give it, 'twas an unpardonable folly, which I did not expect, after the protestations he had made;' upon which he said an abundance of words; I doubt whether he himself knew what he meant by them. At last, he spoke *plain* enough. He said, 'God pardoned sinners when they repented, and so he hoped I would.' I told him, 'God saw hearts, and whether their repentance was sincere, which, since I could not do, he must not find it strange if I trusted only to actions,' and so I left him."

"I pity the poor man for being obliged thus to take the queen-dowager's faults upon him, yet I could not bring myself to forgive him. I remember, I did say more, 'that if it had been myself, I could have pardoned him, but when it immediately concerned your person, I would not, nor could not."

"The queen-dowager sent me a compliment, yesterday, on my swelled face. I do not know whether I have writ you word of it. Yesterday I had leeches set behind my ears, which has done but little good, so that it mends but slowly; and one of my eyes being again sore, I am fain to write this at so many times, that I fear you will make but ill sense of it.

"The queen-dowager will come to-day to see me, but

desired an hour when there was least company, so I imagine she will speak something of herself, and that which inclines me the more to this opinion is, that she has sent for lord Halifax,[1] and was shut up in her chamber about business with him and others the whole morning; I shall give you an account of this before I seal up my letter.'

Queen Mary was, however, disappointed. Catharine of Braganza came not as a suppliant at her levee, to receive a rating, like her lord-chamberlain, Feversham. As that nobleman had promised and vowed that *his* queen knew nothing of the offence, Catharine wisely resolved to appear as if she remained in utter ignorance of the whole affair. Nor could queen Mary insist that her dowager-aunt knew aught of what was going on in a Protestant place of worship, which she never attended. At the close of her letter, queen Mary says—

"The queen-dowager has been, but did not stay a moment or speak two words. Since she went, I have been in the garden, and find my face pretty well, but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart; but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason, yet your absence is enough; but since it pleases God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me and I can bear all things with ease."

The next day brought tidings of sufficient import to divert her mind from dwelling on her heart-burnings with the queen-dowager; it was, that a mighty French fleet, which had been long expected to invade England, was seen passing through the Channel. Queen Mary announced this event in two duplicate letters to her husband:

[1] He was chancellor to the queen dowager's (Katherine of Braganza) establishment.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, June 22, half-past 11 at night.

"The news which is come to-night, of the French fleet being upon the coast, *makes it thought* necessary to write to you *both ways*,[2] and I (that you may see how matters stand in my heart) prepare a letter for each. I think lord Torrington[3] (admiral of the English fleet in the channel) has made no haste; and I cannot tell whether his being sick and staying for lord Pembroke's regiment will be a sufficient excuse; but I will not take up your time with my reasonings, I *shall* only tell you that I am so little afraid, that I begin to fear that I have not sense enough to apprehend the danger; for whether it threatens Ireland or this place (England), to me 'tis much as one to the fear, for as much a coward as you think me, I fear me for your dear person more than my poor *carcase*. I know who is most necessary in the world. What I fear most at present is not hearing from you.

"Love me, whatever happens, and be assured I am ever entirely yours till death."

In the duplicate letter which she wrote at this exigence, the chief variation is in her pretty expressions of affection to her husband. She says to him—"As I was ready to go into my bed, lord Nott [ingham] came and brought me a letter of which he is going to give you an account; for my own part, I shall say nothing to it, but that I trust God will preserve us—you where you are, and *poor* I here."

She again repeats "that her insensibility to fear is so complete, that she attributes it to a defect of character." William, it seems, had formed no high idea of her valour, for she playfully alludes to his opinion of her cowardice. She nevertheless showed, at this awful crisis, as valiant and steady a spirit as her most renowned sires.

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 117, printed from king William's box, Kensington.

[2] By two different routes to Ireland; both of the queen's letters arrived safely.

[3] The same commander whom William and Mary had entrusted with carrying out the plan for betraying the old king, (contrived by Burnet and a nameless sea-captain,) and among whose papers the warrant previously quoted was found. Torrington was, perhaps, revolted with disgust, as he was, during the remainder of his days, suspected of Jacobitism; it is certain he never attempted to carry out this filial project.

Left alone, or surrounded by those whose fidelity was doubtful, Mary II. acted with decision and vigour. While a victorious fleet threatened her coasts, she issued warrants for the capture of a large number of the discontented nobility, among whom her mother's brothers were numbered; and strong in her reliance on the middle-classes of England, who were the true supporters of the revolution, and the only disinterested ones, she reviewed in person the militia called "the London and Westminster trained-bands." Her next measure was to banish all the catholics from the vicinity of the metropolis, a step which met with the enthusiastic applause of her party. All Mary's apprehension was limited to the dread lest she should incur the displeasure of her absent partner in any of these measures. She devotes a whole letter to her husband on the subject of the arrests, and manifests as little natural affection at incarcerating, or, as she calls it, "clapping up" her uncle, lord Clarendon, in the Tower on suspicion, as she did when dispossessing her father of his throne and country. These are her words on the subject, dated Whitehall, June 24, [July 4, O.S.]

"Since I writ to you about the coming of the French fleet upon the coast, the lords have been very busy. I shall not go about to give you an account of all things, but shall tell you some particular passages. One happened to-day at the *great* council, [privy council,] where I was by their advice. When they had resolved to seize on suspected persons, in naming them, sir H. Capel would have said something for lord Clarendon (whose first wife, you know, was sir H. C.'s sister.) Everybody stared at him, but nobody preparing to answer, I ventured to speak, and told sir H. Capel 'that I believed everybody knew, as I did, that there was too much against him [*lord Clarendon*] to leave him out of the list that was making.' I can't tell whether I ought to have said this; but when I knew your mind upon it, and had seen his [lord Clarendon's] letter, I believed it as necessary, that he should

be *clapt up* as any, and therefore thought myself obliged to say so; but as I do not know when I ought to speak and when not, I am as silent as can be, and if I have done it now *mal-à-propos*, I am sorry, but could not help it, though, at the same time, I must own, I am sorrier than it may be well believed for him, finding the Dutch proverb true, which you know, but I should spoil in writing."

It is to be regretted that queen Mary did not quote her Dutch proverb, since anything in illustration of her feeling towards her mother's family would be an historical curiosity. Mary knew that the manner in which her uncle treated her advancement, implied the severest blame on her conduct; and she never forgave him for viewing her queenship with grief and shame, instead of rushing to profit by her power. The sorrow she speaks of was somewhat singular in its effects.

At an early period of her regnal labours, the queen requested her council to assist her in framing regulations for the better observance of the Sabbath. All hackney carriages and horses were forbidden to work on that day, and their drivers to ply for customers. The humanity of this regulation was, however, neutralized by the absurdity of other acts. She had constables stationed at the corners of streets, who were charged to capture all puddings and pies on their progress to bakers' ovens on Sundays; and such ridiculous scenes in the streets took place, in consequence of the owners fighting fiercely for their dinners, that her laws were suspended amid universal laughter.[1] Perhaps some of her council, remembering her own Sunday evening gamblings, both in England and Holland, thought that she might have had mercy on the less culpable Sunday puddings and pies of the hungry poor, belonging to persons too often destitute of fire and conveniences for preparing their humble meal.

[1] Somer's Tracts. Brit. Museum.

The privy-council is often mentioned in the queen's letters, but it must not be confounded with the council more deserving that name, which consisted of the junta of nine, where all the real business was resolved on. Mary seldom appeared at the full privy-council board, and then only when there was some measure in agitation which required the weight of her personal influence and *viva voce* observations, such as the consignment of her eldest uncle to the Tower. Did she then cast a thought on his devoted attachment to her expatriated sire? or take shame that the love of the brother-in-law and the friend of early youth so far exceeded that of "Mary the *daughter*," as her Scottish subjects, in the utmost bitterness of satire, ironically termed her? No; for there was but one spot of tenderness in the marble of her heart, and that was exclusively devoted to her husband.

The queen continues her narrative, in the course of which the reiteration of her sneering phrase, "clapt up," proves that she had little pity for those whom her warrants had hurried into captivity. She says:—"I hope the easterly wind is the only cause I do not hear from you, which I am very impatient for now, and, when I consider that you may be got a great way, if you began to march last Thursday, I am in a million of fears, not knowing when you may be in danger. That alone is enough to *make* me the greatest pain imaginable, and in comparison of which all things else are not to be named. Yet, by a letter from lord Torrington,[1] dated three o'clock yesterday afternoon, I see he thought *this day* was like to decide a great deal there. I cannot but be in pain; it may be I do not reason *just* on the matter, but I fear, besides disheartening many people, the loss of a battle would be such an encouragement to the disaffected ones, that might put things here into disorder, which, in your absence, would be a ter-

[1] From the fleet he was commanding, off Beachy Head.

rible thing, but I thank God I trust in him, and that is really the only consolation I have!

"I was, last night, in Hyde park, for the first time since you went; it swarmed with those who are now ordered to be *clapt up*. Yesterday, lord Feversham [queen Catharine's lord chamberlain] came to lord Nottingham [queen Mary's lord chamberlain] and told him that he had put queen-dowager off the Hamburgh voyage, but she would go to the Bath, after which he came again, and said, 'that seeing it might be inconvenient to have guards there, she desired to go to Islington,' but lord Marlborough desired an answer might not be given for a day or two, till we heard something of the success of the fleet.

"Since I have writ this, I was called out to lord Nottingham, who brought me your dear letter, which is so welcome that I cannot express it, especially, because you pity me, which I like, and desire from you and you only. As for the buildings, I fear there will be many obstacles, for I spoke to sir J. Lowther this very day, and hear of so much use for money, and find so little, that I cannot tell whether that of Hampton Court will not be the *worst* for it, especially since the French are in the channel, and at present, between Portland and us, from whence the stone must come; but, in a day or two, I hope to give you a more certain account, this being only our conjecture. God be praised that you are so well; I hope in his mercy he will continue it. I have been obliged to write this evening to Schulemberg to desire him to advance money for the six regiments to march, which they say is absolutely necessary for your service as well as honour. The lords of the treasury have made me pawn my word for it, and to-morrow 20,000*l.* will be paid to him.

"It is now candlelight, and I dare say no more but that I am ever and entirely yours."

[1] Probably to Canonbury House.

The queen alludes, in this letter, to the quadrangle at Hampton Court, which had been demolished by William III., and was then in course of reconstruction by sir Christopher Wren. It is apparent that the queen was fearful that her consort could not enjoy his tastes for war and building both at the same time. The sovereigns of England possessed, at that time, statelier palaces than at the present day. Whitehall, as yet unscathed by the destroying flames, displayed all the glories lavished on it by the last of the ecclesiastical architects, by the magnificence of the Tudors, and by the elegance of the Stuarts. St. James's palace, the private residence of our kings, was of four times the extent of the present building. But nothing could satisfy king William till he possessed a Dutch house and gardens, reminding him of home, situated where the smoke of London would not choke and poison him, as he complained it did at Whitehall and St. James's. His queen frequently alludes to his buildings, and his sanatory precautions against the smoke of London, in her letters. She wrote, two days after, to her absent king, dated Whitehall, [June 26, O. S.,] July 6, N. S., 1690, and in her narrative, the troubles of empire appear to thicken around her: "By this express I shall write freely, and tell you what great suspicions increase continually of major Wildman.[1] It would be too long to tell you all the reasons of suspicion, but this one instance I will give, that since your going from hence, there is not one word come from Scotland, neither from lord *Melvin*,[2] nor colonel Mackay to lord Marlborough, which methinks is unaccountable. Lord Nottingham desired I would sign letters to the governors of Berwick and

[1] Wildman had been engaged in all the plots for the last forty years. He appears to have been secretary to lord Monmouth, afterwards so well known as the warlike and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, heir of James II.'s friend, the old cavalier and Jacobite.

[2] The name means Melville, prime minister for Scotland.

Carlisle, not to let any persons go by who had not a pass, and that they should stop all the mails. This I have done, and the express is to be immediately sent away. I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you, therefore I hope it will have your approbation.

"It is a strange thing, that, last night, sir R. Holmes writ to lord Nottingham and Mr. Braithwait both, that the fleets were briskly engaged, which he could see from the hills, which letter was writ at six yesterday-morning, since which we have not heard a word from him, but another [letter] from sir H. Goodricke, from Portsmouth, dated at three in the afternoon, assures that *then* there had been no engagement, but some shooting between the scouts. What to think of this, nobody knows, but it seems to me every one is mightily afraid of themselves, for sir R. Holmes desires some succours, or else the Isle of Wight is lost."

"Lord Bath is very backward in going down, but with much ado he sends his son, who only says 'he stays for a letter of mine,' which is signed this morning, to empower him to command at Plymouth in his father's absence, which he tells me you promised before you went, and it is upon your leave lord Bath pretends to stay here, till the term is over; but I told him 'I supposed you had not foreseen the French being so near.'"

The intense difficulty of the queen's position, surrounded as she was by secret enemies, petulant friends, or partisans solely devoted to their own interest, was really frightful; and if she had had no truer support from the English people than she had from the English court and aristocracy, her cause would have been a desperate one. Such as it was, it is best to be comprehended through the medium of her own pen, as she relates her troubles to her only friend and confidant:

"The Duke of Bolton also tells me, last night, you had given him leave to raise some horse-volunteers, for which

he should have had a commission, but that you went away, and therefore he would have *me* give it. I put it off, and lord Marlborough advises me not to give it. Lord-president [Carmarthen] some time since, told me the same thing, but I will not give any positive answer till you send me your directions.

"I must also give you an account of what lord Nottingham told me yesterday; he says, 'lord Steward [the earl of Devonshire] was very angry at lord Torrington's deferring the fight, and proposed 'that somebody should be joined in commission with him.' But that, the other lords said, 'could not be done,' so lord Monmouth offered to take one whose name I have forgot, (he is newly made, I think, commissioner of the navy,) and (as lord Nottingham tells me, you had thoughts of having him command the fleet if lord Torrington had not,) this man lord Monmouth proposed 'to take and go together on board lord Torrington's ship, as volunteers, but with a commission about them to take the command in case he should be killed.' I told Nottingham 'I was not willing to grant any commission of that nature, not knowing whether you ever had any thoughts of that kind, so that I thought he was only to be thanked for his offer.' I added, 'that I could not think it proper, that he being one of the nine you had named [*as her council of regency*] should be sent away.' Upon which, lord Nottingham laughed and said, 'That was the greatest compliment I could make lord Monmouth, to say I could not make use of his arm, having need of his counsel.'

"I suppose they are not *very* good friends, but I said it really as I meant, and besides, to hinder propositions of this kind for Mr. Russell, for lord president [Carmarthen] has, upon several occasions, to me alone, mentioned sending Mr. Russell, and I believe it was only to be rid of him; for my part, after what you have told me of all the nine, I should be very sorry to have him from hence."

This Mr. Russell was the person called admiral Russell in history. Queen Mary seems to nave placed the utmost reliance on his fidelity; though his rough and savage temper, together with his perpetual grasping after money and profit, made him by no means a practicable member of the regency council. Just at this time, he had taken some affront—a frequent case; and the queen was forced to court him back to her aid, at this awful crisis, by the assistance of his relative, the celebrated Rachel lady Russell. Her majesty continues—"And now I have named Mr. Russell, I must tell you that, at your first going, he did not come to me, nor I believe to this hour would not have asked to have spoke with me, had not I told lady Russell, one day, I desired it. When he came, I told him freely 'that I desired to see him sometimes, for being a stranger to business, I was afraid of being led or persuaded by one party.' He said, 'that he was very glad to find me of that mind, and assured me that since I gave him that liberty, he would come when he saw occasion, though he would not be troublesome.'

"I hope I did not do amiss in this, and indeed I saw, at that time, no one but lord-president Carmarthen, and I was afraid of myself. Lord Carmarthen is, on all occasions, afraid of giving me too much trouble, and thinks, by little and little, to do all. Every one sees how little I know of business, and therefore, I believe, will be apt to do as much as they can. Lord Marlborough advised me 'to resolve to be present as often as was possible,' out of what intention I cannot judge, but I find they meet often at the secretary's office, and do not take much pains to give me an account; this I thought fit to tell you; pray be so kind to answer me as *particular* as you can.

"Queen-dowager has been to take her leave, in order to going to Hammersmith, where she will stay till she can go for Windsor. I have tired you with this long letter, and it

is now staid [*waited*][1] for. I shall say no more, but beg you to believe it is impossible to love more than I do—don't love me less."

This letter and the succeeding one were written during the period of anxiety which preceded the impending sea-fight off Beachy Head. Suspicion of lord Torrington, and an earnest desire to interfere in his business as admiral, were the prevalent feelings in the queen's cabinet. Just time enough had elapsed for the English navy to feel the want of the royal admiral; for the harpies of corruption, ever on the alert in an elective monarchy, had done their business so effectually with the well-appointed ships and stores he had left, that a discomfiture had been experienced by the English navy at Bantry bay the year before, and another disgraceful defeat awaited it.[2] Great jealousies existed between the Dutch admiral, Evertzen, and the English admiral, lord Torrington, who was desirous of avoiding an engagement; and, knowing the miserable state of his appointments, he wished to defend the English coasts from invasion, and this opinion he communicated to the queen. Her proceedings may be gathered from her letter to her husband:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"June 28, N. S., 8 in the morning. July 8, O. S.

"Seeing I cannot always write when I will, I must do it when I can, and that upon something that happened yesterday.

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[1] In these letters all the author's explanatory interpolations are in square brackets, the round parenthetical enclosures are by the queen.

[2] The lamentable state into which the navy had fallen may be judged by the following piteous extract from lord Carmarthen's letter to king William, (June 13,) the same year. After mentioning the French naval force, he says, 'How ill a condition we are in to resist them, your majesty can judge; the fleet cannot be at sea for three weeks—I fear not so soon; and though vice-admiral Killigrew be arrived at Plymouth, yet his ships are so foul that he can't avoid the enemy if he should attempt to come up the channel." It seems he was not even in condition to run away.

"As for lord Torrington's letter, you will have an account of that, and the answer from lord Nottingham. I shall tell you as far as I could judge, what the others did.

"Lord Carmarthen was with me," continues her majesty's narrative, "when lord Nottingham brought the letter; he was mightily hot upon sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet. I confess, I saw, as I thought, the ill consequence of that, having heard you say *they*[1] were not good friends, and believing lord Torrington being in the post he is in, and of his humour, ought not to be provoked; besides, I do believe lord president [Carmarthen] was willing to be rid of Mr. Russell, and I had no mind to *that*, so I said what I could against it, and found most of the lords of my mind when they met, but lord Monmouth was not with them."

"Mr. Russell drew up a pretty sharp letter[2] for me to sign, but it was softened, and the only dispute was, 'whether he [lord Torrington] should have a positive order to fight?' At last, it was wrote in such terms as you will see, to which all agreed but lord-steward [Devonshire], who said, 'it was his duty to tell his thoughts upon a subject of this consequence,' which *was*, 'that he believed it very dangerous to trust lord Torrington with the fate of three kingdoms'—this was his expression—'and that he was absolutely of opinion that some other should be joined in commission with him.' To which Mr. Russell answered, 'You must send for him prisoner, then!' and all the rest concluded it would breed too much disturbance in the sight of the enemy. So the letter was signed, and lord Nottingham writ another letter, in which he told him our other accounts received of the fleets from the Isle of Wight.

"I was no sooner a-bed but lord Nottingham came to

[1] *i. e.* Torrington and Russell.

[2] To Herbert, lord Torrington; the letter was addressed to him, commanding the English fleet.

me from the lords, who were most of them still at his office, where lord Monmouth was come, very late, but time enough to know all. He offered his service immediately to go down post to Portsmouth (so that the admiralty would give him the commission of a captain), and fit out the best ship there, which he believes he can do with more speed than another, with which he will join lord Torrington, and, being in a great passion, swears 'he will never come back again if they do not fight.' Upon his earnest desire, and the approbation of the lords who were present, lord Nottingham came up to ask my consent. I asked 'who was there?' and finding few besides lord Monmouth and lord Nottingham—I remember but the names of three of them, which were the lord president, lord steward [Devonshire], and sir John Lowther, but the fourth was either lord Pembroke or lord Marlborough,—I thought, in myself, they were two-thirds of the committee, so would carry it if put to the vote; therefore, seeing they were as earnest as he for it, I thought I might consent."

Monmouth's absence was welcome to Mary and her council, on account of the tormenting suspicions with which they were beset; yet it seems that his absence was dearly purchased by trusting him with a ship of war. The wheels within wheels of treachery and secret dealing were portentously revolving in the royal council. Every post day, lord Monmouth brought to the queen and her junta, letters written in lemon-juice, which he declared his friend, major Wildman, had intercepted. He began to show these letters, about four days before king William sailed for Ireland. They contained an abstract of everything that was done by either the sovereigns or their ministers in the cabinet council, of which lord Monmouth was one. They were directed to "M. Contenay, Amsterdam." The marquis of Carmarthen[1]

[1] Carmarthen's letter to king William, June 16, (O. S.) 1690. Dalrymple's Appendix.

expressed his opinion to king William that the letters were fabricated by lord Monmouth himself, with the aid of major Wildman, in order to breed doubts and strife in the queen's council.

Mary intimates her own suspicions on the subject to her absent consort in the following guarded terms:—"I own to you, that I had a thought which I would not own, though I did find some of the lords have the same, about the *lemon letters* (which I suppose you have heard of) which *comes* so constantly, and are so very exact—the last of which told even the debates of the committee, as well as if one of the lords themselves had writ them—this, I think, looks somewhat odd, and I believe makes many forward for this expedition, and for my own part I believe he [Monmouth] may be best spared of the company, though I think it a little irregularity, yet I hope you will excuse it, and nobody else can find fault.

"*Ten at night.*—Since my writing this, there has come a great deal of news. As I was going to cabinet-council, sir William Lockhart came with a letter from the committee there. Lord Monmouth was there, after having been in the city, where he has found one major Born (I think his name is) who has the commission of captain, and not himself, he desiring his intentions may be kept as secret as may be, lest he should come too late, in the meantime, his regiment's being at Portsmouth is the pretence. He [lord Monmouth] made great professions at parting, and desired me to believe there are some great designs."

This passage reveals remarkable differences in the customs of England scarcely one century beyond the memory of man in the present time. The professions of naval and military warfare were not separated. Lord Monmouth, whose regiment laid at Portsmouth, demanded of the queen the command of a ship of the line. Although many of these land-officers had greatly distinguished themselves in

the mighty naval battles which made James II. sovereign of the seas, (Monmouth being one among them,) yet James, in his famous naval regulations, forbade any one to command ships, without such person had, to use his own term, "served a proper apprenticeship to a naval life." His daughter did not observe this excellent rule, and a disgraceful naval defeat was the consequence. Monmouth was desirous of taking the whole command of the navy from the admiral who had possession of it, a measure queen Mary demurred upon, not because soldiers ought not to command fleets,[1] but because she doubted of Monmouth's fidelity.

Her majesty proceeds thus:—"We had another *lemon letter* with things so particular that none but some of the nine lords could know them, especially things that were done at our office late last night; upon which all sides are of the same mind. Before I went out of the room, I received your dear letter from Lough Bricklin, but I cannot express what I then felt, and still feel, at the thoughts that *now* you may be ready to give battle, or have done it. My heart is ready to burst. I can say nothing, but pray to God for you. This has waked me, who was almost asleep, and almost put out of the possibility of saying anything more, yet must I strive with my heart to tell you that this afternoon the ill news of the battle of Fleury came; I had a letter from the prince of Waldeck with a copy of the account he sent you, so that I can say nothing but that God, in whose hands we only are, knows best why he has ordered it so, and to Him we must submit.

"This evening there has been a person with me, from

[1] Among the causes of the decrepitude of the French monarchy in the last century, even so lately as the reign of Louis XVI., it was the custom to appoint any courtier of high rank, albeit utterly unused to naval affairs, (who had, perhaps, never seen a ship,) to command the French navy. See the autobiography of that execrable coxcomb, the last duke of Lauzun, of his doings in 1773.

whom you heard at Chester, [probably earl of Breadalbane,[1]] and whom you there ordered to come to me, as he says, 'he believes you will know him by this,' and will by no means be named, and what is worse, will name nobody, so I fear there is not much good to be done, yet I wont give over so.

"I must end my letter, for my eyes are at present in somewhat a worse condition than before I received your letter. My impatience for another is as great as my love, which will not end but with my life, which is very uneasy to me at present; but I trust in God, who can alone preserve and comfort me."

The disastrous news of the naval defeat at Beachy Head followed fast on this interesting letter, and queen Mary had again "to strive with her heart," as she poetically expresses herself, and communicate to her royal lord the most signal naval overthrow that England had ever experienced:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, (June 29, N. S.,) July 7, O. S., 1690.

"Seven in the morning.

"I am sorry there is not as pleasing news to send you from hence as what I had last from you. I would not write last by the post being assured the messenger this morning *should* overtake him before they came to Highlake. Here has been great things done, but so unanimously, that I hope when you have an exact account from lord Nottingham, you will approve of it. I must confess I think they were in the right; but if I had not, I should have submitted my judgment when I saw all of a mind.

"What lord Torrington can say for himself I know not, but I believe he will never be forgiven here; the letters from the fleet, before and since the engagement, show, sufficiently, he was the only man there who had no mind to fight, and his not doing it, was attributed to orders from hence—[*i.e. from the council.*] Those (orders) which were sent and obeyed, have had but very ill success, the news of which is come this morning.

"I will not stop the messenger with staying for my letter, and 'tis unneces-

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[1] Lord Breadalbane was one of the leaders of the first Scotch plot against William; his coadjutor, lord Annandale, came to confess the matter to Mary afterwards, "on her birth-day."

sary for me to say much, only as to the part of sending Mr. Russell away; I believe it was a great irregularity, and for my own part I was sorry to miss him here, after what you had told me, and the fear I am in of being imposed upon, but all were for it, and I could say nothing against it. I confess I was as sorry lord Monmouth came so soon back, for all agree in the same opinion of him."

The above letter was in answer to one which king William had sent, in remonstrance against Russell being transferred from his post in her council, to superintend the disabled fleet; for the queen had evidently sent to recall him, since she resumes—"Mr. Russell was overtaken before he came to Canterbury, so the nine are again together. As to the ill success at sea, I am more concerned for the honour of the nation than for anything else, but I think it has pleased God to punish them justly, for they really *talkt* as if it were impossible they should be beaten, which looks too much like trusting to the arm of flesh; I pray God we may no more deserve the punishment; the same God who has done so much, can tell what is best, and I trust he will do more than we deserve.

"This afternoon I am to go to the great council, [privy council] *to take order* about the prorogation of parliament, according to your orders. I long again to hear from you, which is my only comfort; I fear this news may give courage to those who retired before, but God can disappoint them all, and I hope will take care of his own cause. He of his mercy send us a happy meeting again, that will be a happiness to me beyond all others, loving you more than my life!"

It will be observed that the queen says she knows not what lord Torrington can say for himself; but he had a great deal to say for himself in his letter to the lord-president [Carmarthen], dated off Beachy Head, July 1st.[1] In her next letter, she continued the painful subject of the defeat,

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., pp. 112, 113.

to king William, who was daily expecting to give battle to her father in Ireland:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{2}{12}$,

"If you knew in what fear I am that my letter I writ yesterday morning did not overtake the post, you would pity me, for though it is but one day's difference, yet I would not for anything seem to have missed an opportunity of writing to you, and indeed, as sleepy as I was *a*-Tuesday night, I would have writ, had not lord Nottingham assured me the message should follow the next morning early, and so he was certain it would come time enough, but when the letter came in from lord Torrington, and, what was to be done, being thought necessary to acquaint you with, he stopt the messenger without telling me."

The queen then describes to her husband[1] the proceedings of her nine assistants, among whom she wished to choose two, to send down to take charge of the remains of the fleet, while lord Torrington was displaced and brought to trial.[2] Lord Monmouth and Mr. Russell, the two professed seamen of the junta, both excused themselves to the queen, from the ungracious office; Monmouth, because he was related to the delinquent, and was not to *command* the fleet. Russell declined, because he had served for many years under Torrington as his officer; "Therefore," pursues queen Mary, in the phraseology of the times, "it would seem something indecent in him to be forward in offering his service in this particular."

[1] In the same letter, printed from king William's Kensington box, by Sir John Dalrymple. See his Appendix, p. 126, 127.

[2] He was not tried till the succeeding December, when a court-martial was held upon him at Sheerness, and he was unanimously acquitted. He was the man who led the Dutch fleet through the Downs at William's invasion. He was most unjustly treated in regard to all this odium, as the ships were utterly out of condition, and the men in want of every necessary, as food, ammunition, &c. He withdrew into obscurity and disgrace. Dalrymple's Appendix. On his death, the title of Torrington was speedily granted to admiral Byng, a commander whom James II. had drawn from obscurity. The similarity of title and profession in these two admirals, who were contemporaries, causes great confusion in the history of the revolution.

Queen Mary, in this dilemma, turned to her lord-chamberlain, and then to lord Marlborough, who both told her, very truly, "that they should make themselves ridiculous if they interfered in sea matters." On this, the queen herself named lord Devonshire and lord Pembroke; but at the same time, she observed lord-president Carmarthen "look very black, and found that he wished to undertake the commission himself." She drew him aside, after her consultation broke up, and told him "she could not spare him from his post, as king William had informed her he was the person whose advice she was most to rely upon." He replied, "he did not look upon himself as so tied." As earl of Danby, he had been deep in the Popish plot: he had assisted in the calumny which stigmatized the birth of the queen's unfortunate brother, and altogether had been the enemy of the queen's father in a sufficient degree to make her majesty confident that he would not subvert her government, as such a measure was thoroughly against his own safety. Carmarthen had a son, who was one of the amphibious warriors of that age, willing alike to command on sea or shore.

Her majesty says—"There is another thing that I must acquaint you with, by-the-bye, that I believe will anger him [Carmarthen], which is, that neither Mr. Hampden nor Mr. Pelham will sign the docket for lady Plymouth's 8000*l.*; *he* complained to me—I promised to ask them about it, which I have done, and both of them asunder have told me 'the sum was too great to be spared at present, when money was so much wanted,' and, indeed, I think they are in the right. I hope you will let me know your mind about it; but they say sir Stephen Fox signed it by surprise, and is of their mind. The only thing I could say to this, was, 'that *you* had signed the warrant before you went, which I thought was enough.'"

Thus this mysterious order for so large a mass from the public money is proved to have originated wholly from king

William. It was equally distasteful to his wife and his ministers. The queen proceeded to say—"By advice, I writ a letter to admiral Evertzen, but I forgot to tell you so, and not knowing he spoke English, with much a-do, I writ it in Dutch, so as, I believe, he could have understood me; but *'tis* come back to be burnt." What a literary curiosity this Dutch letter of English Mary would have proved, if it had not, very provokingly to autograph collectors, "come back to be burnt!"

The next paragraph of Mary's narrative touches on a point calculated to awaken curiosity. It mentions interviews with her reputed lover, lord Shrewsbury, who might be considered (when all his advantages were computed) the mightiest power among the aristocracy of Great Britain. He was, at this juncture, a displaced prime-minister, yet displaced by his own obstinate renunciation of office:

"Lord Shrewsbury was at my dinner; I told him 'I was glad to see him so well, again;' he said, 'he had been at Epsom for the air, or else he would have been here sooner.' He stayed not long, but went away with Mr. Wharton, who I have not seen once at council, and but seldom anywhere. Lord Shrewsbury was here again at my supper, and as *I thought took pains to talk, which I did to him, as formerly, by your directions.* Though by my letter, it may be, you would not think me in so much pain as I am, yet I must tell you, I am very much so, but not for what lord Monmouth would have me be. He daily tells me of the great dangers we are in, and now has a mind to be sent to Holland, (of which you will hear either this, or the next post,) I see every one is inclined to it, for a reason I mentioned before; and, indeed, things have but a melancholy prospect."

It seems ambiguous whether Mary means that all her political assistants proved alarmists, and endeavoured to intimidate her like lord Monmouth, or whether, as he

did, they all wished to seek refuge in Holland. In whichever way the sense is taken, it affords strong proof that Mary's courage was firm, when the leading spirits of England quailed before the expected storm:

"I am fully persuaded," she continues, "that God will do some great thing or other, and it may be when human means fail, he will show his power; this makes me, that I cannot be so much afraid as it may be I have reason for, but that which makes me in pain is for fear what is done may not please you. I am sure it is my chief desire, but you know I must do what the others think fit, and I think they all desire, as much as may be, to act according to your mind.

"I long to hear from you, and know in what we have failed; for my own part, if I do, in anything, what you don't like, 'tis my misfortune, and not my fault, for I love you more than my life, and desire only to please you."

The queen's next letter is a hurried one, written under the influence of sadness. She was suffering from disease in her eyes, and is perforce obliged to confine the limits of her despatch to affectionate expressions:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{5}{15}$, 1690.

"This is only to tell you I have received yours of the 28th of June, Old Style, which puts me in so many troubles that I shall not trouble you with at present.

"To-morrow night, an express shall go to you, that cannot possibly be despatched to-night, and I am not sorry, for at this time I dare say but little by candlelight, and 'tis to-morrow the first Sunday of the month.[1] I have really hardly had time to say my prayers, and was fain to run away to Kensington where I had three hours of quiet, which is more than I have had together since I saw you. That place made me think how happy I was there, when I had your dear company, but now—I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes, which I want more than ever.

"Adieu, think of me, and love me as much as I shall you, *who* I love more

[1] She means to intimate that she was to receive the sacrament then.

than my life. I should have sent this last post, but not seeing madame Nieuhuys, hindered me then, and makes me send it now, which I hope you will excuse."

Thus it is evident that the queen dared not give vent to her overcharged heart by tears, because weeping would injure her eyes. Her anxiety was increased the next day, by the tidings that her husband had been wounded in one of the skirmishes that preceded the hourly expected battle in Ireland:[1]

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{n}{16}$, 1690.

"I can never give God thanks enough as long as I live, for your preservation; I hope in his mercy, that this is a sign he preserves you to finish the work he has begun by you; but I hope it may be a warning to you, to let you see you are exposed to as many accidents as others; and though it has pleased God to keep you once in so visible a manner, yet you must forgive me if I tell you that I should think it *a-tempting* God to venture again without a great necessity. I know what I say of this kind will be attributed to fear, I own I have a great deal for your dear person, yet I hope I am not unreasonable upon the subject, for I do trust in God, and he is pleased every day to confirm me more and more in the confidence I have in him, yet my fears are not less, since I cannot tell if it should be his will to suffer you to come to harm for our sins, for though God is able, yet many times he punishes the sins of a nation as it seems good in his sight.

"Your writing me word how soon you hoped to send me good news, shows me how soon you thought there might be some action, and this thought puts me in perpetual pain. This morning, when I heard the express was come, before lord Nottingham came up, I was taken with a trembling for fear, which has hardly left me yet, and I really don't know what to do. Your letter came just before I went to chapel, and though the first thing that lord Nottingham told me was that you were very well, yet the thoughts that you expose yourself thus to danger fright me out of my wits, and make me not able to keep my trouble to myself. For God's sake, let me beg you to take more care for the time to come—consider what depends upon your safety, there are so many more important things than myself, that I think I am not worthy naming among them—but, it may be, the worst may be over before this time, so that I will say no more.

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[1] A brief sketch of the war in Ireland had place in the 9th volume. Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

"I did not answer your letter by the post last night, because the express could not be dispatched; I can say little on any subject at present, for really I had my head and heart so full of you, I could mind nothing else.

"It is now past 10 o'clock; I don't tell it you for an excuse, for I am not sleepy."

The expectation of a battle between her father and her husband's forces in Ireland, and the alarm regarding the wound the latter had received, had the effect of keeping her majesty queen Mary wide awake at the hour of past ten o'clock, which was evidently the time usual for their high mightinesses in Holland to go to bed, or to *roost*, according to the Dutch language; for, in the course of this correspondence, she often mentions "that it is ten o'clock, and that she is so sleepy she cannot write." Such were the customs of royal domesticity in the seventeenth century; a king and queen retired to rest, just at the hour when modern belles set out to their evening parties.

It may be observed that, in the commencement of this letter, her majesty dwells with much spiritual unction on the possibility that her husband's wound was sent as a visitation for the sins of the British nation. She proceeds to ask the king's directions for the command of the fleet, which remained still unsettled. Lord Monmouth claimed the command, of which Torrington had been deprived; but Mary was fully aware of his Jacobite tendencies, and suspecting that his confidant, major Wildman, was author of the letters written in lemon-juice, she declined his services. She wished to appoint Russell, but he positively refused. Sir Richard Haddick and sir John Ashby were proposed by the council; but sir Richard Haddick wished the office might be put in commission, with two seamen and one man of quality. And the queen adds, she thought that person might be the duke of Grafton; first, because he had "behaved lately 'very brave' in this last business," [i. e., *the defeat at Beachy Head*], and also "that he might learn, and

so in time prove good for something"[1]—a plain indication that she did not consider this illegitimate cousin good for aught without improvement. While discussing the difficult matter of naval command, she observes to the king "that Shovell was considered the best officer of his age." He had just taken her father's only remaining frigate.

The news of the long-expected battle arrived the next day. The victory at Boyne Water obliterated from the public mind the recent defeat of the British navy. The disastrous naval defeat occurred on the 30th of June;[2] the land victory took place the very day after, July 1st, but, as may be perceived by this correspondence, the queen did not receive the news until a week had elapsed.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{7}{17}$, 1690.

"How to begin this letter I don't know, or how ever to render to God thanks enough for his mercies; indeed, they are too great, if we look on our deserts, but as you say 'tis his own cause,' and since 'tis for the glory of his great name, we have no reason to fear, but he will perfect what he has begun; for myself, in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I beseech him to give me grace to be ever sensible, as I ought, and that I and all may live suitable to such a mercy as this is. I am sorry the fleet has done no better, but 'tis God's providence, and we must not murmur, but wait with patience to see the event. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble. I am now almost so with joy, so that I can't, really, as yet, tell what I have to say to you by this bearer, who is impatient to return. I hope in God, by the afternoon, to be in a condition of sense enough to say much more, but for the present I am not."

If novelists or dramatists had been describing the situation of queen Mary, they would, according to the natural feelings of humanity, have painted her as distracted between tenderness for her father and her love for her husband; mourn-

[1] Grafton had but a short time left "to learn and prove good for something," for he was killed a few months afterwards at the siege of Cork, under Marlborough, fighting as a land soldier.

[2] Old style, by which all English history is dated till the middle of the last century.

ing, amidst victory, for her sire, and alive only to the grief that such unhallowed contests should awaken in the bosom of the woman, who had been the indulged daughter of the one antagonist, and was the wife of the other. Such feelings were attributed by the Greek tragedians to virtuous heathens of old, and by Shakespeare to the royal heroines of England's earlier day; but no trace of them is to be discerned in Mary's actual letters. Unmixed joy and exulting thanksgiving, are the first emotions which burst from her heart in this epistolary Te Deum. Towards the end of the letter, however, she recollects herself sufficiently to express her satisfaction that the "late king," as she calls her father, was not among the slain, a passage which will be read with intense interest by those who know Mary's situation, but who are utterly in the dark regarding her own opinion of her extraordinary position in the world.

The queen resumes, after she has given vent to her joy: "When I writ the foregoing part of this, it was in the morning, soon after I had received yours, and 'tis now four in the afternoon, but I am not yet come to myself, and fear I shall lose this opportunity of writing all my mind, for I am still in such a confusion of thought that I *scarce* know not what to say, but I hope in God, you will more readily consent to what lord-president wrote last, for methinks you have nothing more for you to do.

"I will hasten Kensington as much as it's possible, and I will also get ready for you here, for I will hope you may come before that is done. I must put you in mind of one thing, believing it is now the season, which is, that you would take care of the church in Ireland. *Everybody agrees 'tis the worst in Christendom;* there are now bishoprics vacant, and other things; I beg you will take time to think who you will fill them with. You will forgive me that I trouble you with this now, but I hope you will take care of these things, which are of so great consequence as

to religion, which I am sure will be more your care every day, now it has pleased God still to bless you with success.

"I think I have told you before how impatient I am to hear how you approve what has been done here. I have but little part in it myself, but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is, want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for, 'tis a great restraint to think and be silent, and there is so much matter, that I am one of king Solomon's fools, *who am* ready to burst. I believe lord-president and lord Nottingham agree very well, though I believe the first pretends to govern all, and I see the other (lord Nottingham) is always ready to yield to him, and seems to me to have a great deal of deference for him, whether they always agree or not, I cannot tell. Lord Marlborough is much with them, and loses no opportunity of coming upon all occasions with the others. As yet I have not found them differ, or at least so little, that I was surprised to find it so (I mean the whole nine); for it has never come to put anything to the vote; but I attribute that to the great danger, I believe, all have apprehended, which has made them all of a mind."

Great natural sagacity is shown by the queen in her remarks on the unwonted unanimity of her councillors. The whole of her cabinet had so far committed themselves with king James, that they were obliged to unite in one common purpose to prevent his return, which they knew would ruin them. Mary likewise adopted a very rational idea of the origin of the intercepted letters, written in lemon-juice, which was suggested to her by Mr. Russell, that they were written on purpose to be intercepted, and to raise vain suspicions and doubts in the councillors towards each other. While lord Monmouth and his colleague, Wildman, were away at the fleet, these letters ceased, but directly they returned, the correspondence recommenced. But, totally unconscious of the conclusions the queen had

drawn, lord Monmouth seduloiisly seized the opportunity of every conference he held with her, to insinuate distrusts of his colleagues, which her majesty thus detailed to her partner in regality:

"I had a conversation with lord Monmouth, t'other morning, in which he said, 'What a misfortune it was that things thus went ill, which was certainly by the faults of those that were in trust; that it was a melancholy thing to the nation to see themselves thus thrown away. And, to speak plain,' said he, 'do not you see how all you do is known, that what is said one day in the cabinet-council, is wrote next day to France. For my part,' added he, 'I must speak plainly, I have a great deal of reason to esteem lord Nottingham; I don't believe 'tis he, but 'tis some in his office'—and then he fell on Mr. Blaithwit.

"I owned 'I wondered why you would let him serve here, since he would not go with you,' but I said, 'I supposed you knew why you did it.' And when he, lord Monmouth, began to talk high of ill-administration, I told him in the same freedom that he seemed to speak to me, 'that I found it very strange you were not thought fit to choose your own ministers; that they had already removed lord Halifax, the same endeavours were used for lord Carmarthen, and would they now begin to have *a bout* at lord Nottingham, too? I would show they would pretend even to control the king in his choice, which, if I were he, I would not suffer, but would make use of whom I pleased.'

"I can't tell if I did well or no in this, but in the free way we were speaking I could not help it. Upon this, he [lord Monmouth] said, 'He had, indeed, been an enemy to lord Halifax, but he had done what he could do to save lord Carmarthen, out of personal friendship, as well as because he believed him firm to our interest.' Upon which, I took occasion to remember my obligations to him [lord

Carmarthen[1]] "upon account of our marriage; *from which* he [lord Monmouth] still went on, 'That he thought it necessary the nation should be satisfied.' I asked him, 'If he thought *that* possible?' He said, he could tell me much on that subject. But we were called to council, and so our discourse ended for that time."

The reader will observe, in this colloquy, how fiercely the queen resented the shadow of an attack on her friend and lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham. She shows, too, resentment because lord Halifax had been displaced from the ministry, and her expressions are in thorough contradiction to the resentment king William affirmed she bore that lord for his personal ridicule of her father. Queen Mary proceeds to give her absent husband a rapid sketch of the characteristics and conduct of the chief of her councillors.

"As for lord Pembroke, I never see him but in council; lord *Cham* [Shrewsbury[2]] comes as little as he can with decency, and seldom speaks, but he never comes to the cabinet-council. Lord *Stuard*, [Devonshire,] you know, will be a courtier among ladies—speaking of him puts me in mind that M. Scsak, before we went to cards, came and made me a very handsome compliment on your victory and wound, and assured me 'no man living wished us a longer and happier reign.' But to return to *that* lord, who[3]—I think I have named all—I must say once my opinion, that lord Nottingham seems to be very hearty in all affairs; and, to my thinking, appears to be sincere, though he does not take much pains to persuade me of it upon all occasions, as others

[1] When he was lord Danby, one of the ministers of Charles II.

[2] Great chamberlain; the double regality, made a perplexing duplication of state offices and officers; for instance, lord Nottingham was not Mary's lord chamberlain as queen-consort, but held a place of more responsibility as lord chamberlain to her as a queen-regnant.

[3] This is as the queen wrote it; she has, through some interruption, left the construction of the sentence defective. By *that* lord, she means Monmouth, and recurs to his insinuations against her friend, lord Nottingham.

do, for he never spoke but once of himself, yet I confess I incline to have a good opinion of him. It may be, his formal grave look deceives me. He brought me your letter yesterday, and I could not hold; so he saw me cry, which I have hindered myself before everybody till then—then it was impossible.

"And this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was become of the late king [*meaning her father, James II.*] and durst not ask him, but when lord Nottingham came, I *did* venture to do it, and had the satisfaction to hear he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will, for *your own sake;* yet add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. *Forgive me this.*"

In this last paragraph is comprised all that can, with truth, be urged in Mary's vindication regarding the reports of her alleged parricidal instigations against the life of her father, which had been previously brought to that hapless parent's ears. Her sole defence rests on the passage above mentioned, in which, nevertheless, she can find no kinder name than "the late king" for the author of her being; and withal asks "forgiveness," as if such cold and unnatural expressions were *too* kind towards her unfortunate sire.

"I have writ this," resumes Mary, in her letter, "at so many times, that I fear you will hardly make sense of it. I long to hear what you will say to the proposition that will be sent you this night by the lords, and I do flatter myself mightily with the hopes to see you, for which I am more impatient than can be expressed, loving you with a passion which cannot end but with my life!"

The "proposition" on which the queen dwells with such fond interest was that the king, having broken the Jacobite army, should return instantly to England. William was

too good a general not to be aware that the battle of the Boyne, if attention had been fixed solely on its physical advantages, was far from decisive of the contest. The praises of William III.'s great valour in this battle have resounded throughout Europe, but he had in Ireland 30,000 regular and disciplined troops: he had the most formidable train of artillery in the world at his command: surely, the very act of looking such a formidable force in the face, as opponents, was one of superior valour in the ill-armed and undisciplined, and unpaid militia who fought for James. That unfortunate king has been called a coward on account of its loss, which, indeed, made good his own representations in his naval regulations, "that a wholly different genius is required for marine and land warfare." Every one to his profession. The battle of the Boyne was won by a furious charge of cavalry, and we never heard that English sailors were particularly skilful in equestrian evolutions,[1] or that a British admiral ought to be called a coward, because he was not an adroit general of horse. When the sailor-king met the Dutch on his own element, history gave a different account of him. The cavalry tactics of William would have availed him as little on the seas. That most mysterious politician, Defoe, although a Dutchman by descent, in his "Memoirs of Captain Carlton," first called on Englishmen to notice this point, and remarks the injustice and ingratitude of condemning their greatest admiral as a coward, because he was not equally skilful in a cavalry-skirmish.

Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, wrote a long poem

[1] Lord Dartmouth, a favourite naval pupil of James, observes that the king had made him renounce the land-service for ever; saying, "If he serves not out his naval apprenticeship, and forgets not his land-fashions, I will trust him with no ship of mine." Lord Dartmouth, in one of his interesting letters to James II., when admiral of the fleet at the crisis of the revolution, writes, "I have sent your majesty a despatch by a Scotch sailor on horseback, but what has become of either man or horse I know not, for you well know, sire, that we sailors are not quite so skilful with horses as with ships."

on the battle, in heroic verse; it consists of the most lofty eulogiums on William, without either naming or alluding to his antagonist. After lauding his valour and generosity, he leaves it in complete mystery against whom he fought; and but for the word "Boyne," no one could ever guess the subject. He sums up with the presumption, that if William had been a Frenchman, France would have said and done more to his honour and glory than ungrateful Englishmen deemed necessary:—

"Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,[1]
And operas repeat no other sound;
Boyne would for ages be the painter's theme,
The *Goblin's* labour,[2] and the poet's dream;
The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
And bleed for ever scarlet in their looms.
* * * * *
"The queen, the charming queen herself should grace,
The noble piece, and in an artful place,
Soften war's horrors with her lovely face;
Who can omit the queen's auspicious smile,
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our Isle.
Who can forget what all admired of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the state;
Dissembling cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face;
As danger did approach, her courage rose,
And putting on the king, dismay'd his foes."

The last couplets present a true picture of the queen's personal demeanour at this tremendous crisis, and it is satisfactory to be able to produce contemporary evidence that the self-portraits drawn in her letters, of her efforts "to grin when her heart was bursting," were seen by by-standers in the light she wished:

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[1] In allusion to the scratch which William received in the commencement of the action.

[2] Probably meaning the name of Gobelin, the tapestry-worker.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

'Whitehall, July $\frac{8}{18}$, 1690.

"Being resolved never to miss a post, I write now to let you know I have received yours by Mr. Grey, who came at nine in the morning, and was dressing till one, before he brought it; to-morrow I think to write again by him.

"Now I shall only tell you," says the queen, resuming her historical narrative, "that I have been satisfied with the sight of lord Lincoln, which I have so often wished for in vain. I met him as I came from prayers, with a hundred people at least after him. I can't represent to you my surprise at so unexpected an object, and so strange a one; but what he said was as much so, if it were possible. He called lord-president [Carmarthen] by name, (and all in general who are in trust) 'rogues;' told me 'I must go back with him to council [*privy-council*] to hear his complaint,' which I think was against lord Torrington; he talked so like a madman that I answered him as calmly as I could, looking on him as such, and so with much ado, got from him.

"I shall say no more now, but that I am so sleepy I can't see; but I shall live and die entirely yours."

The unfortunate noble, who was thus met by queen Mary, with a rabble at his heels, to whom he was addressing his wayward ideas on politics, was Edward, the last earl of Lincoln, of the elder line of Clinton. It is plain by this amusing little letter of the queen, that her curiosity had been excited by the reported eccentricities of that peer; but that she did not expect so strange an encounter in her progress to Whitehall-chapel. The earl of Lincoln[1] then seated himself in Whitehall-gallery,[2] bawling

[1] The earl of Lincoln died a few months afterwards. His title reverted to his cousin, Sir Francis Fiennes Clinton, whose descendant, having married in 1744, the heiress of the dukes of Newcastle, added the name of Pelham to his own ancient surname, and became duke of Newcastle, in 1768.

[2] The reader must remember that the great palace of Whitehall, the seat of royalty and government was not yet burnt down.

out to every one, "that the queen was shut up by three or four lords, who would not let her appear at the privy-council, or suffer her nobles to have access to her." "Although," as the queen herself observed, "he never asked it all the while." He was evidently incited to torment the whig junta of nine, by whose councils her majesty was implicitly guided, instead of having recourse to the privy-council.

The troubles in which the queen was involved with these inimical councils, are best described by her own pen. (Whitehall, July $\frac{10}{20}$, 1690.) "I wrote to you *a* Tuesday night by the post, only to show that I would miss no opportunity of doing it, and have kept Mr. Grey ever since, having nothing worth writing or troubling you with. I shall now begin with answering your letter to him by him, and thank God with all my soul, for the continuance of your good success, and hope you will have no more to do, but come back here, where you are wished for by all that love you or themselves; I need not say most by me—it would be a wrong of me to suppose you doubt it."

"If the first part of your letter was *extreme* welcome, the next was not less so, for next to knowing of your health and success, that of your being satisfied with what has been done here, is the best news, and till then I was very much in pain. You will see, also, that we have had the good fortune here to have done just as you would have had it yourself, in sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet; but that was prevented as you will know before this. I told Mr. Russell what your design was there, and asked 'what I might write on it now?' He told me, 'he should be always ready to serve you any way;' and seemed mightily pleased at what I had told him. I did not say it openly at the *committee*, [the council of nine] because I know how much lord Monmouth would have been troubled, but I told lord-president as you writ him word, and lord Nottingham, and lord Marlborough. It seems he [Russell]

still wishes for a commission to other people, and not to be alone.

"The day that I received yours by Mr. Grey, which was on Tuesday noon, the *great council* was called extraordinarily, being thought fit to acquaint them with the good news:" this was the tidings of the recent victory at the Boyne. By the "great council," the queen means to designate the privy-council, which the king and his ministers had warned her from attending often. The members conceived their functions were unconstitutionally superseded by a body bearing some resemblance, at least in name, to the Venetian "Council of Ten;" they were enraged, and almost in a state of insurrection, because the queen's presence was denied them.

Mary was, indeed, placed in a situation of the most exquisite difficulty, which no person could have passed through without imminent danger, excepting one who possessed her peculiar concentrativeness of purpose. Had she felt an atom of kindliness to father, sister, brother, nephew, or friend, or even a particle of egotism or personal ambition, which was not centred in that second self, her ungracious and ungraceful little partner, she could not have steered the vessel of state steadily enough to have avoided the shoals of the oligarch faction on the one side, and the rocks of Jacobitism on the other. She likewise had to dread the political jealousy of her spouse, however well she might govern, if she put herself too forward in her function of queen-regnant. This dread is apparent in the continuation of her narrative, where she expresses her reluctance to attend the privy-council, and describes the stormy scene raised therein, because she had hitherto denied her presence, according to her husband's orders:—"Seeing you had left me to the advice of the committee of nine when to go, [*to the privy council*] I asked them in the morning 'if they thought it necessary? that, for *my part, I did not.*' Lord president

Carmarthen said 'No.' In the afternoon, when the privy-council met, all began, it seems, to ask 'If I came?' The lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' Upon which, there were some who grumbled. Sir R. Howard made a formal speech, wherein he hinted many things, as if he thought it not reasonable that I did not come to privy-council. He was seconded by the duke of Bolton."

That afternoon faction ran very high in the privy council. In the midst of the murmurs on account of her majesty's absence, lord Monmouth and the lord-steward [Devonshire], thought proper to leave their seats at the council-board, and enter her private apartments, where they began to entreat her to accompany them back, to appease the malcontents. The queen, who shrewdly suspected lord Monmouth to be the secret mover of the storm, and dreading the displeasure of her husband, if she appeared too often at the more public council, thus expresses herself, in the dilemma:—"I was surprised at it, for they sent for me out of my closet. I will not trouble you with all they said, but they were very pressing; and lord Steward [Devonshire] told me there were many there who absolutely told him 'they would not speak but before me,' that they were privy-councillors' established by law, and did not know why they should be denied my presence?'"

"I answered *them* [*i.e.* Devonshire and Monmouth] at first as civilly as I could, and as calmly, but being much pressed, I grew a little peevish, and told them 'that, between us, I must own I thought it a *humour* (caprice) in some there, [of the privy council,] which I did not think myself bound to please, for, should I come now for this, I should at last be sent for when any body had a mind to it, and that I wondered they, who had heard me in the morning say, I *would not* come, should now be so importunate.'"

"But all I could say would not satisfy them, and had not lord Nottingham come in, I believe they would not have

left me so soon. I cannot tell if I did well or no, but I think I did. This was the same day lord Lincoln was here, as I wrote you word before, and he sat in the gallery, crying aloud 'that five or six lords shut me up, and would let nobody else come near me,' yet never asked it all the time."

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of lord Mayor's being called next day to the *great council* [privy council] where I was, but I must needs observe that he came with his answer ready wrote, and pulled out his paper and read it! Upon which, many of those who came with him looked upon one another as amazed, and the more because the lord-president did not desire *it* till Friday."

Thus it is plain that queen Mary was obliged, in order to appease the discontents of the privy council, to call the whole of that body together, and preside over their deliberations on the ensuing day. Lord Monmouth, who had fomented a faction, and gained a partisan among the junta of nine, of which he was a member, was now very active among the malcontents of the privy council. The queen suspected some treachery in the singular circumstance that the "*lord mayor*" brought his speech, ready written, in his pocket, and pulled it out, and read it to her. Her majesty was not quite so familiar with speeches ready cut and dried, as her successors have been: this was one of the first experiments of the kind, and queen Mary confessed herself amazed at the proceeding. Neither could she comprehend how this ready written speech could suit a council suddenly called on the Thursday, when my lord mayor did not expect it till the day after. The speech was assuredly provided by the cunning Carmarthen.

The queen found that the noble members of the privy council were bent on showing their displeasure, by protecting the Jacobite lords who had been marked down by herself and council for imprisonment and prosecution. A plot was maturing in Scotland which gave great uneasiness to

William and Mary, and, in conjunction with the French invasion, might have wrecked their government, if the leaders, lord Annandale and lord Breadalbane, had not severally visited the king and queen, and made their confessions, to the discomfiture of their colleagues. Lord Ross, then in London, was one of those betrayed; queen Mary thus expresses herself, regarding his apprehension:— "Another thing happened that I must tell: lord Nottingham had secured lord Rosse, and now desired the [privy] council that he might be sent to the Tower as well as so many others. All consented. Duke of Bolton asked 'Why?' Lord Nottingham said 'There *was* informations against him, and more his own letters to sir John Cochrane;' upon which all said a warrant should be drawn. But when it came to be signed, duke of Bolton would not; he hindered lord Devon[1] by a whisper, and his son by a nod. Lord Montague would not sign it *neither*; if this be usual, I cannot tell, but methinks it ought not to be so."

Her majesty continues, in her letter, to discuss, in no very perspicuous terms, the half-revealed Jacobite plot in Scotland, and mentioned the opinion of her "junta of nine," that sir James Montgomery,[2] a whig lately turned Jacobite, who was deeply concerned in the plot, "ought to be arrested and sent from Scotland, for he was crafty and malicious, and his confessions, if listened to, would implicate *honest* per-

[1] Lord Ross seems to have married a daughter of Rachel, lady Russell, and was in consequence closely connected with the family of Cavendish and their powerful alliances. He is frequently mentioned familiarly in the manuscript letters in the Devonshire Papers.

[2] Sir James Montgomery had been in strong opposition to James II. during his reign, he had been one of the principal deputies who had brought the offer of the Scottish crown to William and Mary. He became malcontent as well as the other revolutionist leaders, Breadalbane, Annandale, and Ross, because his desire of gain was not sufficiently satisfied. He had therefore joined the Jacobite plot of 1689, which was disorganized by the death of Dundee at Killicrankie. (See Dalrymple's Memoirs and Appendix.)

sons," meaning, doubtless by honest persons, not only various members of the now discontented oligarchy, who had aided in the revolution, but most of themselves—the queen's assistant junta.

Many traces are to be found in Mary's letters of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; and if we may judge by the glee with which she mentions persons being now "clapt up," who were fluttering in the park but a few hours before, she had some satisfaction in the exertion of this despotism.

Jacobitism was, in the year 1690, so frequent in every-day life, that it was a common occurrence to see a messenger enter a house, a theatre, or Hyde-park, show a privy-council warrant to some gallant, all embroidery, cravat, and ruffle, and march him off, bewigged and befringed as he was, from among a circle of belles, to the Tower. If not seriously implicated in any of the numerous plots then in active concoction, either in Scotland or England, the prisoner was let out, after some weeks' detention, much impoverished in purse by his visit to the grim fortress, for no one, in the seventeenth century, was freed from the Tower at less than the cost of 200*l.* in fees and other expenses. So common was this manœuvre in the reign of William and Mary, that the matter-of-fact comedies of the day make these arrests, either feigned or real, incidents for the purpose of removing rivals, or furnishing adventures to the hero of the piece. In illustration of these traits of the times may be quoted a passage from an original letter of sir George Rooke,[1] who seems not a little scandalized at the conduct of one of queen Mary's captives, when her majesty was pleased to sign a privy-council warrant for his liberation. "I could easily believe that my lord Falkland was very much transported with his release from the Tower, but did not think that he would leap from thence into a ball."

[1] In the MS. Collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

Jacobite poetry now began to form a powerful means of offence against the government of Mary. It had originated in opposition to the faction which strove to exclude James II., when duke of York, from the throne. The first of these songs, "York, our great admiral," and "We'll stand to our landlord as long as we've breath," were decidedly of English composition. But the subject was caught up in the more musical and poetical land beyond the Tweed. Numerous Jacobite lyrics were adapted to the rhythm of the exquisite melodies of Scotland. Some were tender in pathos; others bold and biting in satire. There was one of the latter, written by the heir of Lothian, which dashed at the points on which the four persons of the royal family in England were most liable to censure, and combined them in one fierce couplet:—

> "There's Mary *the daughter*, there's Willy the cheater,
> There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

Another party song took its rise within a few months of the accession of William and Mary: it was hummed by every voice, and being set to a bold original air, haunted every ear, although it was but a burst of audacious doggerel:—

> "Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?[1]
> Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
> King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
> And he gave her to an Oranger.
>
> "Ken ye how he requited him?
> Ken ye how he requited him?
> The dog has into England come,
> And ta'en the crown in spite of him!
>
> "The rogue he sal na keep it lang,
> To budge we'll make him fain again:
> We'll hang him high upon a tree,
> King James shall ha his ain again!"

The plaintive and elegant Jacobite songs of this period are not numerous. The exquisite one, both in words and

[1] *Foreigner* is the answer to this quaint question.

melody, by Ogilvie of Inquharairty, written after the loss of the battle of the Boyne, "It was 'a' for our rightful king," has previously been quoted. Perhaps the following beautiful song, which is the only one in which queen Mary is alluded to, was composed by the same brave exile. It is the lament of a Jacobite lady for the absence of her lover at St. Germains:

"I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea;

"He's gane with ane[1] that was our ain,
And we may rue the day,
When our king's ae[2] daughter came,
To play sae foul a play.

"O gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ane true love to see.

"Then wad I tell a joyful tale,
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window
And sing my melody"—

At St. Germains, the window of the room, once tenanted by king James, juts boldly over a commanding view, as if to invite such winged minstrels; — and strongly did it recall this exquisite old melody to the mind of the writer, when standing, in musing mood, within it. The concluding verses allude to the plots of the period, regarding which, the Jacobites were high in hope; by "the crow" or "corbie," is meant William III. and his party.

"The adder lies i'th' corbie's nest.
Beneath the corbie's wame,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's nest,
Shall blaw our good king hame.[3]

[1] James II. Ogilvie, the sweetest Jacobite poet of his day, was in the Scottish brigade, being one of the officers of the Dumbarton regiments broke by William III. for refusing to take the oaths to him. He fought at the Boyne for James II., and fell at the battle of the Rhine.

[2] Mary: *ae* daughter is eldest daughter. [3] James II.

"Then blaw ye east or blaw ye west:
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
Oh, bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I dare na name."

The queen, in full expectation that king William would return speedily from Ireland, found it requisite to apologize to him that his Kensington villa was not ready for his reception. She concludes her letter, dated July $\frac{10}{20}$, with these words:

"You don't know how I please myself with the hopes of seeing you here very soon, but I must tell you that it is impossible to be at Kensington. Your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke, in the summer, and the air much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders, if not by yourself, then tell lord Portland, and let him write. I see I can hardly end this, but I must force myself, without saying a word more but that I am ever yours—more than ever, if that be possible—and shall be so till death."

The next letter was written by the queen from her bed, at eleven at night, at which hour she was too sleepy to write a long one, having fatigued herself by a visit to Hampton Court, to superintend the Dutch devices disfiguring that ancient palace. The grand apartments, where the English-born sovereigns held their state, had been demolished; and had it not been for a felicitous lack of money and Portland stone, not a fragment of their noble country-palace would have been left:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, 1690, July $\frac{13}{23}$, N. S., at eleven at night.

"You will excuse me from answering your letter I received yesterday morning, (which was writ on Sunday last,) when you know I have been this morning to Hampton Court and back again by noon, and ever since have had one or other to speak to me, of which I will give you an account when I have more time."

"Now," says the queen, resuming her narrative of incidents, "I shall only tell you that things go on there [at

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 138.

Hampton Court] very slowly; want of money and Portland stone are the hindrances, and indeed, in a time when there are such pressing *necessitys*, I am almost ashamed to speak about it, and yet *it is* become so just a debt, that it ought to be paid. I mean the privy-seal which you passed long ago.

"Sir Charles Littleton has sent to me to offer to give up his commission, which I expect now, and am glad of, for reasons too long to tell now. Pray send word who shall have the government, for 'tis judged necessary to be filled up as soon as may be.

"I fancy the joy at St. Patrick's church was greater than can be exprest, and wish I had been with you; but though at a distance, none ever praised God so heartily for many reasons, chiefly that of your wonderful deliverance;—upon which, the queen-dowager sent lady Arlington to compliment me. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy I can say no more, but that I am ever and entirely yours."

In the three succeeding days, she wrote two more letters to her husband, full of hopes of seeing him quickly, mingled with fears that the French ships—which then rode victors both in the English and Irish channels, in a manner unprecedented for centuries—should intercept him on his return:—"All my *fears*," observes the queen,[1] "*is*[2] the French ships, which are going to St. George's Channel, and are already at Kinsale; if those should hinder you, what will become of me? I think the fright would take away my reason. But I hope the express, which goes this evening to sir Cloudesley Shovel, will come time enough to prevent any surprise. I am the most impatient creature in the world, for an answer about your coming, which I do hope may be a good one, and that I shall see you, and en-

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 141.
[2] So written.

deavour myself to let, you see, if it be possible, that my heart is more yours than my own."

The queen, in continuation, gives more laudable proofs of her sincerity in religion, than can previously be discovered in her conduct: "I have been desired," she says to her husband, "to beg you not to be too quick in parting with the confiscated estates, but consider whether you will not keep some for public schools, to instruct the poor Irish. For my part, I must needs say that I think you would do very well if you would consider what care can be taken of the poor souls there, and indeed, if you would give me leave, I must tell you, I think the wonderful deliverance and success you have had, should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion, and promoting the Gospel."[1]

Alas, king William, like all mere military sovereigns, had no endowments to bestow on the Gospel, or on Christian civilization of any kind!

The property she mentions was the private inheritance of her father from the earls of Clare and Ulster. It was given by her husband to his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. Probably it was some intimation of its infamous destination that prompted Mary to make the request that it might be destined to the above virtuous use. But her regal partner little thought of any atonement for the excessive miseries that wretched Ireland groaned under during his reign. Far from that, it is to be feared that he was the cause of many atrocities being perpetrated by his cruel troops, the slightest mention of one of which thrills the nerves with horror. When William was compelled to raise the siege of Waterford, he was asked, "In what manner he should dispose of the sick and wounded prisoners?" "Burn them!" was his ill-tempered reply. There is too much reason to believe that this

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 141.

peevish expletive was literally obeyed; for one thousand of these unfortunates were destroyed in this inhuman manner, by the place in which they were penned directly afterwards bursting into flames, in which they miserably perished.[1]

Towards the end of July, it was found necessary that queen Mary should in person review the militia, which had been called out for the defence of the country, then threatened with invasion by the victorious fleets of France. This was trenching very closely on the office of her military lord and master; and she evidently deemed it proper to apologize for playing the general, as well as the sovereign, in his absence:—"I go," she says in her next letter, "to Hyde Park, to see the militia drawn out there, next Monday; you may believe *I go against my will.*

"I still must come back to my first saying, which is, that I do hope and flatter myself that you will be come back, if it can be with safety. I'm sure if that can't be, I shall wish you may rather stay where you are, though I long never so much to see you, than that you should venture your dear person, which is a thousand times *more so* to me than my own self, and ever will be so while I breathe."

All that has been hitherto known of Mary II. has been imbibed by the public from Burnet's panegyric. But with what promptitude would the revolutionary bishop have demolished his own work, could he, like us, have read her majesty's letter to the king, of July $\frac{16}{26}$, and seen the contemptuous reluctance with which she acceded to his desire of having his "thundering long sermon" on the Boyne victory, printed!

Many passages in these letters, written with unstudied

[1] Porter's History of Ireland. It is cited by the author of "Ireland as a Kingdom and Colony." At the siege of Waterford was killed captain Carlisle, a player, who had found his account in turning Williamite; his principal service was an abusive ballad, which he had written and set to music, commencing, "King James, with his rascally rabble of rogues." (Tindal's Continuation.)

grace and simplicity, prove that Mary's tastes in composition were elegant and unaffected, consequently Burnet's style must have been odious to her. How differently did the man himself, and the world, believe he was rated in her majesty's estimation! Let her speak for herself, as follows:[1] "I will say no more at present, but that the bishop of Salisbury made a *thundering long* sermon this morning, which he has been with *me to desire me to print*, which I could not refuse, *though* I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him."

"I am *extreme* impatient of *hearing* from you, which I hope in God will be before I sleep this night—if not, I think I shall not rest; but, if I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming, I don't know what I shall do, for my desire of seeing you, is equal to my love, which cannot end but with my life."

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July ¼, 1690.

"Every hour makes me more impatient to hear from you, and everything I hear stir, I think brings me a letter. I shall not go about to excuse myself; I know 'tis folly to a great degree to be so uneasy as I am, at present, when I have no reason to apprehend any ill cause, but only might attribute your silence to your marching farther from Dublin, which makes the way longer. I have stayed till I am almost asleep, in hopes; but they are vain; and I must once more go to bed, in hopes of being waked with a letter from you, which I shall get at last, I hope."

By the conclusion of this letter may be gathered that her majesty's councillors were much agitated with quarrelsome divisions, and that stormy discussions constantly sprang up, to her great uneasiness. In truth, the immediate danger of her father's restoration had frightened them into something

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii. 142. A panegyrist of the queen has published some of her letters, but has carefully omitted this passage, the editor being an admirer of Burnet. No one ought to touch documents in such a spirit. Letters and diaries ought to speak honestly for themselves; then let readers draw their own deductions, if they are not satisfied with those of the biographer.

like unanimity while the queen presided over them; but, after the battle of the Boyne, they deemed that danger passed, and they relapsed, in consequence, into their usual state of factious animosity. Their tempers had previously greatly annoyed her liege lord, who had prepared her for their troublesome behaviour; she had secretly imagined that he found fault from his own cynical spirit. She thus owns that he knew them better than she did:

"I cannot resolve to write you all that has past at council this day, till which time, I thought you had given me wrong characters of men, but I now see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body.[1]

"Adieu, do but love me, and I can bear all."

As the king was still detained in Ireland, Mary's next despatch brought details more particular of the quarrels which pervaded both the cabinet and the privy-council, and had for their object the appointment of commanders of the shattered and fugitive navy, then skulking dishonourably in the ports of the Thames.

The queen mentions that she had had vapours in the evening of the 27th of July, having been worried by the mad lord Lincoln that morning. The term "vapours" requires explanation, as much as any other historical antiquity of a bygone day; we believe it is synonymous with an "attack on the nerves" in the present century. But nervous complaints were classed by queen Mary's court into three separate maladies. These were vapours, megrims, and spleen. Vapours, we believe, veered in symptoms towards hysterics, megrims to nervous headache, while the spleen simply meant a pain in the temper. Pope, in his brilliant court poem, the "Rape of the Lock," represents all three keeping watch round his fainting Belinda, a fair belle of the courts of queen Mary and queen Anne, Mrs. Arabella Fermor by name, from whom the lord Petre of that day had

[1] The queen means that her councillors are no more "*one in mind, than they are one in body.*"

contumaciously, and against her consent, stolen a curl. Queen Mary may be excused, then, for having had one of these feminine afflictions; especially when she had been agitated by conflicting feelings that day,—plagued by the council, and beset by a madman, withal, according to her own description in the following letter:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, July $\frac{28}{18}$.

"Could you but guess at my impatience for a letter, you would be able to judge of my joy at receiving yours from Timolin. At present, I shall say nothing to you, but that I have, at last, seen the council in a great heat, but shall stay till I see you to tell you my mind upon it. Lord Nottingham will send you the account the commissioners have brought from sea, of the assurance of the fleet being ready Wednesday next. ..."

"Lord Lincoln," pursues her majesty's historical narrative, "was with me this afternoon no less than an hour and a half, reforming the fleet, correcting abuses, and not shy, either, of naming persons. He talked so perfectly like a madman, as I never heard anything more in my life; he made me the *most extravagantest* compliments in the world, but was by no means satisfied that I would do nothing he desired me. He had an expression that I have heard often within this few days, which is, 'that I have the power in my hand, and they wonder I do not make use of it,' and 'why should I stay for your return?' and 'whether I *should* [ought to] lose so much time as to write you word or no, is doubted, that is, when *they* must stay till an answer come.'"

"I shall tell you more of this, when I shall be so happy once more to see you, or when I can write you a long letter, *for I have taken the vapours,* and dare not to-night; but you know, whatever my letters are, my heart is more yours than my own."

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii. p. 143.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen Mary urged to assume sovereignty independently of her husband—Dialogues with Sir Thomas Lee—Affronted by him—Dialogue with lord Devonshire—Her perplexities—Her arrangements for the king's return—Laments the unfinished state of Kensington-palace—His angry reproof—Her humble apologies — Preparations at Kensington—General style of her writing—Proceedings of the princess Anne—Queen goes to look at Campden house—Young duke of Gloucester settled there—William III.'s letter concerning the queen — Her celebration-ball at Whitehall deferred — The queen disappointed of her husband's return — Continuation of her letters — Her difficulties increase—Her troubles with naval matters— Listens to Dutch cabals—Joy at the king's approval—Announces that Kensington palace is ready—Intercedes for Hamilton—Her interviews with informers—Detects a plot—Urges the king's return—State of England under her sway —Her aversion to Whitehall—Receives Zulestein—Communes with Jacobite traitors—Sends their secret confessions to William III.—Mentions Nevill Payne—Her fondness for Holland—Sends cannon and money to her husband—Mentions its loss—Her dialogue with Russell—Her tender expressions to the king—Gossip about his relatives—Her anguish of mind—Dread of the king's campaign in Flanders—Receives an amber cabinet—Hears news of the king's landing—Enmity to Catherine of Braganza—Meets king William—Their residence at Kensington—King's jealousy of his wife's government—Traits of costume, &c. &c.

WHETHER for the purpose of breaking the unanimity of purpose between the king and queen, or really from motives of personal preference to herself as the native-born monarch, it is certain that a strong party existed, eager to urge her majesty to acts of independent sovereignty. It

is no slight amplification of her conjugal virtue, to find her strenuously resisting every temptation to her own separate aggrandizement.

A long historical despatch from the queen to her absent partner, opens, according to custom, like a love-letter, as follows:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 1, N. S., (July, 21, O. S.,) 1690.[1]

"Last night I received your letter with so much joy, that it was seen by my face by those who knew the secret of it, that you were coming. I will not take more of your time with endeavouring to tell you what is impossible to be expressed; but you know how much I love you, and therefore you will not doubt of my delight to think I shall soon see you. I will not, at this time, tell you anything that can be writ by others."

The gist of the political part of the epistle is the detail of the feuds in the two councils, founded on the facts that the king and queen wished Mr. Russell to take the command of the fleet; subsequent events proved they were perfectly right; but Russell would not take the responsibility, after the disastrous defeats which had succeeded each other since the revolution. He chose to have two partners, one a nobleman—his friend, lord Shrewsbury, the ex-minister—the other a seaman. The queen did not object to the appointment of Shrewsbury, but she always named him with a mysterious degree of prudery. Both herself and the king insisted on the third admiral being sir Richard Haddick. But Russell remained obstinate, for he hated Haddick. The lords of the admiralty, too, thought fit to place themselves in strong opposition to the queen, and, in her next letter, appear positively disobedient and contumacious to her authority; ostensibly out of hatred to sir Richard Haddick, between whom and sir Thomas Lee (a leading man in the admiralty) there was a violent enmity. The queen concluded her letter with these words:

"'Tis impossible for Kensington to be ready for your

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 146.

coming, though I will do my best that you shall not stay long for it. When you are come, I will make my apology for the matter when I see you; I shall now only tell you I am in great pain to know if I have done well in this business, or no. Pardon all my faults, and believe that I commit none willingly; and that I love you more than my life."

Two days afterwards, the queen describes, with some animation, a dialogue between herself and sir Thomas Lee:[1] "So the commissioners of the admiralty were sent for, and lord president Carmarthen told them what the resolution was [viz., *that Russell and Haddick should have the command of the fleet with some great noble as partner with them.*] Sir Thomas grew as pale as death, and told me, 'that the custom was that they [*the lords of the admiralty*] used to recommend, and that they were to answer for the persons, since they were to give them the commissions, and did not know but what they might be called to account in parliament. Lord-president answered and argued with them. At last, sir Thomas Lee came to say plainly, 'Haddick was the man they did not like.' He added, afterwards, "I might give a commission if I liked, but they could not.' When I saw he *talkt* long, and insisted upon their privilege, I said, 'I perceived, then, that the king had given away his own power, and could not make an admiral, which the admiralty did not like!' Sir Thomas Lee answered, 'No; no more he can't!' I was ready to say, 'Then the king should give the commission to such as would not dispute with him.' but I did not, though I must confess I was heartily angry.

"It may be, I am in the wrong: but, as yet, I cannot think so. Lord-president, after more discourse, desired them to retire."

The blunt answer of sir Thomas Lee could not be di-

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 148.

gested by the queen, who soon found that he was set on by her friend Russell, whose hatred to sir Richard Haddick was equal to that of sir Thomas Lee. The next step taken by the lords of the admiralty was a downright refusal to sign the commission. Carmarthen, the lord-president, brought this intelligence to the queen. He was, or pretended to be, in a very great rage. The observations her majesty made[1] on his angry demeanour, display good sense, and command of temper: "I *askt* lord president what answer was to be sent; he was very angry, and *talkt* at a great rate; but I stopped him and told him '*I* was angry enough, and desired he would not be *too* much so, for I did not believe it a proper time.' Lord-president answered, 'The best answer he could give from me was, that they, the lords of the admiralty, would do well to consider of it.' I desired he would add, 'That I could not change my mind, if it were proper to say so much.' He said, 'It was rather too little.'

"I saw Mr. Russell this morning, and I found him very much out of humour; *he excused sir Thomas Lee*, and would not believe he had said such a thing as I told you. I said, 'Indeed that he had angered me very much,' but he [Russell] endeavoured to talk it over. He said, 'that Haddick was not acceptable to them, because they believed lord Nottingham had recommended him, and they did not like that.' I saw Russell shifted off signing the commission, and indeed, I never saw him out of humour before. There was company by, so I had not a fair opportunity of saying more to him; only he prest naming lord Shrewsbury for a third, [*as joint admiral of the fleet,*] as the best means to allay all these things. But as I had not time or convenience to say more to him then, I was fain to leave off at a place I would have said more upon. This I had the oppor-

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 148.

tunity of doing this morning to lord Marlborough, who came to me about the same thing. I told him why I should be unwilling to name Shrewsbury myself, 'for I thought it would not be proper for me, by any means, to name a person, who had quitted [*i. e., resigned office*] just upon your going away, though I was persuaded you would trust him, and had a good opinion of him; yet for *me* to take upon me alone, (for we concluded none would be for it, but those only who are trusted with the secret,[1] I mean lord Marl and Mr. Russell, and lord Cham,) for me, I say, now so to name him, [Shrewsbury,] without being assured from yourself of your approbation, I thought not proper."

The queen's pique that Shrewsbury should have resigned office, just at the time when he had an opportunity of assisting her in reigning, is, perhaps, apparent here. The rest of her detail of passing events is full of interesting individual particulars of her thoughts and feelings at this trying epoch:

"I pray God send you here quickly, for besides the desire I have to see you for my own sake, (which is not now to be named,) I see all breaking out into flames. Lord Steward [Devonshire] was with me this afternoon from sir Thomas Lee, to excuse himself to me. He said 'The reason was because he saw this [the appointment of Haddick] was a business between two or three—a concerted thing—and that *made him*, he could not consent.' I told him [Devonshire] 'he himself could have assured sir Thomas Lee it was your own orders, in your letter from you to me.' At which, he shaked his head."

"I *askt*, 'if he, or sir Thomas Lee, did not believe me?' He said, 'Sir Thomas Lee thought that Haddick was im-

[1] What the secret was is not very clear; in all probability it was that king William was exceedingly desirous for Shrewsbury again to take office, let that office be whatsoever he chose. It seems very odd that a courtier of rank not bred to the naval profession, should be solicited to command a fleet, but such were the customs of that day.

posed on the king; I said, 'I did not believe *that* was so easy!' 'I mean'—said lord (*Devonshire*)—'recommended by persons they don't much like.' 'Indeed, my lord, if they only dislike sir R. Haddick because he is recommended by such as they don't approve, it will only confirm me in the belief that he is a fit man, since they make no other objection against him. I confess,' said I, 'my lord, I was very angry at what sir Thomas Lee said yesterday; but this is to make me more so, since I see 'tis not reason, but passion makes sir T. Lee speak thus.' Upon which, *we* [*the queen and lord Devonshire*] fell into discourse of the divisions [*quarrels in council*], which we both lamented, and I think we were both angry, though not with one another. He complained 'that people were too much *believed that ought* not to be so, and we could not agree.' I should never have done, should I *say* [repeat] all I hear on such matters but what I have said, I think absolutely necessary for you to know. If I have been too angry, I am sorry for it. I don't believe I am easily provoked, but I think I had reason. If I may say so, I do not think people should be humoured to this degree. Mr. Russell again desired the duke of Grafton should not be in [i. e., *in the command of the fleet*], and lord Nottingham, who was one of those who mentioned him before, desired me to let you know he is concerned at having mentioned him, having since been informed how unfit he is."

On account of his rude and brutal manners, which exasperated every one with whom he came in contact, the queen, who had wished this illegitimate cousin of hers to be employed, that he might "become good for something," now shrank from the responsibility of her recommendation. She continues thus: "One thing more I must desire to know positively, which is about Kensington, whether you will go there, though my chamber is not ready. Your own apartment, lord Portland's, Mr. Overkirk's, and lady *Darby's*

are done; but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else's lodgings ready. The air there is now free from smoke, but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which I *will ask pardon* when I see you. This is the true state of your two houses, but if you will go *lye* only at Kensington, for I suppose your business will keep you here [*i. e., at Whitehall*] all day, pray let me know. You may be sure I shall be very willing to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of your dear company, and I wish I could suffer it all. for I deserve it, being something in fault, though I have excuses which are not lies."

"I hope," concludes the queen, "this long letter may meet you so near that you may bring your own answer; if not, if you love me, either write me a particular answer yourself, or let lord Portland do it for you. You see the necessity of it for the public; do a little also for my private satisfaction, who love you much more than my own life."

The succeeding letter is wholly devoted to the personal and private arrangements of the royal pair:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 5, N. S., (July 25, O. S.) 1690.

"Last night I received yours from Benit Bridge, by which I find you designed to summon Waterford again last Monday, I beseech God give you good success, and send you safe and quickly home. There was an order taken yesterday in council for the pro*rogue*ing the parliament for three weeks. I have been this evening at Kensington, for though I did believe you would not be willing to stay at Whitehall, yet what you write me word, makes me in a million of fears, especially since I must needs confess my fault that I have not been pressing enough till it was too late."

King William had certainly written a sharp reproof to his loving spouse on the subject of Kensington Palace not being ready for his reception. How humbly she asked pardon for his closet at Kensington smelling of paint, has been shown in the preceding letter. It was rather unreasonable of the king, who only left her in the middle of June,

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 150.

to expect that, with an exhausted treasury, his queen could prepare his palace for his reception in the first days of August; therefore her apology and extreme humiliation for the non-performance of impossibilities—especially in asking pardon for smells for which the house-painter and his painting-pots were alone accountable—seem somewhat slavish. The rest of her letter is couched in the same prostration of spirit:

"The outside of the house (at Kensington) is the *fiddling* work, which takes up more time than one can imagine; and while the *schafolds* are up, the windows must be boarded up, but as soon as that is done, your own apartments may be furnished; and though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of lord Portland's, and he *ly* in some other rooms; we [*i. e.*, she and the king] may *ly* in your chamber, and I go *throw* the *councill*-room down, or *els* dress me there; and as I suppose your business will bring you often to town, so I must take such time to see company here; and that part of the family which can't *come* there, must stay here; for 'tis no matter what inconvenien*cys* any *els* suffers for your dear sake: I think this way the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which you know I can make as easy to you as may be. Our being there (at Kensington) will certainly forward the work. I hope this letter will not come to your hands, but that you will be on your way hither before this. My greatest fear is for your closets here; but if you consider how much sooner you come back than any one durst have hoped, you will forgive me, and I can't but be *extreme* glad to be so deceived.

"God in his mercy send us a happy meeting, and a quick one, for which I am more impatient than I can possibly express!"

Although extremely interesting as a transcript of queen

Mary's private feelings, and affording an amusing view of her domestic arrangements and expedients, the foregoing narrative presents us with the most faulty specimen of her orthography and phraseology which has been as yet discovered. Those of our readers who are familiar with the epistolary literature of the seventeenth century, will consider Mary's letters in general as wonderful productions, not only on account of the good sense and graphic power of expressing what she has to say, whether in dialogue or narrative, but as presenting occasionally good specimens of the familiar English of her era. It may be observed, that her majesty was in advance of Steele and Addison, and of the dramatists of her day, who wrote *you was*, instead of *you were*. She generally uses her subjunctives correctly; and her sentences, however hurriedly written, have a logical connexion in their divisions.

Throughout this mass of voluminous correspondence, not a word occurs regarding the princess Anne, nor does the queen ever allude to her nephew and heir-presumptive, the infant duke of Gloucester, then twelve months of age. The hatred that was brooding in the minds of queen Mary and her sister had not yet burst into open flame; they still observed the decencies of dislike, had ceremonious meetings and formal leave-takings, when courtly etiquette required them. The princess having discovered that Craven-house was too small for her son's nursery, the queen condescended to accompany her to look at Campden-house,[1] situated (as the remains of it are at present) behind Kensington-palace. The princess considered that its vicinity would be convenient for the queen to see her godson and nephew at pleasure, when her majesty took up her abode at the new-built palace; she therefore hired Campden-house for her nursery, at an enormous rental, of Mr. Bertie, the guardian of young

[1] Like most ancient seats near London, this relic (it is said) has been doomed by the building mania to destruction. Indeed, the old gateway, surmounted by the supporters of the Noel family, has been demolished while these sheets were in progress.

Noel; to whom the house belonged. Here the infant duke of Gloucester was established,[1] and his improved health showed the salubrity of the site the queen and his mother had chosen.

The queen continued to devote a large portion of her time to epistolary communication with her absent husband; his replies have been vainly sought, yet from the remaining specimens of his letters, their absence is perhaps no great historical loss, as it is doubtful whether his majesty ever wrote a narrative letter in his life. His enormous handwriting spreads far and wide over his paper, as if to prevent the introduction of much matter, and this habit was acquired as an adult; for his hand, in his boyish letters to his uncle Charles, in the State Paper Office, is not quite so large as children's writing in general. Few of his notes consist of more than two or three prettily turned French sentences, from which it is scarcely possible to extract any individual information; in consequence, it may be observed, that her majesty was often in great perplexity to know his wishes and intentions. The following letter from the king, written throughout by his own hand, to the earl of Devonshire, then one of the council of nine, belongs to this period. The original is in French, it contains more matter than any other extant, from William's pen, excepting the wrathful one relating to Dr. Covel's transgressions.[2] The present document, hitherto inedited, is in answer to "a compliment" on the king's wound, previously sent to Ireland, by the lord-steward of the household, the earl of Devonshire:

"WILLIAM III. TO THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.[3]

"At the Camp of Welles, this July 17.

"I am very much obliged by the part that you take in what concerns my

[1] Memoirs of the young duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins.

[2] Quoted in vol. ix., in Mary's Life, as princess of Orange.

[3] Holograph Letter from William III. to the first duke of Devonshire, (then earl,) lord steward of the household. From the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

person, and the advantage[1] that I have gained over my enemies.[2] The misfortune that has befallen my fleet[3] has sensibly touched me, but I hope that it will soon be in a state to put to sea. It will be necessary to chastise severely those who have not done their duty.[4]

"If it had been possible without abandoning all here, I should have set out as soon as yesterday morning when I received your despatches, but without losing all the advantages I have gained, I cannot leave the army for five or six days. Of this, I have written to the queen and to the lords of the committee, to whom I refer you, and hope very soon to have the satisfaction of seeing you, and of assuring you of my constant friendship and esteem, on which you may entirely rely.

"WILLIAM R."

The absence of nomenclature is a curious feature in this epistle of the royal diplomatist. No one is named in it but the queen, although he refers to several persons. No place is mentioned, yet he alludes to the battle of the Boyne, the defeat at La Hogue, and the court-martial pending at Sheerness on lord Torrington.

From the contents of the royal missive from the seat of war, lord Devonshire concluded that queen Mary would be forced to postpone a grand ball for which the palace was in preparation. Her majesty meant, by this festival, to celebrate the king's victory of the Boyne, and his return to England. For purposes either of her royal pleasure or policy, the queen had been indefatigable in giving balls at Whitehall, during the king's absence. The earl of Devonshire, her high-steward, notwithstanding his known taste for these diversions, required a respite. Other troubles annoyed the lord-steward—the ladies of the queen's court danced awkwardly, and there were more ladies than gentlemen. Some of the young nobles were fighting in Ireland against the queen's father, some were fighting for him, others were exiled for maintaining his cause, and not a few of the best beaux were incarcerated by the queen's warrants in the Tower. However, her majesty had expressed her parti-

[1] Battle of the Boyne.
[2] King James II. and the French.
[3] Loss of the battle off Beachy Head.
[4] Court-martial on lord Torrington.

cular wish that the daughter-in-law of the earl of Devonshire might be present at her grand celebration-ball. The royal pleasure was thus notified to that lady by her mother-in-law, lady Devonshire.[1]

"THE COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE TO LADY CAVENDISH,[2] (DAUGHTER TO RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.)

(Saturday.)

"I am very glad to hear by Mr. Woolman, not only of your good health, but that I shall see you sooner than you seemed to intend I should. You may still be in time, as the queen desires, for the ball, for nobody can tell when it will be, the king's coming not being so soon as was expected. I hope there will be a respite too in the dancings at Whitehall, till it be for the great ball—yet there *is* more ladies than men, and worse dancers than them they have found, can hardly be met with. Mrs. Moone danced rather worse than better than she did last year. My lord is come from Newmarket; my head aches, so I leave Betty,[3] dear daughter, to end my letter with what news she knows."

[Betty's conclusion.]

"I hope you will pardon my not answering yours at this present, but you may believe that I am very full of business when I fall it. We have danced very often at Whitehall, where you are wanting extremely, there being not above one or two tolerable dancers, and as for myself, I am worse at it than last year. We are just going to supper. I believe this would hardly pass with you for a letter if I should say more, so I will only desire you to give my humble service to my lady Ross. I am very sorry to hear by Mr. Belman that she does not come with you to town."

Endorsed, "To the lady Hartington, at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire."

The husband of "lady Ross" here mentioned is the same lord Ross who, it will be remembered, was then the object of queen Mary's particular displeasure. Her majesty, in a letter quoted a few pages back, we have seen express her lively displeasure, that the powerful families of Devonshire and Bolton had successfully prevented her from incarcerating lord Ross in the Tower, on her mere privy-council warrant.

[1] The hand is very large and masculine, but, as the letter is signed E. Devonshire, and *her lord* is mentioned, it must be written by the countess.

[2] Family Papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

[3] Probably lady Elizabeth Cavendish, youngest daughter to the earl and countess of Devonshire.

The queen's hopes of the return of her husband, which had been lively at the beginning of July, were now deferred from week to week. Success had turned in Ireland against the protestant party. The defence of Limerick by the Jacobite general, Sarsfield, rivalled in desperation that of Londonderry, in the preceding year, by the Calvinist minister, Walker; an equal number of William's highly-disciplined soldiers fell in the siege as king James had lost of the half-armed Irish militia at the passage of the Boyne. The protestants of Ireland had been discouraged by the speech that broke from the ungrateful lips of the Orange king. When one of them told him, in a tone of lamentation, "that parson Walker was among the slain in the *melée* at the Boyne," "Why did the fool go there?" was the best tribute king William gave to the memory of the valiant partisan, to whom he owed Ireland. The reverend gentleman had given his aid at the Boyne, in the expectation of gaining further renown in regular warfare, and the regimental king scorned all glory that had not been at drill.

William remained unwillingly in Ireland, witnessing the waste of his army in the fatal trenches of Limerick. His passage home was by no means an easy matter; for the victorious French fleets not only rode triumphantly in the English channel, but in that of St. George, rendering dangerous the communication between England and Ireland.

The queen's letters continued to describe the difficulties which beset her at the helm of government. Her next epistle details the feuds and factions regarding the command of the fleet:

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 9 N. S., (July 30, O. S.,) 1690.

"You will not wonder that I did not write last night, when you know that at noon I received yours, by Mr. Butler, whose face I shall love to see ever hereafter, since he has come twice with such good news. That he brought

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 151.

yesterday was so welcome to me, that I wont go about expressing it, since 'tis impossible. But (for my misfortune), I have now another reason to be glad of your coming, and a very strong one (if compared to anything but the kindness I have for your dear self), and that is the divisions, which, to my thinking, increase here daily, or at least appear more and more to me. The business of the commission is again put off by Mr. Russell."

Points of precedence had to be settled between the admirals, Killigrew and sir John Ashby, before sir R. Haddick could accept the promotion the queen designed him. Her majesty, in discussing the affair with Russell, again mentioned her displeasure against sir T. Lee:—

"Russell went to excuse him (Lee)," she continues. "I said, 'that I must own to him, that were I in your place, I would not have borne his (sir Thomas Lee's) answer, but when he had in a manner refused to sign the commission, I should have put it into such hands as would have done it.' Mr. Russell said, 'He hoped I would not think of doing it now.' I told him, 'No, he might be sure in your absence I would not think of anything of that nature, especially not without your orders for it.' At my coming from council, I was told of Mr. Butler's being come, [*this was the messenger with king William's letters;*] he soon brought me your letters, and though I was in hourly expectation, yet being sure you were coming did really transport me so, that I have hardly recovered it yet, and there's such a joy everywhere, that 'tis not to be exprest."

"I went, last night, to Kensington, and will go again by and by. They promise me all shall be ready by Tuesday next, and this is Wednesday. That is the night, [*the ensuing Tuesday,*] by Mr. Butler's reckoning, that with a fair wind you may be here,[1] though I think, by your dear letter, it is possible you may come a day sooner. At most, if you lye here, [i. e., *at Whitehall,*] two nights, the third, you may certainly, if it please God, be at Kensington. I will do my

[1] The king delayed his return till a month afterwards.

endeavour that it may be sooner, but one night, I reckon you will be content to lie here. I writ you word in my last, how I thought you might shift at Kensington, without my chamber, but I have thought since to set up a bed (which is already ordered) in the council chamber, and that I can dress me in lord Portland's, and use his closet. M. Neinburg is gone to get other rooms for him; thus I think we may shift for a fortnight, in which time I hope my own [*chamber*] will be ready; they promise it sooner.

"This letter will, I hope, meet you at Chester, it shall stay for you there, so that if there be anything else you would have done, do but let me know it by one word, and you shall find it so, if it be in my power.

"I have one thing to beg, which is, that if it be possible, I may come and meet you on the road, either where you desire, or anywhere else, for I do so long to see you, that *I am sure had you as much mind to see your poor wife again, you would propose it;* but do as you please, I will say no more, but that I love you so much it cannot increase, else I am sure it would."

There is a little tender reproach implied in the concluding sentence; perhaps Mary thought of Elizabeth Villiers, and wished to prevent her from holding a first conference with her husband. However, neither the queen nor her rival were to meet William so soon as was expected. His next letter declared that his return was delayed, on which intelligence her majesty thus expresses herself in her next letter,[1] dated "Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{2}{12}$, 1690.—Unless I could express the joy I had at the thoughts of your coming, it will be vain to undertake telling you of the disappointment 'tis to me, you do not come so soon."

"I begin to be in great pain lest you should be in the storm *a* Thursday night, which I am told was great, though

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 153.

its being *a t'other* side of the house, hindered my hearing it, but was soon delivered by your letter of the 29th from Ch.[1] I confess I deserve such a stop to my joy, [i. e., *the delay of the king's return*] since may be it was too great, and I not thankful enough to God, and we are here apt to be too vain upon so quick a success. But I have mortification enough to think that your dear person may be again exposed at the passage of the Shannon, as it was at that of the Boyne; this is what goes to my heart; but yet I see the reasons for it so good, that I will not murmur, for certainly the glory would be greater to terminate the war this summer, and the people here are much better pleased than if they must furnish next year for the same thing again. Upon these considerations I ought to be satisfied, and I will endeavour, as much as may be, to submit to the will of God and your judgment; *but you must forgive a poor wife, who loves you so dearly, if I can't do it with dry eyes.*

"Since it has pleased God so wonderfully to preserve you all your life, and so miraculously now, I need not doubt but he will still preserve you; yet let me beg of you not to expose yourself unnecessarily—that will be too much tempting that Providence which I hope will still watch over you."

"Mr. Russell is gone down to the fleet last Thursday, to hasten, as much as may be, all things there, and will be back *a Monday*, when there is a great council appointed. I don't doubt but this commission will find many obstacles, and this (naming Killigrew) among such as don't like him, will be called in question, as well as the other two (*i. e., Ashby and Haddick*); and I shall hear again 'tis a thing agreed among two or three."

[1] Chapelford, where William's head-quarters were at that instant, is probably the place indicated by this contraction. The queen usually contracts proper names, thus, lord Nottingham, is always lord Nott.; Pembroke, lord Pem.; Marlborough, Marl.; Feversham, Fev.; lord Chamberlain, Cham., &c.

"I will not write, now, *no* more *than* I *used to do what others can*;[1] and indeed I am fit for nothing this day, my heart is so opprest, I don't know what to do."

"I have been at Kensington for some hours' quiet, to-morrow being the first Sunday of the month, and have made use of lord Portland's closet, as I told you in my last I would. The house [Kensington Palace] would have been ready by Tuesday night, and I hope will be in better order now; at least, it shall not be my fault if it is not. I shall be very impatient to hear again from you, till when, I shall be in perpetual pain and trouble, which I think you can't wonder at, knowing that you are dearer to me than my life."

The cabals in the two councils, relative to the command of the beaten and disgraced fleet of England, continued to harass the queen. The fine navy her father had formed for his destroyers was at the command of Mary—at least, all that remained of it from the two disastrous defeats that had followed her accession. But the harpies of corruption had rushed in; the vigilant eye, which watched over the proper appointment of stores and necessaries, was distant; the elective sovereigns durst not complain of the peculations which had become systematic. The English fleet was degraded, not for want of brave hearts and hands, and fine ships, but because all the civilians concerned in finding stores, ammunition, provision, and pay, pilfered daringly; the consequence was, that none of James's former sea-captains could be induced to take a command, which must perforce end in disgrace, when the British navy came in collision with the well-appointed ships which Louis XIV. had been raising for the last twenty years.

[1] So written by the queen. In her hurry and trouble of mind, she has failed to express her meaning clearly, which is, "I will not now write to you anything which can be written by others, for, indeed, I am fit for nothing to-day," &c. &c.

Queen Mary was fully justified by her husband in the displeasure she had expressed at the insolence of sir Thomas Lee. She expresses her satisfaction at finding that the king viewed the affront in the same light as herself in the following manner:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{1}{11}$, 1690.

"Last night I received yours of the 3rd of July, and with great satisfaction that it was plain, you approving of my anger is a great ease to me, and I hope may make things go on the better, if it be possible, though great pains are taken to hinder the persons named from serving at all,[1] or from agreeing, but I hope to little purpose."

In order to deprive sir Richard Haddick of the royal favour, a Dutchman, of the queen's household, was employed to tell her sir Richard railed furiously at everything Dutch. The queen had him called to account for it; and afterwards wrote to the king, that she considered he had cleared himself. She mentioned, that lord Torrington had very earnestly demanded his trial, but doubted whether his acquittal would not greatly incense the Dutch at that time.[2] A scheme she alludes to for the delay of his trial, comes the nearest to unrighteous diplomacy of any portion of these letters; for if the Englishman deserved his acquittal, he had a right to it, whether the Dutch approved of it or not.

"I should not write you this thought of mine, if I did

[1] The four were Russell, Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby—all, excepting Haddick, were extremely unwilling to take the command the queen offered them, and thus to risk the fate of lord Torrington. The historical result of all the queen's anxious deliberations, was, that Torrington was sent to the Tower on the 9th of August, and Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby appointed joint admirals of the fleet. Russell positively refused serving with Haddick, having an intrigue on foot to advance Marlborough's brother, captain Churchill, over the heads of the veterans, as will be shown in the queen's succeeding letters.

[2] The Dutch navy was most severely handled by the French; the Dutch accused Torrington of remaining passive, and seeing with pleasure the French contest the day with them. But the bad state of the English fleet is most evident by Carmarthen's letter to king William, already mentioned.

not find several (of the council) of my mind, which makes me apt to believe I am not quite in the wrong; but *that* you know better; and you may believe I shall do as much as lies in my power to follow your directions in that and all things whatever, and am never so easy as when I have them. Judge, then, what a joy it was for me to have your approbation of my behaviour; the kind way you express it in, is the only comfort I can possibly have in your absence. What other people say I ever suspect, but when *you* tell me I have done well, I could be almost vain upon it."

It was this intimate union of purpose and of interest between these two sovereigns, and the entire confidence in each other, that produced their great worldly prosperity. The same result is usually the case where unanimity prevails between a married pair, in whatever rank of life their lot may be cast; for never was a prophecy, or proverb, more divinely true than that pronounced by the Saviour: "A house divided against itself shall not stand."

"I am sure," continues the queen's narrative of events, "I have all the reason in the world to praise God, who has sustained me in things so difficult to flesh and blood; and has given me more courage than I could have hoped for. I am sure 'tis so great a mercy I can never forget it; we have received many—God send us grace to value them as we ought!—but nothing touches people's hearts here enough to make them agree; that would be too much happiness."

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of all things, and of some letters, which by great luck are fallen into our hands. I have been at Kensington this evening, and made it, now, so late, that I am very sleepy, and so can't say much more; I shall only assure you that I shall take all the pains I can. Kensington is ready; had you come this night, as I did flatter myself you would have done, you could have lain there; that is to say, in the council-chamber, and there I fear you must lie when you do come, which

God grant may be soon, I must needs tell you on the subject, that when it was first known you intended to come back, 'twas then said, 'What! leave Ireland unconquered —the work unfinished!' Now upon your not coming, 'tis wondered whose council this is, and why leave us thus to ourselves in our danger?"

"Thus people are never satisfied; but I must not begin upon the subject, which would take up volumes, and, as much as I was prepared, surprises me to a degree that is beyond expression. I have so many *several* (different) things to say to you, if I live to see you, that I fear you will never have patience to hear half; but you will not wonder if I am surprised at things which, though you are used to, are quite new to me."

"I am very impatient to hear if you are over the Shannon; that passage frights me. You must excuse me telling my fears; I love you too much to hide them, and that makes all dangers seem greater, it may be, than they are. I pray God, in his mercy, keep you, and send us a happy meeting here on earth first, before we meet in heaven. If I could take more pains to deserve your kindness, that which you write would make me do it; but that has been ever so much my desire, that I can't do more for you, nor love you better."

Similar expressions of tenderness pervade her letter, dated August ⅓, intermixed with state information and council disputes, relative to calling a new parliament, and of the bankrupt state of the treasury, of which "sad stories are told," the queen says, "by Mr. Hampden,[1] which I fear will prove true."

[1] This gentleman was as much concerned in the Revolution of 1688, as his more celebrated ancestor had been in that of 1640, who declared death to be peculiarly welcome when it came on the battle-field at Chalgrave; but it came not speedily enough to his descendant, whose own desperate hand committed suicide. His name, as a bribed tool of France, at the time of the agitation of the Popish Plot, is disgustingly apparent on Barillon's black

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. ⅌, 1690.

"I have had no letter from you since that of the 31st, from Chapelford; what I suffer by it you cannot imagine. I don't say this by way of complaint, for I really believe you write as often as 'tis convenient or necessary, but yet I cannot help being extremely desirous of hearing again from you. This passage of the river Shannon runs much in my mind, and gives me no quiet, night nor day; I have a million of fears, which are caused by what you can't be angry at, and if I were less sensible I should hate myself, though I wish I were not so *fear full*, and yet one can hardly go without t'other—but 'tis not reasonable I should torment you with any of this.

"Lord *Steward* [Devonshire] desires me to let you know he has had a letter from monsieur et madame de *Grammon*, about her brother, Mr. Ham[ilton]; they earnestly desire he may be exchanged for lord Mountjoy."

The celebrated family group thus named by queen Mary were all individuals intimately known to her in her youth. Madame de *Grammon* was the beautiful Miss Hamilton, who married the profligate fop, count de Grammont. He resided some time at the court of Charles II., which (if possible) he made worse than he found it. Mr. Hamilton,[2] mentioned by the queen, was the brother of the lady; he is better known as the witty count Antony Hamilton, the author whose pen embodied the scandalous reminiscences of his brother-in-law, under the title of Memoires de Grammont. Count Antony Hamilton was now a prisoner from the battle of the Boyne. He had greatly incensed king William by undertaking to induce lord lieutenant Tyrconnel to yield up Ireland to him; and when he had obtained all the confidence with which the Whigs could trust him, he posted over to Ireland, and did all in his power, by pen, interest, or sword, in the cause of his master, king James. A man of delicate honour could not,

list.—See Dalrymple's copy of the document. Appendix, Part i., p. 316; the whole of Barillon's Despatches should be read, likewise, p. 286. The originals are under the care of M. Dumont, a learned contemporary, at *Les Affaires Etrangères*, at Paris.

[2] The queen has throughout written his name according to her usual abbreviations, *Ham*; but his description as the countess de Grammont's *brother* clearly identifies him.

would not, have accepted the confidence of William, or acted thus; but a few falsehoods more or less broke no squares with the author of the scandalous chronicle aforesaid; yet it is strange to find count Antony Hamilton risking at once his life and his honour in the service of James II., whom he had libelled so viciously, and after his ruin, too!

When Hamilton was brought into the presence of William, a prisoner at the Boyne, he was questioned as to the forces still maintaining the contest, his answer was doubted, when he maintained it by the asseveration, "On my honour." At this, William turned contemptuously away, muttering "Honour—on *your* honour!" History leaves the literary soldier in this very bad predicament; no one has ever noticed that queen Mary interested herself so deeply for him, and she continued her letter, excusing herself, however, for interfering in the behalf of a man so thoroughly on her husband's black list, by her sympathy for the sufferings of lord Montjoy's family, lord Montjoy being then a prisoner in the Bastile, but Louis XIV. offered to exchange him for Hamilton.[1]

"I told lord Devonshire that I knew nothing of Ham[ilton]'s faults, which I see he is very apprehensive the parliament will take into consideration if *he* [Hamilton] be not out of their power, but that upon *his* [lord Devonshire's] earnest desire I would let you know it. I would have had him [Devonshire] write it you himself, but he begs me to do it."

"As for lord Montjoy, I hope you will consider if anything can be done for him. I can never forget that I promised his son's wife to speak to you—and she really died of

[1] Montjoy, who was considered the head of the protestants in Ireland, went to France to demonstrate to James II. how impossible it was for Ireland to resist William and Mary; he had been seized and sent to the Bastile by Louis XIV., as a punishment for undertaking this mission; therefore queen Mary had every right to interest herself in his behalf.

grief, which makes me pity her case; his family is in a miserable way, and I am daily solicited by his eldest daughter about him. If you would let lord Portland give me some answer to this, I should be very glad, for I can't wonder at people's desiring an answer, though I am tormented myself."

There is little doubt but that the united interest of the queen and the earl of Devonshire, to say nothing of that of the fair Grammont, obtained the release of Hamilton, for he soon after re-appeared at the court of St. Germains.

"I have staid," continues the queen, "till I am ready to go to bed, and can now put off the sealing of my letter no longer. I pray God to give me patience and submission! I want the first exceedingly, but I hope all is well—especially your dear self, *who* I love much better than life."

The queen was about the same time deeply occupied in receiving the confessions of the lords Annandale, Breadalbane, and Ross; these men were not originally the friends of her father, but his enemies, who, with Sir James Montgomery, had headed the deputation sent to offer her and her husband the crown of Scotland, and to receive their oaths. These worthies deemed they had not been rewarded commensurate with their merits, and therefore joined the widely ramified plot against the government, which the death of the great Dundee had disorganized in the preceding year. According to what might be expected from the treachery of their characters, there was a race between these persons as to who should first betray the devoted Jacobites, who had unfortunately trusted them. The titled informers made a bargain that they were not to be brought in personal evidence against their victims. Breadalbane incognito waylaid the king[1] at Chester, to tell his tale; Annandale came in disguise to the queen for the same purpose, and, it is said, had an interview with her on the even-

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs.

ing of her birth-day.[1] Ross, (regarding whose imprisonment the queen has described a contest between herself and the privy-council,) now offered to confess to her all he knew; but, as he refused to reiterate his confessions as a witness against those he had accused, the queen finally committed him to the Tower.

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{13}{23}$, 1690.

"You cannot imagine the miserable condition I was in last night: I think if your letter had not come as it did, I should have fallen sick with fear for your dear person; but all that trouble made your news of the French having left *Limmerick* the more welcome, I will not say your letters, for those are ever so. I am sure this news affords new reason of praising God, since I hope it will prevent any more fighting. You speak of your coming back now in a way which makes me hope not only that it will be quickly, but that you will come willingly, and that is a double joy to me, for before, I confess, I was afraid to have seen you dissatisfied when you were here, and that would have been very unpleasant, but now, I hope in God to see you soon, and see you as well pleased as this place will suffer you to be, for I fancy you will find people really worse and worse.

"Lord Steward [the earl of Devonshire]" continues Mary, falling into her usual style of narrative, "was with me this afternoon, with whom I had a long conversation, which will be worth your while knowing when you come, but he has made me promise to write you word, *now*, some part of it, which is, that he begs you 'to consider if you will not have a new parliament, for this,' he is sure, 'will do no good; this,' he says, 'is his opinion.' I see it is a thing they are mightily set upon. Lord-president, methinks, has very good arguments to try this [parliament] first, but of all this you will judge best when you come."

"I can't imagine how it comes to pass that you have not received my letter of the 26th July; I am sure I writ,[2] and

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs. It could not have been this year, as her birthday, April 30, had occurred before the king went to Ireland.

[2] She did write, and the reader on looking back will see it is a hurried, ill-spelled letter, on which some comment has been made. Mary reckons here by the New Style.

that you will have had it by this time, or else there must be some carelessness in it which must be *lookt* after."

"I have had, this evening, lord Annandale, who is to *tell all*, and then I am to procure a pardon from you, but I think I shall not be so easily deceived by him, as I fear lord Melvill has been by sir James Montgomery; but these are things to talk of when you come back, which I pray God may be very soon. 'Tis the greatest joy in the world to hear you are so well. I pray God continue it!"

"I hope this will meet you upon your way back, *so* it goes by express that it may not miss you. I can't express my impatience to see you; there is nothing greater than that which it proceeds from, which will not end but with my life."

The arrival of two Dutchmen in the meantime caused her majesty to add, as postscript—

"I have seen Mr. Hop and Mr. Olderson, but have to say no more. You will have an account of the business of the admiralty from lord Nott."

Mr. Hop was ambassador from the *Hogan Mogans*, the states-general; the utmost jealousy was excited among the other diplomatists, because he had been received with a greater number of bows than any of them. Queen Mary likewise sent her best coach and horses, with their gayest trappings, attended by forty running footmen and pages, to fetch Mr. Hop to Whitehall, when he brought his credentials.[1]

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{22}{12}$, 1690.

"Though I have nothing to say to you worth writing, yet I cannot let any express go without doing it, and Mr. *Hop*, it seems, believes this business of the Swedish ship too considerable to stay till to-morrow. The commissioners of the admiralty have resolved to come to me to-morrow, with some names for flags. Mr. Russell recommends Churchill and Ellmor, because, he says, nothing has been done for them, though they were both trusted when you

[1] Lamberty.

came over, and have ever been very true to your interest; but I think if it be possible to let them alone till you come, though Mr. Russell seems to think it cannot be delayed. I shall hear (if it must be so) what the other commissioners think, and do as well as I can."

Had the queen possessed the smallest germ of political justice, she would have recoiled from appointing captain Churchill to a place of trust. He had, in the succeeding year, been expelled from the House of Commons for his peculations, by receiving convoy-money, and had at the same time been deprived of the naval command he abused. Taking convoy-money of merchant ships, had been sternly forbidden by the sea-king, James II., but among the evils of William and Mary's government, was a most injurious one, that convoys were seldom provided, and when they were, the captains of the ships of war impoverished the merchant by the extortion of convoy-money.[1] Churchill was brother to lord Marlborough, and worthy of the brotherhood; his ship had been the first that deserted king James. Queen Mary seems to have considered, that Churchill's service to her party, by thus leading the race of treachery, covered a multitude of sins.

At first, king William stood aghast at the rapacity with which such men as the Churchills and other patriots of the same stamp, flew on the quarry of the public money, which had been carefully guarded by the frugality of king James; it seemed as if the Revolution had been only effected for liberty of theft!

At that very moment queen Mary had suspended the Habeas Corpus law; the Tower and other prisons were full of captives, seized on her mere signature. The summer

[1] A petition to the House of Commons from the London merchants, presented Nov. 14th, 1689, proves that in the first year of the revolution, one hundred merchant ships, worth 600,000*l.*, were lost for want of convoys, o by the corruption of the naval captains. Captain Churchill's conduct appeared in such a light, that he was expelled the house four days after.—See Journals of the House of Commons, 1689.

circuits of the itinerary justices were delayed at her dictum. English soldiers and seamen were subjected to the horrors of the lash, and many millions of debt, besides enormous outlays had been incurred since her father's deposition. All this was submitted to by the well meaning people, supposing these portentous measures were effected by the united wisdom of parliament.

The present system of military punishments can be traced no farther back than the era of William and Mary. Two Scotch regiments, commanded by lord Dumbarton at the revolution, refused to submit to William after James II. had dismissed them, and unfurling their standards, commenced a bold march to Scotland; but, unfortunately for themselves, encumbered their progress home with four cannons, because these instruments of destruction had originally belonged to Edinburgh-castle. William III. caused the regiments to be pursued and to be surrounded. To make vengeance legal on these soldiers, the Mutiny Bill was brought into parliament by the ministers of William and Mary;[1] the result was, that British soldiers were, whether serving in these islands or abroad, subjected to the punishments which prevailed among William's foreign mercenaries —the wickedest and cruellest troops that England had ever seen, as Ireland knew full well.

When king William was armed with the terrific power given by the Mutiny Bill, he broke the loyal Scotch regiments, gave the officers leave to go wheresoever they pleased, and distributed the unfortunate common-soldiers among his troops; the most resolute he sent to Flanders, where if they were not flogged to death, it was no fault of the Mutiny Bill and the Dutch code which had superseded that of St. George.[2] Stranger innovations even than these took place in this free country. Among the Somers Tracts

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

[2] It is acknowledged by the government, in a MS. requisition to the council of Scotland, that "these regiments having lost all their men by *death* and

in the British Museum, there is a complaint that the government in 1690, not content with instituting a sharp press of men for both army and navy, actually forced women into the service of the camp and into the navy, at the rate of ten for every ship of war, as nurses, sempstresses, and laundresses. The atrocities to which such a system naturally gave rise, need no comment, but lead at least to the conclusion, that if the Dutch prince were a liberator, it was not over every class of the British people that his blessings were diffused.

Queen Mary, in her next letter, flattered her husband's known tastes, by depreciating Whitehall, the palace of her ancestors:—

"I have been this day to Kensington, which looks really very well, at least to a poor body like me, who have been so long condemned to *this place*, and see nothing but wall and water. I have received a letter from lord Dursley, who I suppose will write of the same thing to yourself, and therefore I shall not do it. I am very impatient for another letter, hoping that will bring me the news of your coming back; 'tis impossible to believe how impatient I am for that, nor how much I love you, which will not end but with my life."

The succeeding letter is wholly personal:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. ¼¼, 1690.

"I only write for fashion's sake, for I really have nothing in the world to say, yet I am resolved never to miss an opportunity of doing it while I live.

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desertion in Flanders, more recruits must be sent." The Scotch tradition is, that resisting these new laws, the soldiers were all tortured to death with the lash. The extract, with other valuable matter, was obtained through the courteous permission of W. Pitt Dundas, Esq., from the Royal Records of Scotland. Privy Council Books MS., Edinburgh. The code of St. George is in intelligible language; it may be seen in the Fœdera, that there was no flogging in the days of the Plantagenets. Captain Marryat, in one of his brilliant naval sketches, is the first person who has ever traced this anti-national cruelty to the Dutch king.

To-morrow, I am to go to the great council [privy-council,] where my lord mayor and aldermen are to come to be thanked for their two regiments and released of them; when that is over, I go, if it please God, to Hampton Court, which I fear will not be much advanced.

"It has been such a storm of rain and wind this whole day, that I *thankt* God with my whole heart that you could not be near the sea. I hope the ill weather will spend itself now, that when you do come, you may have a quick passage.

"I have seen Mr. Zulestein to-day, who is so tanned that he frights me."

Zulestein is the same person whose marriage with Mary Worth caused queen Mary so much trouble in her youth; he was the beau of the Dutch court, and having made the Irish campaign with the king, had injured his fine complexion, which is rather affectedly mentioned by the queen. He was inseparable from the king, unless despatched on some mission wherein his diplomatic cunning was indispensable:

"I was heartily glad to see him," continues the queen, "believing you would not have sent him here, but that you resolved soon to follow. Adieu! continue to love me, and I shall be happy, and 'tis the only thing that can make me so."

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{7}{17}$, 1690.

"This time I write with a better heart than the last, because it goes by an express which must find you out,—may be, the common post will not. I have a paper to send you, which lord Nottingham is to copy, which is what lord Annandale has made sir William *Lochart* (Lockhart) write, because he was not willing it should be seen in his own hand."

"I think I writ you word," continues her majesty's narrative of current events, "or should have done, that he (lord Annandale) sent by his wife to sir William that he would surrender himself, if he might be sure not to be made an evidence of. Upon which, sir William drew up conditions that *he should tell all, and then he should be made no evidence*, and has my word to get your pardon; I think I writ you this before; but to be short, he is come in, and I have spoke twice with him."

"Lord Annandale told me, that after the time the papers were burnt, (wherewith this ends,) sir James Montgomery proposed sending a second message by the same, Simson, but he [Annandale] rejected it as much as he durst, but was afraid to tell him plainly he would not. So having a mind to get out of this, he [Annandale] pretended business at his own house in the country, but his coldness made sir James Montgomery the warmer in it, and assure him that he would spend his life and fortune in *that interest.*" Meaning the interest of her father.

The result of these private conferences with the queen was, that Neal, or Nevill Payne, a Jacobite of low degree, should be forced to take upon himself the infamy of legal informer regarding the secrets of this Jacobite conspiracy, from which detestable task Montgomery, Annandale, Breadalbane, and the rest of the real betrayers, had bargained with the queen to be excused. The queen and these double traitors, deeming Nevill Payne a plebeian "fellow of no reckoning," had not the most distant idea of the high-spirited scorn with which he resisted both bribes and torture, and showed to high-born informers how a man of the people could keep his oath and his word. The dreadful scenes that ensued certainly belong to this portion of the queen's government, although they actually occurred some days after king William's return to England. The queen's letters are worded with such guarded mystery, that it is difficult to elicit her part in the work of darkness; but as the prime minister of Scotland, lord Melville, was at her court in England, co-operating with her in guiding the whole affair, and her personal conferences with the real informers were frequent, it is utterly impossible to acquit her of pre-knowledge of the atrocities that ensued.[1]

In the paper enclosed by the queen to the king, as the confession of lord Annandale to the queen, written by the

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 161.

hand of sir W. Lockhart, according to the words of her letter above, Nevill Payne is thrice mentioned as being present at the Jacobite meeting at the Globe tavern, near Northumberland-house, Strand; they were likewise convened under the Piazzas, Covent Garden. The paper is too long and heavy to be inserted here;[1] we must be content with giving our readers the gist of the queen's part in the affair, as briefly as the records of a conspiracy which fill a large quarto, will permit.

Mary again alluded to the mysterious man who encountered her spouse at Chester, whom she distinctly named as lord Breadalbin. And she thus continues lord Annandale's revelations:—

"Lord Breadalbin came to see lord Annandale on his way to Chester, where he went *to meet you;* he told him that sir James Montgomery had certainly sent another message [*i. e., to king James, her father*] but he [Breadalbin] was not engaged in it, and he believed nobody was but lord Arran, though he could not be positive that lord Ross was not likewise in. This he told me last night, and desires 'to be *askit* more questions, not knowing but he might remember more than he can yet think of.'"

"Thus he seems to deal sincerely, but, to say the truth, I think one does not know what to believe, but this I am certain *off* [of] that lord Ross did not keep his word with me, much less has sir James Montgomery with lord Melville, for he has been in town ever since this day was sevennight, and I have heard nothing of him—a plain breach of the conditions."

"I hope in God I shall soon hear from you, 'tis a long while since I have, but I am not so *uneasie* as I was the

[1] Printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 103, and is the same paper, the copy of which the queen mentions here as enclosed to the king; for it is dated the 14th of August, 1690, and endorsed as given by sir William Lockhart to "her most excellent majesty the queen."

last time, yet enough to make me wish extremely for a letter."

"*D'Lone*[1] is to send lord Portland, by this post, a copy of a letter from Mr. Priestman, in which you will see what need you have of that divine protection, which has hitherto so watched over you, and which only can make me easy for your dear sake. The same God who has hitherto so preserved you, will, I hope, continue, and grant us a happy meeting here, and a blessed one hereafter."

"Farewell; 'tis too late for me to say any more, but that I am ever and *intirely* yours, and shall be so till death."

The queen, in the continuation of her narrative, affected to regret her former days passed in Holland. In a remarkable passage, dated Whitehall, August $\frac{2}{12}$, 1690, she says: "Last night, when it was just a week since I had heard from you, I received yours of the $\frac{2}{10}$, after I was *a*-bed. I was extremely glad to find by it you had passed the Shannon, but cannot be without fears, since the *enemys* have still an army together, which, though it has once more run away from you, may yet grow desperate for aught I know, and fight at last. These are the things I cannot help fearing, and as long as I have these fears, you may believe I *can't* be easy, yet I must look over them, if possible, or presently every body thinks *all lost*."

Thus, the royal countenance was viewed by those who habitually studied it as a species of political barometer, from which might be learned news of the fate of the Irish campaign, or the Jacobite plots. Hence arose the imperturbable demeanour which Mary assumed, designedly, as a diplomatic mask.

"This is no small part of *my penance*, but all must be endured as long as it please God, and I have still abundant cause to praise him who has given you this new advantage. I pray God to continue to bless you, and make us all as

[1] Meaning the queen's French secretary D'Alonne.

thankful as we ought, but I must own that the thoughts of your staying longer *is* very uneasy to me. God give me patience!"

"I hope you will be so kind as to write oftener, while you are away, it is really the only comfort this world affords, and if you knew what a joy it is to receive such a kind one as your last, you would, by that, better than anything else, be able to judge of *mine* for you, and the belief that what you say on that subject is true, is able to make me bear anything."

"When I writ last, I was *extream* sleepy, and so full of my Scotch business, that I really forgot Mr. Harbord."

The queen had sent this worthy (who was the hero of the anecdote of the standard), to apologize to the Dutch for the defeat of their fleet off Beachy Head. Her message of condolence was not very complimentary to the seamen of her country, who, under the flag of her father, had so often beaten the Dutch. Indeed, English Mary, in this whole affair, comported herself much like a Dutchwoman, for, in her condolence, she directly accused her countrymen of cowardice, and said, withal, she had sent lord Torrington to the Tower.[1] She likewise had the Dutch sailors taken care of in the hospitals, in preference to the English, which, to be sure, was only right in a strange country. The States, in return, sent most affectionate answers, and a supply of ships. She continues—

"Harbord wrote to sir R. Southwell, as he told me, but he has a great deal to say; *he* pleased me extremely to hear how much people love me *there. When I think of that, and see what folk do here, it grieves me too much, for Holland has really spoiled me in being so kind to me*—that they are so to YOU, 'tis no wonder. I wish to God it was the same here! but I ask your pardon for this—if I once begin upon this subject, I can never have done!"

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 163.

"To put it out of my head, I must put you once more in mind of the *custos rotolorum* for lord Fitzharding; he thinks his honour depends on it, since it has been so long in his family."

The rest of her letter is taken up with the solicitations of Marlborough, that his peculating brother might be made an admiral, and for that purpose be put over the head of a veteran officer, despite of the protestations of the lord-president Carmarthen.

"Marlborough says," continues the queen, "that lord-president may write to you about one Carter. 'Tis like enough he will, for he tells me *he is a much older officer, and will quit if others come over his head,* and says, 'all goes by partiality and faction'—as indeed I think 'tis but too plain in other things; how it is in this you are best able to judge. I writ you word before, what Mr. Russell said; you will do in it as you please, for I told the commissioners myself, that 'I hoped you would be here soon, and that I did not see why this matter should not stay for your coming.' And so I resolve to leave it, if 'tis possible, but could not refuse my lord Marlborough, nor indeed myself, the writing you the matter as it is, though he expects I should write in his favour, which, though I would not promise, yet I did make him a sort of compliment, *after my fashion.*"[1]

What fashion this was, both biographer and reader would equally like to know; but, if we may judge by the preceding words, it was not a very sincere one. Queen Mary, however, had evidently a hankering to appoint Churchill, broken as he was for dishonesty, both by parliament and navy, in preference to the brave Carter, who died a few months afterwards on the deck of his ship in her cause. The confession of sir John Fenwick, made after her death, names Carter as one of her father's warmest friends; and, at the same time, implicates Marlborough, Russell, and Churchill, as in

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 163.

correspondence with the Jacobites. It is a strange task to compare the letters extant of all these personages; it is like looking into a series of windows, which betray to the observer all that passed in those treacherous bosoms, until death revealed to them the uselessness of their toils and deceits.

The queen, before she wrote again, was alarmed by the vague rumour of one of the daring actions performed by Sarsfield, her father's partisan in Ireland, who intercepted the supplies of cannons, provisions, and money, which she had sent from England for the aid of her husband's troops then besieging Limerick:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. ¾, 1690.

"This is only to let you know that I have received your duplicate of the 14th, which came by Waterford, and got hither last night by nine o'clock. There was no time lost in obeying your orders, but I have several remarks to make another time."

"Sir Robert Southwell's letter speaks of a misfortune to the artillery (which he refers to your letter) that is coming[1] by Dublin; I cannot imagine the reason 'tis not come yet, nor can I help being very impatient *for it* [about it]. The messenger tells an imperfect story, which makes a great noise in the town [in London], and does not lessen the desire for knowing the truth; besides, 'tis such a comfort to hear from you, that I can't be blamed for wishing it.

"This is all I will say to-night, for should I begin to tell my fears that you will not be back so soon as I could wish, I should trouble you, and write myself asleep, it being late. You know my heart; I need say nothing of that, 'tis so entirely yours."

The next day brought the confirmation of the bad news. The event was briefly as follows:—William had advanced to Limerick on August 8th, O.S. Three days after the siege commenced, colonel Sarsfield having got intelligence that the battering cannon and ammunition were expected to arrive in William's camp next morning, went secretly out of Limerick, with his forces, and laid an ambush

[1] The queen's ideas are confused between the artillery and her expected letter. We find by her succeeding letters, that this "*cross*," as she calls it, delayed the taking of Limerick.

among the mountains. When the convoy arrived, he made a sudden attack, spiked the cannon, and exploded the ammunition; the Irish, in their eagerness, blew up with it three barrels of money, which the queen had sent her husband. The uproar alarmed the English camp; but Sarsfield returned safely back to Limerick.[1]

The queen alludes to this defeat in her despatch[2] dated "Whitehall, Sep. 1, (Aug. 22,) 1690.—This day at noon, I received yours, which came by the way of Dublin, and am sorry to see the messenger's news confirmed; but it has pleased God to bless you with such continued success, that it may be necessary to have *some little cross*. I hope in God this will not prove a main one to the main business,[3] though it is a terrible thought to me, that your coming is put off again for so long time; I think it so, I'm sure, and have great reason every manner of way. I will say nothing of what my *poor* heart suffers, but must tell you, that I am now in great pain about the naming of the flags. Mr. Russell came to me last night, and said, it would now be absolutely necessary. I insisted upon staying till I heard from you. He desired to know, 'if I had any particular reason?' I told him plainly, 'that since I could not pretend to know myself, who were the fittest, it troubled me to see all were not of a mind; that I was told by several persons, that there were ancient officers in the fleet, who had behaved themselves very well this last time [*battle of Beachy Head*], and would certainly quit if these were preferred, so he [Russell] could not blame me if I desired in this difficulty to stay for your answer.

"To this, Russell answered in more passion than I ever saw him, 'That Carter and Davis [*the senior officers alluded*

[1] Dalrymple's Mems. p. 447, collated with Kelly's Contemporary History published by the Camden Society.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 164.

[3] The siege of Limerick; see Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 164.

to] were *too* pitiful fellows, and very mean seamen, though he knew lord president and lord Nottingham had spoken for them, and that next summer he would not command the fleet if they had flags."

"After a long dispute about this matter, I have put him off till the last moment comes, when they are to sail. He [Russell] says, 'then he must speak of it to the commissioners, and hear who will speak against it, by which I may judge.'"

The matter was for the promotion of the disgraced brother of Marlborough to a flag. How strange it is that queen Mary did not urge the impossibility of placing a man, branded as Churchill was, in such a situation! In these days, the public press would have thundered their anathemas against such a measure, wheresoever the English language was read or spoken.

"I see lord Marlborough's heart is very much set on this matter, and Mr. Russell, as you may see by what I write. On t'other side," adds her majesty, "lord-president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, it will be called *the flag by favour*, as his brother [Marlborough] is called *the general by favour*.'"

Marlborough had, as yet, done little to justify, even in the eyes of his party, the extraordinary course of prosperity he had enjoyed, except by his services as revolutionist. Few persons, at this period, gave him credit for his skill in military tactics, on which his fame was founded in the reign of Anne. As for his personal prowess, *that* was never greatly boasted, even by his warmest admirers. Queen Mary mentions above the precise value at which he was rated by the revolutionary party, his compeers in 1690; and as she avowedly leant to the appointment of his peculating brother to an admiral's flag, as shown in her letter of August $\frac{23}{12}$, she certainly does not speak with the bitterness of opposition. Neither does queen Mary ever manifest the slightest enmity to Marl-

borough himself in this correspondence. Far from it; she always mentions him with complacency, though she owns her dislike to his wife. She continues on the subject of the navy:—

"Lord-president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, that absolutely this Carter will quit; he commends him highly; but I must tell you another thing, which is, that he (lord president) is mightily dissatisfied with the business of Kinsale.[1] I see he does not oppose it, for he says, 'it is your order, and therefore must be obeyed,' but I find he raises many difficulties to me; what he does to others, I cannot tell, but among other things, he endeavours to fright me by the danger there is of being so exposed, when the fleet and 5000 men are gone, which he reckons all the force, and tells me how easy it will be then for the French to come with only transport ships, and do what they will."

The victorious French fleet, which had for some weeks kept William from returning from Ireland, now began to find their rendezvous of Kinsale dangerous, and left the Irish coast, and consequently the passage, free for William III. to slip over to England, which he now prepared to do, having accepted lord Marlborough's offer, made to the queen,[2] that he would reduce Cork and Kinsale before winter.

"You will have an account from lord Nottingham," proceeds the queen's narrative, "of what has been done this day and yesterday. I know you will pity me, and I hope will believe that had your letter been less kind, I don't know what had become of me. 'Tis that only makes me bear all that now so torments me, and I give God thanks, every day, for your kindness. 'Tis such a satisfaction to me, to find you are satis*fyed* with me, that I cannot express it, and I do so flatter myself with the hopes of being once more happy with you, that that thought alone in this

[1] Kinsale and Cork still held out for her father.

[2] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 448.

world makes me bear all with patience. I pray God preserve you from the dangers I hear you daily expose yourself to, which *puts* me in continual pain. A battle, I fancy, is soon over; but the perpetual shooting you are now in, is an intolerable thing to think on. For God's sake, take care of yourself! you owe it to your own [Holland] and this country, and to all in general. I must not name myself where church and state are equally concerned, yet I must say you owe a little care for my sake, who I am sure loves you more than you can do me, and the little care you take of your dear person I take to be a sign of it, but I must still love you more than life."

This tender strain pervades the letter she wrote five days after, in which she unveils still more of her feelings, and gives withal some amusing family gossip of the affairs of king William's relatives:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, Sep. 5, Aug. 26, 1690.

"Yesterday I was very much disappointed when lord Nottingham brought me a letter from you, to find it was only a duplicate of a former, which brought your orders to lord Marlborough, so that I have now received three of yours of one date; you may be sure they are all *extreme* welcome, but I confess that which came yesterday, would have been more so had it been of a fresher date.

"I have been just now writing to your aunt, the princess of Nassau, in answer to one which she wrote, to let me know of her daughter being about to marry the prince of Saxenschnach. I believe you will be glad, for your cousin's sake, that she will be disposed of before her mother dies, and I ever heard *it* at the Hague, that this young man was good-natured, which will make him use her well, though she is so much older. And for his good fortune, she has enough [good nature], I believe, to govern him more *gently* than *another cousin of yours does her spouse.*"

Meaning herself and William; with playful irony, she contrasts her own utter submission and devotion to her master with the airs of a governing wife. She then opens her own heart to the object of her love, while her ostensible

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 166.

purpose of sending cannon, and the use to be made of them, are mingled strangely with her honeyed sentences:—

"I can't help laughing at this wedding, though my poor heart is ready to break every time I think in what perpetual danger you are. I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any who loves less than myself. I count the hours and the moments, and have only reason enough to think, as long as I have no letters, all is well.

"I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest, and then Saturday, I suppose you began *to make use of them.* Judge then what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do anything without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company upon my *sett* days. I must play twice a-week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me—at least, 'tis a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world! So that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for your dear person, that I must *grin when my heart is ready to break,* and talk when it is so oppressed I can scarce breathe!"[1]

Such was the result of the fruition of her ambition! Surely, Danté in all his descriptions of torture, whether ludicrous or pathetic, or both combined, does not surpass Mary's "grin when her heart was ready to burst!" Queen Mary, like all the royal race of Stuart, excepting her sister Anne, was born with literary abilities; happily for herself, she was unconscious of those powers; for the excitability of the brain devoted to literary pursuits is by no means likely to soothe the thorns interwoven in every regnal diadem.

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 167.

The calamities of authors are as proverbial as those of kings, and both had been united in her hapless race. It would be difficult for any professional pen to have given a more forcible or beautiful transcript of human feeling than this which sprang, in unstudied simplicity, from the queen's mind, written, as it avowedly is, against her inclination, in order to unburden her over-charged heart to its only confidant. She continues:—

"I don't know what I should do, were it not for the grace of God, which supports me; I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord while I live, for his great mercy, that I don't sink under this affliction; nay, that I keep my health; for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone; neither can I complain—*that* would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely. Besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but *break my brains the more*, and not ease my heart."

"I see I have insensibly made my letter too long upon my own self, but I am confident you love enough to bear it for once. I don't remember I have been guilty of the like fault before, since you went; and that is now three months, for which time of almost perpetual fear and trouble, this is but a short account, and so I hope may pass."

It is apparent from this passage that Mary had been chidden by her spouse, on account of the length of these letters.

She resumes: "'Tis some ease to me to write my pain, and 'tis some satisfaction to believe you will pity me; it will be yet more when I hear it from yourself in a letter, as I am sure you must, if it be but out of common good-nature, how much more, then, out of kindness, *if you love me as well as you make me believe*, and as I endeavour to deserve a little by that sincere and lasting kindness I have for you.

"But by making excuses, I do but take up more of your time, and therefore must tell you that this morning lord Marlborough went away; as little reason as I have to care for his wife, yet I must pity her condition, having lain in but eight days; and I have great compassion for wives when their husbands go to fight."

This is a paragraph which does some honour to Mary's feelings. It is singular, that the only person, besides her husband, for whom, in her correspondence, she manifests a human sympathy, should be the woman whose pen was most active in vituperating her. Lord Marlborough set off for Ireland on an expedition, to reduce Cork and Kinsale, which, it is as well to mention here, fell in the course of six weeks, and were the first fruits of his genius in battle and siege. The queen says, of this undertaking:—

"I hope this business will succeed; I find if it do not, those who have advised it will have an ill time, all, except lord Nottingham, being very much against it. Lord-president only complying because it was your order, but not liking it, and wondering England should be left so exposed, thinking it too great a hazard. There would be no end should I tell you all I hear upon this subject, but I thank God I am not afraid, nor do I doubt of the thing since it is by your order. I pray God the weather does not change with you as it does here; it has rained all the last night and this day, and looks as if it were set in for it. Everything frights me now, but were I once more so happy as to see you here, I fancy I should fear nothing."

"I have always forgot to tell you that in the Utrecht Courant, they have printed a letter of yours to the States of Holland, in which you promise to be soon with them; I can't tell you how many ill hours I have had about that, in the midst of my joy, when I thought you were coming home, for it troubled me to think you would go over and fight again there."

And what was worse, indulge at Loo in the society of her rival, Elizabeth Villiers, the companion of his coarse relaxations in Holland; which consisted of schnaps, smoking, and more vulgarity than could be ventured upon in the presence of the English court and his stately queen, who, whatsoever were her deficiencies in family benevolence, these letters will prove was a lady of refined mind; yet, like her ancestress the wife of the Conqueror, and Matilda Atheling, she was often left to sway a lonely sceptre, while her husband was absent prosecuting his continental wars and soothing the discontents of his transmarine subjects. The Dutch, in fact, soon began to murmur at the pains and penalties of absenteeism, which is, sooth to say, the curse of pluralities, whether they be possessions temporal or spiritual.

The next paragraph in the queen's letter alludes to an eccentric character, whom we suppose to be the elector of Brandenburgh. From her description, his letter to her must have been a real curiosity, and we regret in vain that a copy was not enclosed to her spouse.

"I must tell you that Mr. Johnson writes that Mr. Danckleman has writ the elector word that you received the news very coldly, that he, the elector, was come to the army, which they say *vext* him. I have writ to him ('tis already some time ago) in answer to a letter I had from him, which I wish you had seen, it was full of so many extraordinary things, but *so like him.* I have had a present from him of an amber cabinet, for which I think it is not necessary *to write.*"

The amber cabinet seems to indicate, that the queen's eccentric correspondent was the sovereign of Prussia.[1]

"Now," concludes queen Mary, "my letter is so long, 'tis as if I were bewitched to-night; I can't end for my life, but will force myself now, beseeching God to bless

[1] He was made knight of the Garter about a month after, at the same time with the duke of Zelle, another friend and ally of William III., the father of George I.'s unfortunate wife, Sophia Dorothea.

you, and keep you from all dangers whatsoever! And to send us a happy meeting again here upon earth, and at last, a joyful and blessed one in heaven, in his good time!"

"Farewell—do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up so much of your time by your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."

King William was defeated in an attempt to storm Limerick, August 26, owing to the desperate resistance of the governor, col. Sarsfield. After leaving 1200 regular soldiers dead in the trenches, he raised the siege of Limerick, August 30, and embarked September 5th, for England. His brother-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, was permitted to sail in the same ship with him, though not to enter his coach. So prosperous was his voyage, that they arrived in King's Road, near Bristol, September $\frac{6}{16}$, driven by the equinoctial winds, before which the French ships had prudently retired from the dangerous British channels; and the king of Great Britain, finding the coast clear, got safely to the other side of the water: the news of his landing drew from the queen the following letter:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Sep. $\frac{8}{8}$, 1690.

"Lord Winchester is desirous to go meet you, which you may believe I will never hinder any one. Whether I ought to send him out of form sake I can't tell, but it may pass for what it ought to the world; and to your dear self, at least, I suppose it is indifferent. Nothing can express the impatience I have to see you, nor my joy to think it is so near. I have not *sleept* all this night for it, though I had but five hours rest the night before, for a reason I shall tell you. I am now going to Kensington to put things in order there, and intend to dine there to-morrow, and expect to hear when I shall *sett* out to meet you.

"I had a compliment, last night, from the queen-dowager, who came to town *a-Friday* (on Friday). She sent, I believe, with a better heart, because *Limmericke* is not taken—for my part I don't think of that or anything but you.

"God send you a good journey home, and make me thankful as I ought for all his mercies."

So closes this regnal correspondence; it concludes as it began, with the expression of ill-will against the unfortunate Catharine of Braganza.

King William arrived at Kensington, September $\frac{20}{10}$; how affectionately he was received by his adoring consort, may be supposed from her preceding love-letters. The queen went to meet her husband at Windsor, from whence they went to Hampton Court, and from thence in two days to Kensington Palace, where they settled for the remainder of the autumn.

Again does that remarkable feature in this reign press on the attention of observers, that the queen was never permitted to approach her parliament, not even at its solemn opening in the autumn of 1690; the first which was legally elected in their reign. After the meeting of which, the queen's youngest uncle, Laurence Hyde, took the oaths with many other nobles, gentlemen, and clergymen who had previously refused them when William and Mary were governing merely by means of the convention that had elected them to the throne. How deeply the jealousy was seated of the king to his partner, may be considered, when it is remembered that she never invested with her regal robes and state-crown to sceptre the acts, and give her personal assent to any bill passed by parliament, like the queens regnant, her predecessors, not even when she was governing alone. King William had interdicted her from meeting the privy-council, a fact which is evident by her own assertion in her letters, and previously quoted. When forced so to do at critical exigencies, her apologies are remarkable. With parliament, in the most stormy periods of her regency, the queen never had the slightest communication but by commission.[1] The instruments for these commissions bear her full sign-manual, Maria Regina, to which is added, "*Guliel. et Maria Dei gratia Anglia,*" &c. &c. Nevertheless, the for-

[1] MS. Journals of the House of Lords.

mula of all assented bills ran, "*Le Roy et la Reyne le veulent.*"[1] Perhaps the king's regal jealousy of his wife had been aggravated by this remarkable circumstance: that when the bill was passing in the spring of this year of 1690, to enable the queen to exercise, in the king's absence, the sole sovereign power, very singular queries were started; for instance, "*Whether, if the queen gave contrary commands to the king, or signed any documents contradicting his orders, which sovereign was to be obeyed?*" Such is, however, the mere heading of the diurnal notation; the very remarkable debate which ensued thereon, passed with closed doors, and if any minutes remain of the speeches, they exist in as yet undiscovered private manuscripts.

Among other remarkable signs of those times was the extreme jealousy of the peers for their personal dignity; there was a disposition shown for assuming to themselves the sacred character of which they had just divested their sovereigns. Such assumption was the more absurd, since, for the last century and a half, the English peerage had begun to lose sight of the true office of nobility as the protective class to the country people inhabiting their wide extents of landed property. The personal abuses of the feudal system were moderated by Henry VII., yet for more than a century the old nobility and ancient country gentry still exercised feudality, but in the spirit of beneficial influence, not the feudality of law—but that of love—which almost assumed the exalted character of patriarchal government. That they exercised this influence to the satisfaction of those beneath them, may be judged by the deep affection borne to them by the country people, who manifested excessive anger if any persons who rose from mean origin were likely to be advanced by royal favour to the highest ranks of the peerage. The colonizing and maritime sovereigns, with statistical wisdom far beyond their century, endeavoured to turn the love of their people to

[1] So written.

the noble classes to great and good account, by inducing various members of the aristocracy to become leaders of emigration in hopes that those who possessed the governing instincts undegenerated, joined to the valour with which they wielded the sword defensive, would prove of the highest utility to the bands they protected in the Transatlantic wilderness. Hence the foundation of the Nova Scotia baronets and the districts in North America, granted to the earls of Stirling, Baltimore, and other nobles. The idea of this truly glorious and useful renewal of the well-spring of nobility sank with its much calumniated originator. Scarcely was his yet more calumniated son enabled to snatch, in a brief interval of power, the means of showing how a colony could prosper, founded under the auspices of a leader of ancient and respected lineage, who possessed the governing powers undegenerated that his Saxon sires of old had exercised, when all power passed away from the royal patron—his leader and his colony both suffered from the persecution of "Mary the daughter;" still, good enough had been done to make that colony a light and beacon of example in contradistinction to all the colonizing blunders perpetrated since its foundation. In vain did William Penn repudiate all titular nobility, and equally repudiating the use of the sword defensive of the ancient noble, he made up for his utter abstinence from physical pugnacity by the more effective exercise of powers of moral government. As the delegate of his sovereign, and the leader of his fellow subjects, Penn became virtually and practically a noble of the highest order, whether he chose to be called so or not. According to the sweet and primitive phrase of Saxon simplicity, it will be allowed that he was "good lord unto" those who were under his protection, whether they were the wild aborigines of the forest or the poor settler.

Whilst this solitary instance of the true exercise of primitive nobility was developing itself in the wilderness, an aris-

tocracy of mere wealth were manifesting active existence in England, which claimed all the privileges of the hereditary nobility, when, by means of successful acquisition, they had won the name and power of protectors—not of wide lands and prosperous tenants, or even of industrious communities, manufactories, or artizans, unto whom they might have had "the opportunity of being good lords," they were but protectors of large masses of money. In fact, "the unaccounted millions" of taxes which had been torn from the people during the period very oddly termed "the *common*-wealth," had been shared by Cromwell among a number of persons unprincipled enough to support his despotism; many of these were scions of genteel families—indeed, the revolution of 1640 was effected by the middle and burgher classes. Such men as the Coopers, the Whartons, and Harleys, with many more, whose names will instantly rise to memory, were found as monied capitalists, imbued with the most ravenous appetite for the titles and privileges of English nobility.

An examination of the journals of the House of Lords gives the reader, in manuscript, curious insights regarding the claims of personal sanctity made by peers, most of whom were in utter ignorance of the origin of their order, or its claims to the continuance of personal reverence by the exercise of any functions but taking care of the cash, on which they had founded their claims to titles. But this desire for mere titular dignity was no new trait: so rapid had been the race for earldoms, marquisates, and dukedoms since the reign of Edward VI., that when delineating the deeds of such men as the Dudleys, Halifaxes, and Osbornes, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is a difficult task for historians to recognise the traits of the old serpents under their frequent changes of skin. No wonder wealthy parvenues struggled forward to the titular oligarchy when much of the time of their debates, with closed doors, was spent in discussing the privileges of their order, on such

cases as the following, which are extracted from the MS. journals of the House of Lords, from the first regular parliament in 1690 to 1692.

Lord Danby, the son of the lord Carmarthen, had his waterman claimed by the master-gunner of a man-of-war, and seized while in the act of rowing his lord down the river, not without desperate resistance. The contumacious gunner was sent for by the black-rod, and was committed to the Gatehouse for breach of privilege. Lord Mulgrave made complaint that his waterman, wearing his arms and crest engraven on a silver badge, had been seized on, and carried off by a press-gang commanded by lieutenant Crowe, in defiance of his privilege as a peer; the black-rod was sent for the offending lieutenant, who had to resign his prey and make humble atonement on his knees at the bar of the house of lords for his audacity.

An assault of a different kind was brought before the discussion of the house of peers, which likewise involved the breach of peers' privilege. It seems that a guard was kept constantly mounted at the theatres, the same as at the British Museum and the royal demesnes and residences at the present day, which guard thought proper to keep the king and queen's peace therein in a somewhat bellicose manner. Lord Longueville, on the 15th of December, informed the house "that he was going to the playhouse," and "having given the *fellow* that receives the money a guinea to change,—not having taken a ticket previously—before he could obtain his change, the serjeant on guard pushed him back, some of the soldiers struck him, order was given to fire, they wounded his footman and knocked down his page."[1] For these outrages, which a well regulated police ought to have rectified, the house of peers, in high indignation, sent the black-rod to capture lieutenant Primrose, (the commander of the guard) his serjeant and his soldiers;

[1] MS. Journals of House of Lords, December, 1691.

and, moreover, they commanded the lord-chamberlain to shut up the playhouse. The offenders were incarcerated in the Gatehouse, and London remained without plays.

The petitions of the players and patentees were piteous; the pardon they asked of the peers almost amounted to prostration, as well as the required genuflexions; but the peers remained obdurate, until their majesties had answered the request of the house to prevent their soldiers from thus maltreating his peers. The answer was sent by the duke of Norfolk, who had especial cognizance, as earl-marshal, of all riots and rows on regal demesnes, "That his majesty hath given order that no soldiers be admitted to guard the playhouse as desired." Three days after, "Alexander Davenant, Richard Middlemore, and Andrew Card, sharers and adventurers in the playhouse, having made their humble apologies, supplications and petitions, the lords requested the lord-chamberlain of their majesties' household to take off the suspension the players lie under."[1]

The duke of Norfolk's family affairs likewise elucidate some traits of ancient usages and costume regarding the privileges of the peerage. His duchess being under prosecution for conjugal infidelity to him, it was needful in regard to her objections to his witnesses, that she had a conference with the house of peers, which went into debate to know how her grace was to be received by them. They agreed she was to sit in a chair at the table. They then debated whether any peer who spoke to her was to address her standing with his hat off, which was, however, negatived. The existence of such solemn notations of debates seem absurd, when it is found that discussions, involving the vital interests of both the monarchs and of their people, remain blanks on the journals of the senate.

It is not generally known that the peers and commons claimed the detestable right of putting their fellow creatures

[1] MS. Journals of House of Lords, December, 1691.

in the pillory, with all the horrors practised in the days of the queen's grandfather, Charles I., if their privileges were invaded. Such disgusting punishments justly meet with reprobation in history, although the law against libelling royalty had been by that unfortunate monarch greatly ameliorated—at least, in the practice, since it had become a statute under the Tudors. Few years elapsed, before a struggle took place in the house of peers to cause the same infliction to be visited on such of the people at large who discussed the conduct of any individual among them; such punishment was perpetrated on the person of Defoe, for blaming the conduct of the members of the houses of parliament collectively, and we shall see it attempted in the case of Dr. Sacheverel, for attacking a peer in office under a *sobriquet* or character-name. A clergyman of the name of Stevens was actually sentenced to the pillory, early in the reign of Anne, for charging the duke of Marlborough with a few of the facts which history has since brought home to his memory. The duke requested the remission of the punishment on Stevens, and proved his wisdom in thus doing, but the conviction and sentence mark the state of the law which the peers of the seventeenth century had voted for themselves.

Most favourable are the comparisons which may be drawn between such proceedings and those of the house of lords at the present day, instead of the doors being inexorably barred, access is easy; instead of reporters being set in the pillory, their accommodations, while in the pursuance of their important avocations, are positively luxurious in the newly erected hall of peers. Nor does there exist greater contrast between the puerile instances above mentioned, and the philanthropic tendency of debates in the present day. All contributes to mark the difference between the real liberty under the present reign and its much vaunted semblance in the days of Mary and Anne.

Illustrations of the literature, costume, and manners of the centuries, which have passed in review in the course of this series of royal English biographies, have always proved an arduous, although not undelightful task. Singular as the assertion may seem, the difficulties have been far greater in the endeavour to present any idea of the manners and tastes of Englishmen and Englishwomen, from the revolution to the accession of queen Anne, than any other period since the times of the Saxons. The information remaining respecting those of William the Conqueror is luminous in comparison.

All literature of costume and manner usually termed light literature, at the close of the seventeenth century, is a blank, or is too atrociously wicked to bear examination. Even unpublished diaries and journals are scarce and barren, for the law of habeas corpus being usually in a state of suspension since the accession of William and Mary, royal messengers were too apt to become very unwelcome and dangerous confidants of persons' private thoughts in such cases. The pictures of life on the stage were rather pictures of human depravity in general, than marked with the beautiful or even quaint delineations of national or historical customs and characters which atone for occasional forgetfulness of decorum in Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, Marlow, Herrick, and hundreds of other illustrious names which cast haloes of glory round the thrones of the native British sovereigns. Such forgetfulness of decorum in the literature of the time of Mary II. was not occasional, but universal. Moreover, poetry found neither exercise nor encouragement save in compounding panegyrics on royalty, which royalty neither read nor understood, and the sole sparks of genius apparent are to be sought in the lampoons under the patronage of state ministers or the leaders of opposition. The persons of talent who somewhat improved the literature and manners of the succeeding reign, all made their first efforts at

verse in these dull or abhorrent exercises. Marvel, Defoe, Congreve, and Prior, had previously proved masters in the atrocious art of lampoon, and had risen to a certain degree of political power in consequence. Swift, Steele, Parnell, Fenton, and Garth, were all at this epoch imping their infant wings by dabbling in the same kind of mud, which left its ineffaceable stains on the very souls of some of them, when they found the field open for better work. Addison himself is accused by his opponents, and by lord Byron, of participation in these evils; the more credit is, therefore, due to him for the Christian refinement and civilization, which were afterwards drawn from his writings, if his literary noviciate were, indeed, served in so black an abyss. Is it not, however, a most remarkable circumstance, that the portraiture of sir Roger de Coverley, on which Addison's immortality is founded, the character whose delineation and development makes all English hearts glow with the beautiful resemblance to the pride of their country life, was shown neither as revolutionist nor low churchman, but born a cavalier and bred nonjuror and Jacobite? The character of sir Roger de Coverley pretty well proves which way Addison's real affections tended, although his bread had to be won by rowing against the current of his true inclinations. Odd enough that the successful sketch of a Jacobite country gentleman should raise the author to the rank of an under secretary-of-state, in the revolutionary government. Sir Roger de Coverley was, however, a more complete type of the English country gentleman in the era of Mary II. than of the time in which the Spectator was produced. Most of the *nobiles minores* of his class lived afar off from the court. Like the sir Roger de Coverley of the Spectator, the balance of moral worth was regulated by some nonjuring chaplain of the reformed catholic church, who had, after the example of the apostolical archbishop, Sancroft, forsaken dignities and livings rather than swear a

false oath to the Dutch dissenter governing the church of England. One among the few noble specimens of English poetry of this epoch is the picture of the country clergyman of this class originally drawn by Chaucer, for a priest desirous of *some* Wicklifite reforms, but finished up by Dryden, from an illustrious instance in the deprived church of England of his day.[1] The sketch begins—

> "A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
> A holy reverend and religious man."

After much forcible delineation of practical excellence, comes the conclusion:—

> "All this the tempter saw with envious eye,
> And, as on Job, demanded leave to try:
> He took the time when Richard was deposed,
> When high and low with happy Harry closed.
> This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood,
> Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
> Had Richard unconstrained resigned the crown,
> A king can give no more than is his own.
> The title stood intailed had Richard had a son.
> Much to himself he thought, but little spoke,
> And undeprived, his benefice forsook."

Well do the readers of antique poetry know that Chaucer has never mentioned or even alluded to either the deposed Richard, or "Happy Harry;" indeed, it would have been an extraordinary circumstance, if the father of English poesy had ventured on such an experiment, the family connexions of Henry IV. being so strangely entangled with his own.[2] It is to the children of James II., to queen Mary and to her sister, and their unfortunate brother, that the interpolation of the deprived laureate alludes.

[1] Bishop Kenn.

[2] By the marriage of his son with the sister of the third wife of John of Gaunt, Catherine Roet.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Great abilities of Mary II.—Birth and death of princess Anne's daughter—King sails for the Hague—Queen again governs *solus*—Condemns her father's friends to death—Remonstrances of lord Preston's child (Vignette)—Danger of the king—His praises of the queen—Her concerns with the church—Queen's danger at the conflagration of Whitehall—Takes refuge in St. James's Park—Insulted by the Jacobites—Return of the king—Queen's negotiation with Dr. Tillotson—King's departure—Queen appoints Dr. Tillotson primate — Promotes Dr. Hooper — Rage of the king — Grief of the queen — Her differences with her sister and George of Denmark—Anne demands the garter for Marlborough—Her letter to the king—Contemptuous refusal of the queen—Anne and her favourites malcontent—They write to James II. —Queen's persecution! of Penn the quaker—Queen Mary's letter to lady Russell—Her conversation with Dr. Hooper—Return of the king—Queen reproached by him—His cynical remark on her—Princess Anne's letter to her father—Queen's open quarrel with her sister—Letters of the royal sisters on the dismissal of Marlborough—Final rupture and ejection of the Marlboroughs from Whitehall—Princess Anne departs with them—She borrows Sion House of the Duchess of Somerset—Queen Mary's reception of her sister at her drawing-room in Kensington Palace—Princess Anne suffers petty annoyances—Burnet's private opinions of the conduct of the princess Anne and the queen—She is deprived of her guards by the king and queen —Departure of the king, &c. &c.

The abilities of queen Mary, and the importance of her personal exertions as a sovereign, have been as much underrated, as the goodness of her heart and Christian excellences have been over-estimated. She really reigned alone the chief part of the six years that she was queen of Great

Britain. On her talents for government, and all her husband owed to her sagacity, intelligence, and exclusive affection to him, there is little need to dwell; her own letters fully develop the best part of her character and conduct. William III., with the exception of the first year of his election to the throne of the British empire, was seldom resident more than four months together in England, and would scarcely have tarried that space of time, but for the purpose of inducing the parliament to advance the enormous sums to support the war he carried on in Flanders, where he commanded as generalissimo of the confederated armies of the German empire against France, as heretofore, but with this difference, that all the wealth of the British kingdoms was turned to supply the funds for those fields of useless slaughter—the prospect of obtaining such sinews of war having been the main object of William's efforts to dethrone his uncle.

It is worthy of remark, that Dr. Hooper, the friend and chaplain of queen Mary, held her consort's abilities in as low estimation as he always did his character and religious principles, while he pointed out the great talents of the princess, and said, "that if her husband ever retained his throne, it would be by her skill and talents for governing. Few gave him credit for this assertion, but all came round to his idea when they had seen her at the helm for some months."[1] The king did not leave her so soon as she had dreaded in the summer, but his stay in England was a mere series of preparations for his spring campaign. Lord Marlborough arrived before the close of the autumn from Ireland, where he had met with brilliant success in reducing Cork and Kinsale; he had an audience of thanks from the king and queen at Kensington. Notwithstanding the flattering reception they gave him, he saw that they remem-

[1] Hooper MS., edited in Trevor's William III., vol. ii.

bered with secret displeasure his interference in procuring the income for the princess Anne.

At St. James's palace, the princess Anne gave birth to a daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the queen, but the infant died in the course of a few hours.

The king left the queen to embark for the Hague, at a very dangerous and unsettled time, just on the eve of the explosion of a plot for the subversion of their government. He took leave of her January $\frac{6}{16}$ 1690-91, and embarked with admiral Rooke and a fleet of twelve ships of the line. The queen was left to govern by the assistance of the same junta of nine, who were called by the discontented "the nine kings." The departure of the king was celebrated by some English Jacobite impertinences in rhyme, which were said or sung by more persons than history records, and these lines note what history does not, the increasing corpulence of her majesty.

"Departure of King William from Queen Mary.[1]

"He at the Boyne his father beat,
And mawled the Irish Turk,
The rebel he did make retreat,
With Ginkell and with Kirk.

"But now he is to Holland gone,
That country to defend,
And left the queen and us alone,
No states have such a friend.

"The royal dame can fill at once,
Her husband's triple throne,
For she is thrice as big as he,
And bears three queens in one."

The very day after the king's departure, the important trial of Lord Preston, the late lord chamberlain of James II. and Mr. Ashton, a gentleman in the household of the exiled queen Mary Beatrice, took place, for conspiring the re-

[1] Lansdowne MS., British Museum. MS. Songs, collected for Robert Harley, earl of Oxford.

storation of the queen's father. Lord Preston and Ashton were found guilty, on slender evidence, and condemned to death.

It is said, that the daughter of lord Preston, lady Catherine Graham, a little girl of but nine years old, saved her father's life, by a sudden appeal to the feelings of queen Mary. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments at Windsor Castle, where he had very lately had an establishment, which, probably, in the violent confusion of events, had not been legally taken from his domestics and family. The day after the condemnation of lord Preston, the queen found her in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression of the child's face, Mary asked her hastily,

"What she saw in that picture that made her look on it so particularly?"

"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that *my* father must die for loving yours."

The story goes, that the queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of lord Preston, and gave the father back to the child.[1] The anecdote furnishes the subject of the vignette to this volume.

It is an ungracious task to dispel the illusions that are pleasant to all generous minds; glad should we be to record as a truth that the pardon of lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of queen Mary, but, alas! the real circumstances of the case will not suffer the idea to be cherished for a moment. Lord Preston was only spared in order to betray, by his evidence, the deep-laid ramifications of the plot, which compromised many of the nobility and clergy. Above all, lord Preston's confessions were made use of to convict his high-spirited coadjutor, young Ashton, to whose

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution of Great Britain, &c. There are several minutiæ the author has supplied from northern traditions.

case the appeal of little lady Catherine[1] applied as much as it did to her father. Queen Mary, however, signed the death-warrant of Ashton without any relenting, and he was executed. He died with great courage, and prayed for king James with his last breath.

Lord Preston's revelations implicated the queen's uncle, lord Clarendon, who continued under very severe incarceration in the Tower during her regency. The extensive conspiracy was connected with the formidable coalition in Scotland, which the queen had partially detected in the summer, when it will be remembered, that a Jacobite, named Nevill Payne, had been arrested by her orders during the absence of king William in Ireland. Her majesty had written, before the return of the king, it seems, several autograph letters to the privy-council of Scotland, in which she had made some ominous inquiries as to what had become of Mr. Nevill Payne?[2] These inquiries were, to be sure, blended with many pious expressions, and as many recommendations "to praise God," which hints in state-documents, unfortunately, are too frequently followed by some unusual perpetration of cruelty to his creatures. The result was the following infliction on her father's faithful and courageous servant. As it is difficult to abstain from indignant language in such a case, we will only use that addressed to the principal minister of her majesty for Scotland, who was then at court expediting the business relating to this affair with the queen:

To Lord Melville.[3]

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, Nevill Paine was questioned upon some things that were not of the greatest concern, and had but *gentle* torture given

[1] Lady Catherine Graham afterwards married the representative of the heroic line of Widdrington, whose fortunes fell in the subsequent northern struggles for the restoration of the house of Stuart, never to rise again.

[2] Melville Papers, pp. 582, 583 to 585.

[3] Letter from the earl of Crafurd, at Edinburgh, to lord Melville, at Mary's court, in London. Nevill Payne soon afterwards died of the effects of these cruelties.

him; being resolved to repeat it this day, which, accordingly, about six this evening, we inflicted on both his thumbs and one of his legs with all the severity that was consistent with humanity [such humanity!] even to that pitch *that we could not preserve life, and have gone farther*, but without the least success, for his answers to all our interrogatories were negatives. Yea, he was so manly and resolute under his suffering, that such of the council as were not acquainted with all the evidences were *bungled* (staggered,) and began to give him charity that he might be innocent. It was surprising to me and others that flesh and blood could, without fainting, endure the heavy penance he was in for two hours."

It is some satisfaction to perceive, that the narrator of this atrocious scene was ashamed and conscience-stricken, and even sick at the part he had played, as chief inquisitor in this hideous business, for he adds—

"My stomach is, truly, so out of tune, by being a witness to an act so far cross to my natural temper, that I am fitter for rest than anything else, but the dangers from *such conspirators to the person of our incomparable king*, have prevailed over me in the council's name *to have been the prompter of the executioner* to increase the torture to so high a pitch."

While these appalling scenes were proceeding in London and Edinburgh, the life of the consort of the queen had been exposed to imminent danger from the elements. King William had made the coast of Holland two days after his departure, but found that the fleet in which he sailed dared approach no nearer to the coast at Goree than four miles, for a dense frost-fog was settled over the shore, and wrapped every object in its impenetrable shroud. The king was extremely anxious to arrive at the Hague, where their High Mightinesses the States Deputies were waiting for him to open their sessions, and they had in the previous year expressed great jealousy of his long absence in his new sovereignty. Notwithstanding the fog, some fishermen ventured on board the king's ship, and reported that Goree was not a mile and a half distant; the king, therefore, resolved to be rowed on shore in his barge, into which he went with the duke of Ormond, and some of the English nobility of his suite. In a few minutes, the royal barge was totally lost in the fog, and could neither find the shore nor regain the

fleet. Night fell, and the waves became rough with a ground-swell; the king laid down in the bottom of the open boat, only sheltered by his cloak; the waves washed over him several times, and the danger seemed great. Some one near the king expressed his despair at their situation. "What, are you afraid to die with me?" asked his majesty, sternly.[1] At day-break the shore was discovered, and the king landed safely at Aranick Haak, and from thence went to the Hague, where he was received triumphantly, with illuminations, and all possible rejoicings. It was his first state entrance into his old dominions as king of Great Britain, which the Dutch firmly believed was as much his conquest, as it had been that of Norman William in the eleventh century. In all the pageantry at the Hague he was greeted with the cognomen of William "the Conqueror," to the shame and confusion of face of the duke of Ormond, and many English nobles he brought in his train.

The earl of Nottingham, the friend and confidential adviser of queen Mary, who was in the train of William at this entry, made some complimentary remark on the acclamations of the Dutch. William replied, "Ah, my lord, if my queen were but here, you would see a difference! Where they now give one shout for me, they would give ten for her."[2] Perhaps his recent danger had caused his heart to be unusually tender in its conjugal reminiscences.

It will be allowed that queen Mary must have possessed considerable personal and mental courage, when it is remembered that she was left alone at the helm of government during the awful events which marked the spring of 1690-1; when the execution of the devoted Ashton, and others of her father's friends, took place; likewise the incarceration of her eldest uncle. Far more dangerous was the step she had to take in dispossessing the apostolic archbishop of Canterbury, and other disinterested clergy of the

[1] Barnard's History of England, p. 525.
[2] Echard's History of the Revolution.

church of England, who refused to take the oaths of allegiance to herself and her spouse. Nor could the queen have succeeded in this bold undertaking, had she not been supported by a standing army, and if that army had not been blended with a numerous portion of foreigners; it was likewise under the unwonted terrors of the lash. Infinitely was the church of England beloved by the common people, and great reason had the people for manifesting towards its ministers the most ardent gratitude.

Those who are observers of historical facts, will readily concur in the remark, that all the changes in our national modes of worship have been effected by queens. Without dwelling on the tradition, that the empress Helena, a British lady, planted the gospel in England, it may be remembered that Ethelburga, the wife of Edwin, king of Northumbria, and her mother, revived the Christian religion by the agency of Paulinus; that Anne Boleyn caused Henry VIII. to open his eyes to the Reformation; that Catharine Parr's influence preserved the present endowments of our church; that Mary I. restored the Roman hierarchy to a feeble but cruel exercise of power, which was triumphantly wrested from that still formidable body by the able policy of queen Elizabeth. We have here to record changes, of a scarcely less important nature, which were effected by queen Mary II. in the established church of England.

At the period when archbishop Sancroft suffered imprisonment for having resisted the rapid advances of James II. to place the Roman church on an equality with the church of England, we think all disinterested observers of history will allow that our established religion had attained a degree of excellent perfection, not often beheld on this earth; nor were the excellences of her clergy confined to their mere learning and literary merit, although Hall, Hooker, George Herbert, Taylor, Barrow, Sanderson, and Kenn, rise to the mind among the sacred classics of their country.

Evidence of the changes in queen Mary's own mind and conduct, from the days of her youth, when Hooper and Kenn were her pastors, has been carefully and painfully collected, and laid before our readers, who will, without difficulty, analyse the reasons why, with such high-sounding panegyrics, decadence and sorrow paralysed the church of England for nearly a century after the sway of this highly praised woman.

Mary temporized, for upwards of a year, in the astute expectation that the possession of the power, dignity, and splendid revenues of the see of Canterbury, and, above all, that the aversion which old age ever has to change of life and usages, would at last altogether shake the principles of archbishop Sancroft into some compromise with expediency. As she found that this was vain, she declared his deprivation, and warned him to quit Lambeth, Feb. 1, 1690-1. Six other learned and disinterested prelates of the church of England,[1] with several hundred divines, were deprived by queen Mary on the same day.[2] Sancroft took no notice of this act, but continued to live at the palace, exercising the same charity and hospitality as before. Bishop Kenn remonstrated and read a protestation, in the market-place of Wells, pointing out the illegality of the queen's proceedings. Finding this was unavailing, Kenn, who carried not away a sixpence from his bishopric, retired to the charity of his nephew, Isaac Walton, who gave him refuge in his prebendal house in Salisbury-close. No successor had as yet been appointed to the see of Canterbury. Dean Tillotson was supposed to be the future archbishop. It was given out that the queen (regarding whose attachment to the church of England a

[1] Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, and Lake, bishop of Chichester, supplied the places of Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, of Bristol, and thus the number of the "sacred seven," who had equally resisted the corruptions of Rome and the innovations of dissent, was completed.

[2] Doyley's Life of Sancroft. Some say 700 clergy, others 400.

political cry was raised), had the sole management of ecclesiastical affairs, and that the choice of all the dignitaries was her own unbiassed act.

Archbishop Sancroft observed that he had committed no crime against church or state, which could authorize his degradation, and that if the queen wished for his place at Lambeth, she must send and thrust him out of it by personal violence. He, however, packed up his beloved books, and waited for that hour. Thousands of swords would have been flashing in the defence of the venerable primate, if he would have endured the appeal to arms; but passive resistance he deemed the only, the proper demeanour for a Christian prelate of the reformed church. The people of the present age have forgotten the sneers that prevailed against these principles throughout a great part of the last century; and, therefore, are better able to appreciate conduct, assuredly, more worthy of primitive Christianity, than the mammon-worshipping seventeenth century would allow.

A dead pause ensued. Queen Mary was perplexed as to the person whom she could appoint to fill the archiepiscopal seat of Canterbury. Her tutor, Compton, bishop of London, had the ambition to desire this high appointment, but his extreme ignorance, his military education, and the perpetual blunders he made in his functions, would not permit such advancement.[1]

In the winter of 1691, Quebec was summoned to surrender to king William and queen Mary, by a detachment of troops which invaded French America. The governor of Quebec, Frontinac, replied, "that he knew neither king William nor queen Mary; but, whosoever they might be, he should hold out the garrison given in charge from his master, Louis XIV., against them."[2] The invasion was, in

[1] With the idea of making his court, however, to the king for this purpose, bishop Compton had left his see, and accompanied him in his voyage to Holland.

[2] Dangeau, vol. ii. p. 369.

fact, unsuccessful. Canada remained in the power of the original colonists for more than half a century.

The queen was, at this juncture, earnestly solicited in behalf of her eldest uncle, Henry, lord Clarendon, by his friend Katherine, the dowager lady Ranelagh, and by his brother, her uncle Laurence, earl of Rochester, particularly for some relaxation in the severity of his durance in the Tower. The reader will recal the queen's own extraordinary narrative of her committal of her eldest uncle to that fortress in the commencement of her last regency. Attainder and trial for high treason were now hanging over the head of Clarendon, whose health, moreover, was sinking under the depression of solitary confinement. Meantime, lady Ranelagh had previously negotiated the armistice between the queen and her uncle, Rochester, through the agency of Burnet. The executor of Burnet[1] claims much credit for the generosity of that person, as the queen's uncles always disliked him; yet, there was a mixture of policy in the interference, as, to use Burnet's own phraseology, "'twasn't decent" for the people to see one of the queen's uncles in durance in the Tower, and another in estrangement and impoverishment, because they beheld the exaltation of their sister's daughter with horror. Had they been brothers of the queen's step-mother, such conduct might have been expected; but that the brothers of her *mother* should afford such examples, left on her cause a glaring reproach, which could not too soon be removed.

In one of Katherine lady Ranelagh's[2] remonstrances, on the subject of the enmity between queen Mary and her uncles, she thus speaks of the queen: "This same royal person would not, I think, act unbecoming herself, or the eminent station God has placed her in, in assisting five

[1] Life of Burnet, p. 272.

[2] Lady Katherine Ranelagh was the dowager lady of that name, the daughter of Richard, first earl of Cork. She seems a warm friend of queen Mary's uncles, with whom she was connected by the marriage of one of her nieces.

innocent children, who have the honour to be related to her royal[1] mother, (who did still, with great tenderness, consider her own family when she was most raised above it,) especially when, in assisting them, her majesty will need only to concern herself to preserve a property made theirs by the law of England, which, as queen of this kingdom, she is obliged to maintain."

It is probable that the allusion here made is to some grant or pension, formerly given by the Stuart sovereigns to help to maintain the honours of the sons of Clarendon, whose titles, howsoever well deserved they might be, were not supported on the broad basis of hereditary estates—a circumstance which places the conscientious opposition of Henry earl of Clarendon to his royal niece in a more decided light, and accounts, at the same time, for the compliance of Laurence, after long reluctance. "I know not," says the queen's younger uncle, Laurence, "whether the queen can do me any good in this affair, but I believe her majesty cannot but wish she could; however, I think I should have been very wanting to my children, if I had not laid this case most humbly before her majesty, lest at one time she herself might say I might have been too negligent in making applications to her, which, having now done, I leave the rest, with all possible submission, to her own judgment, and to the reflection that *some good-natured moments* may incline her towards my family."

During the earl of Clarendon's hard confinement, his more complying brother thus writes of him:—"Such a petition might be presented with a better grace (to the queen), if he were once out of the Tower on bail, than it would be while he is under this *close confinement*."[2] Again, the brother strives to awaken some compassion in the heart of the queen, by pathetic reminiscences of their illustrious

[1] Anne Hyde, duchess of York, so called by lady Ranelagh, because she was by marriage a member of the royal family.

[2] Burnet's Life, p. 286.

father, the grandsire, on whose knees Mary had been reared, at Twickenham: "I will allow you, as a servant of the queen," he writes to Burnet, "to have as great a detestation of the contrivance,[1] as you can wish. But when I consider you, as you once were, a concerned friend, to have a respect for his family, and particularly for our father [*the great earl of Clarendon,*] who not only lost all the honours and preferments of this world, but even the comforts of it, too, for the integrity and uprightness of his heart, you must forgive me, if I conjure you by all that is sacred, that you do not suffer this next heir to my good father's name, to go down with sorrow to the grave."

"I cannot but think that the queen would do (and would be glad to avow it too), some great thing for the memory of *that gentleman*, though long in his grave."

The queen's grandfather, lord Clarendon, is designated by the expression, "that gentleman;" yet all the bearings of her conduct prove that Mary had as little tenderness for her maternal relatives, as for her father; for in all her correspondence extant, the words "my mother," are not to be found traced by her pen. Yet this biography brings instances, in which that parent's memory, and even that of her grandfather, were pressed on the queen's recollection.

"I hope," continues her uncle Laurence, still pleading against the attainder of his eldest brother, by the government of his niece,—"I hope there may be a charitable inclination to spare the *debris* of our broken family, for the sake of him that was the raiser of it. A calamity of the nature that I now deprecate, has something in it so frightful, and *on some accounts, so unnatural,* that I beg you [Burnet] for God's sake, from an angry man, to grow an advocate for me, and for the family on this account."[2] The last of these letters is dated, New Park, April 2, 1691.

[1] The Ashton and Preston plot, for participation in which the queen's eldest uncle was then imprisoned.

[2] Burnet's Life, p. 286.

It is doubtful whether the unfortunate lord Clarendon was liberated from the Tower, until after the death of his old friend, admiral lord Dartmouth, committed to the Tower by queen Mary, the day after the date of the above letter. Dartmouth died of grief and regret, after a few months' durance; and when the queen at last liberated her eldest uncle, he was to hold himself a prisoner within the limits of his country house.

King William returned to England to procure immense supplies of money and troops, April $\frac{3}{13}$, 1691. The night of his return, a tremendous fire laid the principal part of Whitehall in ashes, which presented only heaps of smoking ruins, as he came up the river on the following morning. The conflagration commenced in the Portsmouth apartments, which had been the original cause of the enmity between the queen and her sister, Anne. It was occasioned by linen igniting in the laundry. The Jacobite writers accuse king William of setting fire to Whitehall, because he could not bear to inhabit the former palaces of his uncles; and in hopes of excluding the public, who claimed, by prescription, too ancient to be then controverted, the right of free entrance while their sovereigns sat in state, at meat, or took their diversions. They instanced the demolition of Hampton-Court, the desolation of Greenwich-palace, and the desertion of Whitehall for Kensington. The conflagration certainly originated by accident; for queen Mary, who was a very heavy sleeper, nearly lost her life in the flames. The Portsmouth suite being contiguous to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, the flames had communicated to the latter before the queen could be awakened, and she was dragged, half asleep, in her night-dress, into St. James's-park. Here new adventures befel her, for colonel Oglethorpe and sir John Fenwick, two gentlemen devoted to her father, leaders of the Jacobite party, seeing her consternation, followed her through the park to St. James's, reviling her by the lurid light of the flames of

Whitehall, and telling her "that her filial sins would come home to her." "She was notoriously insulted by them,"[1] repeats another manuscript authority; "the long gallery was then burnt; most of the royal apartments, with those of the king's officers and servants." Edmund Calamy is the only printed annalist of the times who alludes to the reproaches made to the queen. This author is too timid to enter into detail. However, those who compare his hints with our quotations will see that these curious facts are confirmed by that respectable and honest non-conformist. Without particularizing where the offence was committed, Calamy confirms our MS. evidence in these words, speaking of sir John Fenwick: "He had taken several opportunities of affronting queen Mary in places of public resort."[2]

Many invaluable portraits and treasures of antiquity, belonging to the ancient regality of England, were consumed with Whitehall-palace. Some nameless poet of that day commemorated the event in these lines:

> "See the imperial palace's remains,
> Where nothing now but desolation reigns;
> Fatal presage of monarchy's decline,
> And extirpation of the regal line."[3]

Since the pecuniary assistance that Dr. Tillotson had rendered on the memorable experiment in popularity at Canterbury, king William had marked him for the highest advancement in the church of England. His majesty considered that Dr. Tillotson was perfectly willing to receive this appointment; nevertheless, some obstacle, stronger than the conventional refusal of episcopal promotion, seemed to deter him. Dr. Tillotson told the king, at last, "that he was married; that there had previously been but one or

[1] Birch MS. 4466, British Museum. Diary of Mr. Sampson, p. 43. Another contemporary manuscript repeats the same circumstances of the danger and distress of the queen, of which, no doubt, more detailed particulars exist, in private letters, in the unpublished archives of different noble houses.

[2] Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 388.

[3] "Faction Displayed." State Poem.

two married archbishops, and never an archbishop's widow; and as he had no provision wherewith to endow his wife, he considered, in case of her widowhood, it would be an unseemly sight if she left Lambeth to beg alms."[1] The king replied, "if that was his objection, the queen would settle all to his satisfaction and that of Mrs. Tillotson." Accordingly, after a long interview with queen Mary, Dr. Tillotson declared "he was ready to take the place of archbishop Sancroft as soon as her majesty found it vacant." That matter, however, promised to be full of difficulty; for Sancroft persisted in his assertion, "that if the queen wanted Lambeth, she must thrust him out of it."

King William left her majesty solus to encounter all the embarrassments of the archbishop's deprivation, and of the new appointment, and sailed for Flanders, May 11th, 1691. The queen nominated Dr. Tillotson to the primacy, May 31, 1691. She sent a mandate, signed by her own hand, warning Sancroft to quit Lambeth in ten days. This he did not obey. The emissaries of the queen finally expelled him from his palace, June 23rd; he took a boat at the stairs, the same evening, and crossed the Thames to the Temple, where he remained in a private house till August, when he retired to end his days in his village in Suffolk.[2]

There was but one pen in the world capable of calumniating Sancroft—that pen belonged to Burnet. He has accused the apostolic man of having amply provided for himself from the revenues of Canterbury; but long before Burnet's books were printed, the circumstances in which Sancroft lived and died were well known to the world. In truth, the deprived archbishop went forth from Lambeth, taking no property but his staff and books; he had distributed all his revenues in charity, and would have been destitute if he had not inherited a little estate in Suffolk. To an ancient but lowly residence, the place of his birth, at Fressingfield, where his ancestors had dwelt respectably,

[1] Dr. Birch's Life of Tillotson. [2] Biographia Britannica.

from father to son, for three centuries, archbishop Sancroft retired to live on his private patrimony of fifty pounds per annum. On this modicum he subsisted for the remainder of his days, leading a holy and contented life, venerated by his contemporaries, but almost adored by the simple country-folk of Suffolk for his personal merits.

The use to which Sancroft put his savings has been revealed by a biography, strictly founded on documents, the modest voice of which has in our times put to open shame his slanderer; from it, we learn that Sancroft began to devote his savings, when he was only dean of St. Paul's, to amplifying some of those miserable livings, which too frequently fall to the lot of the best of the English clergy. The vicarage of Sandon, in Hertfordshire, was thus endowed. Seven livings were augmented by this practical Christian before queen Mary hurled him from his archbishopric; he likewise wrote earnest letters to his rich clergy, recommending them to "aid their poor brethren's livings." One glorious light of our church, Isaac Barrow, followed the example of his friend. Our church has reason to bless Sancroft daily; for his self-denial and charitable exertions set the example to the great Bounty of queen Anne.[1]

When Dr. Tillotson vacated the deanery of Canterbury, to become primate, William sent the queen, from Holland, three names as those from whom he chose the deanery to be supplied—thus usurping the ancient functions of the chapters of old:[2] a fact in utter contradiction to the assertion,

[1] Burnet *must* have known these facts. Any reader who wishes to see documentary proofs of these good works of Sancroft, and of Burnet's slander, may turn to Dr. Doyley's Life of Sancroft. Yet it is but justice to Burnet to observe, that the accusation on Sancroft of enriching himself does not occur in his manuscripts; *there* he only reviles and despises him for his miserable poverty. It is possible that the contradictory statement was introduced by Mackey, "the Spy," his executor. Collate with Harleian MSS., Burnet's Own Times, vol. i., pp. from 148—181.

[2] The conduct of king William in this action presents a most extraordinary antithesis to the ancient functions of the church on the appointment of digni-

that he permitted his queen to exercise entirely the function of head of the church of England. Mary *did* venture to exercise the limited choice he allowed, so far as to appoint Dr. Hooper dean of Canterbury. The king supposed that his enmity to her former almoner was sufficiently known to his submissive partner; for it became evident, that, although the king had put Hooper's name on the list, it was only to give that divine the mortification of being rejected by her. William's rage was extreme when he found that he was thus taken at his word. One of the queen's ladies, who had married in Holland, (without doubt, the countess Zulestein,) wrote to Mrs. Hooper, "that their royal mistress would be bitterly chid on her husband's return." Indeed, this, the worthiest appointment made in her reign, cost Mary many tears, "that was too often her case in England," continues our authority, "but in Holland it was daily so."

When the queen obtained the liberty, as she supposed, for this appointment, she sent for Dr. Hooper, by lord Nottingham, to Whitehall, and forthwith nominated him to the deanery. He was greatly surprised, and begged to know which of his livings, Lambeth or Woodhey, she would be pleased he should resign. "Neither," replied the queen; but the conscientious Hooper refused to retain pluralities,[1] and he laid down Woodhey, worth 300*l.* per annum, before he quitted the royal presence. Queen Mary was glad to give it to another of her chaplains, Dr. Hearn. The queen required of her old servant to inform her plainly, "why it was that

taries. The heads of chapters, after sitting in convocation in their chapter-houses, presented *three names* to the king, praying him "to name from these churchmen (either of whom the church considered worthy of the office) the one most agreeable to his grace." The monarch did so, and forthwith received homage for the temporalities. It was not considered courteous of the chapter or chapters to give the monarch less choice than three, and the medium seems rational, and subversive of troublesome factions.

[1] Dr. Hooper was a married man with a family; his example was therefore the more admirable. It must be remembered, that his daughter was the editress of this journal.

Tillotson was looked upon as a Socinian?" Dr. Hooper attributed the report to the great intimacy between him and Dr. Firmin,[1] who was often seen at his table at Lambeth; this friendship had begun in their youth, and was still continued.[2]

The calamity of fire seemed to pursue king William and his royal consort. The queen had scarcely welcomed the king on his return to their newly-finished palace of Kensington, when an awful fire broke out there, Nov. 10, 1691; it wrapped in flames the stone gallery, but was extinguished before it involved the royal apartments. When the roar of the fire became audible, William, believing a treacherous attack on his palace was in progress, called loudly for his sword,[3] but soon found that the foe was better quelled by a bucket of water.

The differences which subsisted between the royal sisters, Mary and Anne, at this period, became more publicly apparent; owing, to some awkward diplomacy, that the king had set his consort to transact relative to prince George of Denmark. On his departure from England in the preceding May, William III. gave his leave of audience to the prince, who then asked his permission "to serve him as a volunteer at sea." The king gave his brother-in-law the embrace enjoined by courtly etiquette, but answered him not a word. George of Denmark took silence for consent, prepared his sea-equipage, and sent all on board the ship in which he intended to sail; but king William had left positive orders with queen Mary, "that she was not to suffer prince George to sail with the fleet; yet she was not openly to forbid him to go." Thus the queen had the very

[1] He was the leader of the Socinians in London; we quote the dialogue, not because we have a wish to discuss controversial points, but because queen Mary was one of the speakers.

[2] Manuscript Account of Dr. Hooper. Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 472.

[3] Tindal's Con. Rapin, p. 76, from which the above incidents have been drawn.

difficult diplomatic task, enjoined her by her spouse, to impede the intentions of her brother-in-law, making it appear, at the same time, as if he staid by his own choice.

The queen, according to lady Marlborough's account,[1] observed her husband's directions exactly; she sent "a very great lord" to that lady, to desire that she would persuade the princess Anne to hinder prince George from his sea-expedition. The queen expected her (lady Marlborough) to accomplish it without letting her mistress know the reason. Lady Marlborough replied, "that it was natural for the princess to wish that her husband should stay at home out of danger; yet there was doubt whether she would prevail on him to give up his expedition; but that as to herself, she could not undertake to say anything to the princess, and conceal her reasons for speaking; yet, if she were permitted to use her majesty's name, she would say whatever was desired by her."[2] But this did not accord with her majesty's views.

The queen had now entered into a league with Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, her younger uncle, who had been prevailed upon, to the indignation of her captive, his elder brother, Clarendon, to take the oaths to her government,[3] and become one of her ministers. The earl of Rochester, who had been the particular object of the revilings of the princess Anne and her favourite, was at this time sent by queen Mary to explain her pleasure, "that prince George of Denmark was to relinquish his intention of going to sea, which measure was to appear to be his own choice." Prince George replied to this rather unreasonable intimation, "That there had been much talk in London respecting his intention; and as his preparations were very well known, if he sent for his sea-equipage from on board ship, as the queen desired, without giving any reason for such

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.
[2] Diary of lord Clarendon.
[3] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.

caprice, that he should make a very ridiculous figure in the eyes of every one." His representation was undoubtedly true; and it was as true, that the king and queen would not have had any objection to his incurring contempt, by his obedience, in the eyes of the English people. The queen, finding that the prince of Denmark would not submit to the intervention of her will and pleasure in private, was obliged to send her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham, in form, positively to forbid his embarkation.[1]

"The queen and princess lived in appearance," continues lady Marlborough, "as if nothing had happened all that summer. Lord Portland, it was well known, had ever a great prejudice to my lord Marlborough; Elizabeth Villiers, although I had never done her any injury, excepting not making my court to her, was my implacable enemy."[2]

The princess Anne, instigated by the restless ambition of her favourite, had thought fit to demand the order of the Garter, as a reward due to the military merit of lord Marlborough in Ireland. The request was made, by letter, to her brother-in-law:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM.[3]

"Tunbridge, Aug. 2, (1691.)

"Sir,

"I hope you will pardon me for giving you this trouble, but I cannot help seconding the request the prince [George of Denmark] has now made you, *to remember your promise of a garter for lord Marlborough.* You cannot bestow it upon any one that has been more serviceable to you in the late revolution, nor that has ventured *their lives* for you, as he has done since your coming to the crown; but, if people will not think these merits enough, I cannot believe any body will be so unreasonable as to be dissatisfied, when it is known you are pleased to give it him on the prince's account and mine. I am sure I shall ever look upon it as a mark of your favour to us. I will not trouble you with any ceremony, because I know you do not care for it.

"ANNE."

The queen refused this demand. It has been stated, that there was something of contempt in her manner of so doing,

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 41. [2] Ibid.
[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.

and that exasperated the favourites of her sister into a degree of rage, which led them to conspire the downfall of her husband and herself from the sovereignty. Lord Marlborough, in the same year, wrote to his former master, James II., declaring "that he could neither sleep nor eat in peace for the remembrance of his crimes against him." He made unbounded offers of his services; and finished by assuring him, "that he would bring the princess Anne back to her duty, if he received the least word of encouragement."[1] Marlborough was then one of the council of nine assisting in the government. The perils of the queen's position were therefore great. James II., however, did not give much encouragement to this treason; and drily answered to Marlborough, "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words."

Meantime, the queen's regency was agitated by plots, which were ramifications of that of lord Preston. She signed warrants for the arrest of the deprived bishop of Ely and lord Dartmouth; the latter soon after died in the prison of the Tower. She likewise molested the deprived primate by sending a commission to his cottage in Suffolk, to inquire into his proceedings. One of her messengers could scarcely refrain from tears when he found that the venerable archbishop himself came to the door, when he knocked, because his only attendant, an old woman who took care of his cottage, happened to be ill.

The queen's enmity was exceedingly great to William Penn, whose name was involved in these machinations; an entire stop was put to his philanthropic exertions in the colony of Pennsylvania — newly founded under the auspices of his "friend James" — and the good Quaker was forced to hide his head, and skulk about London, as he did in the persecution of his sect, before the

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. Dalrymple's Appendix. Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. Coxe, in his life of Marlborough, cannot deny this fact, but excuses it on the plea that he desired only to *deceive* king James!"

accession of James II. He wished to have an interview with the queen. "He could," he said, "convince her of his fidelity to the government, to which he wished well, because the predominance of her father's religion must be ultimate destruction to his own. The personal friendship was warm which he bore 'to James Stuart;' but he loved him as such, and not as king; he was his benefactor," he said; "he loved him in his prosperity, and he never could speak against him in his adversity."[1] But let him say what he would, William Penn was a persecuted man as long as queen Mary lived. Besides the dislike, for various causes, which she bore to this friend of her father, queen Mary was greatly incensed at the attachment of his wife to the exiled family.[2]

Queen Mary's government, in the summer of 1691, had been accompanied by a series of circumstances calamitous enough to daunt the courage of a more experienced ruler. Disastrous and bloody battles had been fought in Flanders, and great slaughter of the English troops ensued, without the satisfaction of victory. Corn was at a famine price;[3] the country, gentry and merchants, were sinking under a weight of taxation, such as never had been heard or thought of in the British islands. The fleet had returned covered with disgrace; English seamen were overcome, merely by the horrible provisions and worthless ammunition which the corrupt ministry had provided for their use. All these tremendous difficulties had the queen to surmount, but her correspondence is not available for the history of this summer. It is known that she sojourned in her palace without a friend—nay, without an object of affection. She had no affections except for her husband, and he was

[1] This expression is in his letters in the Pepys' Collections.

[2] Life of William Penn, published by T. Kennersley, 1749; from this pamphlet it appears that this great and good man died in deeply embarrassed circumstances, in 1710.

[3] See the price-tables in Toone's Chronology.

absent, exposed to a thousand dangers. She had no female friend among her numerous ladies; for in her voluminous correspondence which has been opened to the reader, where she has entered into the feelings of her own heart with minute and skilful anatomy, she has never mentioned *one* person as a friend. Indeed, her panegyrist, Burnet, in his curious manuscript narrative, observes, in the enumeration of her other "valuable qualities," that the queen never had a female friend. The reader of this biography knows that she had, in her youth, *one*, her early playfellow, Anne Trelawney, who was driven from the Hague by William, a circumstance which caused her extreme sorrow. Not long afterwards, the singular alteration took place in Mary's character that has been noted among the events of 1684-5.

Her majesty certainly was, in 1691, in the most utter loneliness of heart. She was on ill terms with queen Catharine; and the cold, distant communication of mere state audiences, which took place between herself and her sister, the princess Anne, was ready to break out from the quietude of aversion to the active warfare of hatred, which soon ensued. The only ray that enlightened this mass of gloom arose from the successes of the army in Ireland. Limerick had surrendered on honourable terms; they were shamelessly broken; whether the wrong belongs to queen Mary's regnal history, or to that of her husband, it would be too long to inquire.

Her majesty alludes to the successes in Ireland in the fragment of a letter to lady Russell,[1] in reply to one in which that lady asked for the disposal of the auditorship of Wales, worth 400*l.* per annum, for Mr. Vaughan, her son or nephew; on this head, queen Mary observed—"I am sure that the king will be as willing to please you as myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing, as it may be others do, that I lead at present. Besides the pain I am

[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163. Plut. CVI. D. p. 42. Dated, 1691, July 30.

almost continually in for the king, it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither happy nor pleasant; but I see one is not ever to live for one's self. I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought, but I must be content with what it pleases God, and this year I have had good reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news of which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we had some ill to expect from other places. But I trust in God that will not be, though it looks as if we must look for little good either from Flanders or sea. The king continues, God be praised, very well! — and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle well over—I wish it as heartily as Mr. Russell himself."

The result of the naval affairs alluded to by the queen in this letter, was as unsatisfactory as her majesty had anticipated. Admiral Russell and sir Cloudesley Shovel cruised off Brest during the summer, but without coming to the engagement expected by the queen. At last the fleet was shattered by a storm; on entering Plymouth harbour, the Warwick and the Coronation were lost while anchoring.[1] The nation was incensed, as bad seamanship alone was supposed to be the cause. Russell's conduct was examined by parliament, but when he produced his orders he was acquitted. The queen's government was singularly unfortunate in naval affairs; proof has been shown, from her own letters, that at the era of the Beachy Head battle, she interfered with rash and injudicious orders.

While the fleets of England and France were threatening each other; the Jacobites were active; on the other hand, those persons whose prosperity depended on the permanence of the revolution, indefatigably infused in the queen's mind suspicions of all who were not their friends. Thus instigated, the queen sent for Dr. Hooper one day to chide him for his undutiful conduct to Archbishop Tillotson.

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 28.

"I have been told," she said, "that you never wait on him, neither does Mrs. Hooper visit Mrs. Tillotson as she ought to do."

Dr. Hooper proved to the queen "that he had paid all the respect, and so had his wife, at Lambeth-palace, that was proper, without proving intrusive."

The queen smiled, and said, "She did not believe the report was true when she heard it."

The mischief-maker who had approached the ear of majesty, then ventured somewhat further, and subsequently informed queen Mary, that of all places in the world, the apostolic Hooper had been figuring at a great cock-match at Bath, which it was supposed was a general muster for the Jacobite gentry of the West of England." Dr. Hooper, being questioned on this matter by queen Mary, replied very quietly, "that it was true he had been at Bath some months that year on account of the disastrous health of his wife, who was all the time in danger of her life." The queen graciously interrupted him to ask,

"How Mrs. Hooper was then?"

When dean Hooper had replied, he resumed the discussion, affirming, "That he had never heard a tittle of the cock-match at Bath, or of the meeting of the Jacobite gentlemen there."

The queen then informed him of some minor malicious reports — among others, an accusation, that he always travelled on the Sabbath. "It is true," replied Dr. Hooper, "that I am often on the road on the Sabbath, but it is in the pursuance of my clerical duty. I travel with my wife journeys of several days to Bath; I always rest the whole Sunday and attend both services—easily ascertained, as I usually preach for the minister where I tarry."

The queen then told him, in a very gracious manner, "that she had never believed what he was accused of, but she would always let him know his faults, or rather, what he was accused of."

Her majesty concluded by letting him know that her informer was Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.[1]

Burnet was noted for his propensity to scandalous gossip, in the promulgation of which he little heeded the conventional decencies of time and place; as, for instance, lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers, told lord Dartmouth,[2] that he has heard bishop Burnet scandalize the duchess of York before her daughter, queen Mary, and a great deal of company, according to the well known passage of slander printed in his history, with this difference, that when speaking, he did not conceal the name of the person with whom he affirmed she was in love: this was Henry Sidney, created, by William III., earl of Romney, and given an enormous grant of 17,000*l.* per annum. If lord Jersey could hear Burnet hold forth on this subject, the queen could do the same, as that noble was one of her household, whose duties placed him near her chair.

King William arrived safely at Kensington, October the 13th; the queen was, for a time, relieved from the heavy weight of the regnal sceptre, but she had to endure the bitterest reproaches, because she had purposely misconstrued his intention by the promotion of Dr. Hooper to the deanery of Canterbury.

Not even in the most important crises which had occurred when the nation was under her guidance for the last two years, was queen Mary ever permitted to meet her peers and commoners assembled in parliament, for the purpose of convening them or dismissing them. Her husband had opened parliament since his return from Flanders, October 22, 1691, and, in his robes and crown, made a speech on

[1] Hooper MSS., in Trevor's William III., p. 473.

[2] Notes to Burnet, vol. i. p. 394. Note and text; in the latter, Burnet expressly declares that Anne Hyde, duchess of York, induced her husband to become a Roman catholic at the time when he received the sacrament according to the ritual of the church of England.

the final reduction of Ireland, in the course of which he never once mentioned his wife. The king's neglect, whether proceeding from forgetfulness, ingratitude, or jealousy, was quickly repaired by parliament; for on the 27th of the same month, the lords and commons almost simultaneously moved "that addresses be presented to her majesty at Whitehall,[1] giving her thanks for her prudent care in the administration of the government in his majesty's absence."

The new archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tillotson, was requested, by the lords, to draw up their address, which was thus worded:

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, in parliament assembled, from a true sense of the quiet and happiness the nation hath enjoyed in your majesty's administration of government in the king's absence, do hold ourselves obliged to present our most humble acknowledgments to your majesty for your prudent conduct therein, to the universal satisfaction as well as the security of the kingdom."

The house of lords also requested lord Villiers (newly raised to the peerage as viscount, and then lord-chamberlain to the queen) to attend her majesty presently, to know what time her majesty will appoint for this house to attend her with the address? After some delay, lord Villiers acquainted the house, "that he had attended her majesty as commanded, who hath appointed three o' the clock this Friday afternoon for the house to attend her with the address, in the drawing-room at Whitehall." This room must have been the withdrawing-room adjoining the banqueting-hall at Whitehall, which had been spared by the flames that had recently devastated nearly the whole of the palace.

The king had obtained some information on the subject of Marlborough's correspondence with James II.; he attributed to his treacherous betrayal the failure of an attack made on Brest by the English fleet in the preceding sum-

[1] MS. Journals of the House of Lords, from the library of E. C. Davey, Esq.

mer.[1] "Upon my honour," replied Marlborough, "I never mentioned it, but in confidence to my wife."

"I never mention anything in confidence to mine," was the reply of king William. The cynical spirit of this answer bears some analogy to the temper of king William; but the evident want of truth in the assertion makes it doubtful that the king ever made use of any such words. The anecdote is widely known, but it is founded on nothing but hearsay and tradition. It seems to have been invented by Marlborough, to account, in an off-hand way, to the world that this serious treachery had accidentally slipped out in a gossip-letter from lady Marlborough to her sister, lady Tyrconnel, who was with the royal exiles at the court of St. Germain's. For how could king William say to one of the council of nine, that he never told anything confidentially to the queen, when her letters give full proof that the most important matters were expedited by her? William could make repartees, which were not only rude, but brutal, to the queen; neither was his truth unsullied; but he possessed considerable shrewdness, and was a man of few words. Such characters seldom make remarks which are at once absurd and self-contradictory.[2]

Whatsoever might have been the real version of this angry dialogue, it led to the result that Marlborough took the step he had hinted to James II., and under his influence, and that of his wife, the princess Anne was induced to pen a penitential epistle to her father. It was in these terms:—

"Dec. $\frac{1}{11}$, 1691.

"I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission to you; and to beg you will be

[1] There were two attacks on Brest in this reign, both abortive; the one here mentioned, in which there was a great slaughter of the English, and another in 1694, when general Tollemache was killed. There is documentary evidence that Marlborough betrayed the last. Dalrymple's History.

[2] James II.'s Memoirs, edited by J. S. Clarke, 1691. Likewise Macpherson's History, vol. ii. p. 609, for the letter.

assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition, and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own unhappiness. As to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recal what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late—of being less suspected of insincerity, than perhaps they would have been at any time before.

"It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession, if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and easy to receive my humble submissions as I am to make them, in a free, disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon.

"I have had a great mind to beg you to make *one compliment for me*, but fearing the expressions which would be properest for me to make use of might be, perhaps, the least convenient for a letter, I must content myself, at present, with hoping the bearer will make a *compliment* for me to the queen."

Now the bearer, in whose hands this letter was deposited for conveyance (as some say, by the princess Anne herself), was the last person likely to fetch and carry with suitable grace the affected verbal trash called *compliments* by the fine ladies of that day. He was a bluff and stout Welchman, captain Davy Lloyd, one of James II.'s veteran sea-commanders. Davy held the daughters of his old master in the utmost contempt, which he did not scruple to express, at times, without any very refined choice of epithets.

Both queen Mary and king William were soon apprised that some such epistle was compounded, long before it reached the hands of James II. Lady Fitzharding, it has been noted, was the spy[1] of her sister Elizabeth Villiers, in the family of the princess Anne; and by her agency, king William knew accurately within a very few hours all that passed at the Cockpit. The princess Anne rather encouraged than suppressed the daring imprudence of her favourite lady Marlborough, and they would vituperate the reigning monarch with the most virulent terms of abuse.[2]

Thus all the elements of discord were ready for violent

[1] This fact is pointed out by Coxe, in his Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 48.

[2] Ibid.

explosion, which accordingly took place on the evening of January 9, 1691-92, when a personal altercation ensued between the queen and the princess Anne.[1] There is no doubt but that Anne's partiality for the Marlboroughs, was the subject of dispute. No particulars, however, transpired, excepting what may be gleaned from subsequent letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough. From these it appears, that the queen threatened to deprive her sister of half her income. The princess Anne well knew that parliament having secured to her the whole, such threats were vain, since, if the will of her sister and her spouse had been consulted, she would have been in possession of neither half of the 50,000*l.* per annum, allowed her by her country. The princess Anne had just received her payment of this allowance, and had settled on the Marlboroughs an annuity from it of 1000*l.*,[2] circumstances which had probably added to the exasperation of the queen, who considered, with her spouse, that the whole of that sum was torn from their ways and means.

The next morning, it was the turn of Lord Marlborough to fulfil his duties as one of the lords of the bedchamber to king William. The manner of Marlborough's expulsion from his place was very disagreeable to him: he commenced his waiting week without the least remark being made to him; but after he had put on the king's shirt, and done his duty for the morning, lord Nottingham was sent to him, who told him "that the king had no further wish for his services, and that he was commanded to *sell* or *dispose* of all his employments, and that he was forbidden the court." Every one was immediately busied in guessing his crime; it was, however, generally supposed to be making mischief between the princess and the king and queen. The king and queen further desired "that he, lord Marl-

[1] The date of Coxe is here followed.

[2] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

borough, would absent himself from their presence for the future."[1]

The anguish that the princess Anne manifested at this disgrace of her favourite's husband was excessive; she greatly exasperated the king and queen by her tearful eyes and sad countenance when she visited them. The princess's anticipations of still harsher measures probably led to her depression of spirits, since she received an anonymous letter before the end of January, which warned her that the next step taken by the government would be the imprisonment of lord Marlborough; the letter likewise gave her a really salutary warning respecting the treachery of lady Fitzharding, and that "all the tears she had shed, and the words she had spoken on the subject of lord Marlborough's disgrace, had been betrayed to the king" by that household spy.

It must excite great surprise in those to whom the under currents of events are unknown, to think what could impel king William to utterly cashier a person who had been so useful to him in the revolution, as lord Marlborough; Evelyn, however, a contemporary, discusses the point plainly enough, in these words:[2] "Lord Marlborough, lieutenant-general, gentleman of the bedchamber, dismissed from all his employments, military and other, for his faults in excessive taking of bribes, covetousness, and extortion, on all occasions, from his inferior officers."

These charges were disgraceful enough to induce confusion of countenance in any near connexion of the delinquent; but the practice of robbing the public had become so common, that it was seldom charged against any one who had not been concerned in practices generally considered more dangerously inimical to the government.

Neither king William nor his consort dared openly accuse the Marlboroughs of having abetted the princess Anne in

[1] Letter of lord Basil Hamilton to his father, duke of Hamilton.
[2] Evelyn's Diary, January 24, 1691-2.

a reconciliation with the exiled king; they well knew that such an avowal would have led a third of their subjects to follow their example. The silence of the king and queen (at least in regard to the public) on the real delinquencies at the Cockpit, emboldened lady Marlborough sufficiently to accompany her mistress to court on the next reception day at Kensington, about three weeks after the disgrace of her husband. Next day queen Mary forbade the repetition of lady Marlborough's intrusion, in the following letter to the princess Anne:—

"QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.[1]

"Kensington, Friday, 5th of Feb.

"Having something to say to you which, I know, will not be very pleasing, I choose rather to write it first, being unwilling to surprise you, though I think what I am going to tell you should not, if you give yourself time to think that never anybody was suffered to live at court in lord Marlborough's circumstances. *I need not repeat the cause he has given the king to do what he has done, nor his unwillingness at all times to come to extremities, though people do deserve it.*"

In this dark hint is embodied all the information the queen chose to give her sister regarding the cause of the disgrace of her sister's favourites and guides. The passage, written with extreme caution, was prepared thus, to guard against the political mischief which might be done by the princess Anne and her audacious ruler, from making the queen's letter of remonstrance public among their party. At the same time, it is manifest, that previous remonstrance and explanation on the offences of the princess and the Marlboroughs, had been resorted to by her majesty. What these offences and injuries were, the preceding pages of this biography fully explain. This section of the queen's letter is an instance of the sagacity for which she was famed. The whole is written with moderation, when the provocation is considered, and the fearful dangers with which the

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 44. We have vainly searched for the originals of these letters, being unwilling to take lady Marlborough's version.

throne of Mary and her beloved husband was surrounded in 1692, dangers which the correspondence of Anne and her coadjutors, with her exiled father, greatly aggravated. Queen Mary continues,—

"I hope you do me the justice to believe it as much against my will that I now tell you that, after this, it is very unfit that lady Marlborough should stay with you, since that gives her husband so just a pretence of being where he should not. I think I might have expected you should have spoke to me of *it;* and the king and I, both believing *it,* made us stay thus long. But, seeing you was so far from *it,* that you brought lady Marlborough hither last night, makes us resolve to put *it* off no longer, but tell you *she must not stay,* and that I have all the reason imaginable to look upon your bringing her as the strangest thing that ever was done. Nor could all my kindness for you (which is always ready to turn all you do the best way), at any other time have hindered me from showing you so that moment, *but I considered your condition,* and that made me master myself so far as not to take notice of it then."

Contrary to her usual style in this letter, the sentences of the queen are not constructed logically in all their bearings; her reiterated "*it*" seems to mean that she and king William expected the princess Anne to propose to them the dismissal of lady Marlborough, on account of the disgrace of that person's husband, instead of bringing her into their evening drawing-room, as coolly as if nothing had happened.

Notwithstanding her folly in thus conducting herself, the situation of the princess Anne required consideration and forbearance, for she was, in February 1691-92, within a few weeks of her confinement; and her health, at such times, was always precarious. The queen's excessive self-praises of her own kindness to her sister, are perhaps somewhat overcharged; they are founded on the fact, that she did not reprove the princess publicly, and expel the intruder

she brought with her, as her majesty thought they deserved.

"But now I must tell you," resumes queen Mary, "it was very unkind in a sister—would have been very uncivil in an equal; and I need not say I have more to claim, which, though my kindness would never make me exact, yet, when I see the use you would make of it, I must tell you I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you.' Tis upon that account, I tell you plainly lady Marlborough must not continue with you in the circumstances her lord is.

"I know this will be uneasy to you, and I am sorry for it, for I have all the real kindness imaginable for you; and, as I ever have, so will always do my part, to live with you as sisters ought; that is, not only like so near relations, but like friends, and as such I did think to write to you. For I would have made myself believe your kindness for *her* [*lady Marlborough*] made you at first forget what you should have for the king and me, and resolved to put you in mind of it myself, neither of us being willing to come to harsher ways; but the sight of lady Marlborough having changed my thoughts, does naturally alter my style. And since, by that, I see how little you seem to consider what, even in common civility, you owe us, I have told it you plainly, but withal assure you that, let me have never so much reason to take anything ill of you, my kindness is so great that I can pass over most things, and live with you as becomes (us). And I desire to do so merely from that motive; for I do love you as my sister, and nothing but yourself can make me do otherwise; and that is the reason I choose to write this rather than tell it to you, that you may overcome your first thoughts. And when you have well considered, you will find that, though the thing be hard (which I again assure you I am sorry for), yet it is not unreasonable, but what has ever been practised, and what yourself would do were you (queen) in my place.

"I will end this with once more desiring you to consider the matter impartially, and take time for it. I do not desire an answer presently, because I would not have you give a rash one. I shall come to your drawing-room to-morrow, *before you play*, because you know why I cannot make one."

This was because the queen did not choose to sit down to the bassett-table with lady Marlborough.

"At some other time," concludes the queen, "we shall reason the business calmly, which I will willingly do, or anything else that may show it shall never be my fault if we do not live kindly together. Nor will I ever be other, by choice, than your truly loving and affectionate sister,

"M. R."

It is useless to quote the comments of lady Marlborough regarding this letter, and the mandate it contained for her dismissal from the household and councils of her adoring mistress. Lady Marlborough published the royal letter, but sedulously hid the provocation, which elicited both that and the command contained therein. In her narrative of the events of this era, she carefully conceals the spring that caused them, which was, the treacherous correspondence of her husband with the court of St. Germains, and the letter he had prompted the princess Anne to write to her father.

Historical truth can only be found in contemporary documents and narratives; but not in one alone; many must be compared and collated, before the mists in which selfish interests seek to envelop facts, can be dispelled. Lady Marlborough devotes several pages to the most enthusiastic praises of herself; her disinterestedness and devotion to the princess Anne are lauded to the skies. When in the list of her virtues, she discusses her honesty, she thus expresses herself:—"As to the present power the princess Anne had to enrich me, her revenue was no such vast thing as that I could propose to draw any mighty matters from thence;

and besides, sir Benjamin Bathurst had the management of it. I had no share in that service."[1] Yet 50,000*l.* per annum is a large revenue even in these times, and in the early days of the national debt it bore a much higher comparative value.

The princess Anne, after she had read her sister's letter, summoned her uncle Rochester to her assistance. That nobleman, from a thorough appreciation of the turbulence and treachery which were united in the character of lady Marlborough, had, in her outset of life, strongly advised James II. to exclude her from the household of his daughter Anne.[2] But the indulgence of the father yielded to the supplications of his child. When lord Rochester came to the Cockpit, at the entreaty of the princess Anne, she put in his hand the following letter. It was evidently the production of a consultation with the favourite, since it is by no means in the style of the princess herself.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.[3]

"Your majesty was in the right to think that your letter would be very surprising to me. For you must needs be sensible enough of the kindness I have for my lady Marlborough, to know that a command from you to part from her must be the greatest mortification in the world to me, and, indeed, of such a nature as I might well have hoped your kindness to me would have always prevented.

"I am satisfied she cannot have been guilty of any fault to you, and it would be extremely to her advantage if I could here repeat every word that ever she had said to me of you in her whole life. I confess it is no small addition to my trouble to find the want of your majesty's kindness to me on this occasion, since I am sure I have always endeavoured to deserve it by all the actions of my life.

"Your care of my present condition is extremely obliging, and if you could be pleased to add to it so far as, upon my account, to recal your severe command (as I must beg leave to call it, in a matter so tender to me, and so little reasonable, as I think, to be imposed on me, that you would *scarce* require it from the meanest of your subjects), I should ever acknowledge it as a very agreeable mark of your kindness to me. And as I must freely own

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[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 54.
[2] Ralph's History.
[3] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 55—57.

that, as I think this proceeding can be for no other intent than to give me a very sensible mortification, so there is no misery that I cannot readily resolve to suffer, rather than the thoughts of parting with her (lady Marlborough).

"If, after all this that I have said, I must still find myself so unhappy as to be pressed on this matter, yet your majesty may be assured that, as my past actions have given the greatest testimony of my respect both for the king and you, so it shall always be my endeavour, wherever I am, to preserve it carefully, for the time to come, as becomes

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister and servant,

"ANNE.

"From the Cockpit, Feb. 6th, 1692."

It may be worthy of observation that the date of this epistle is on the birthday of Anne.

When lord Rochester had perused this letter, the princess Anne requested that he would be the bearer of it from her to her majesty, to which the uncle put a positive negative. He had hoped that the end of the controversy between his royal nieces would have been the removal of such a fosterer of strife as lady Marlborough had proved herself to be, since she had arrived at woman's estate; and he would not carry a letter which forbade that hope. He then withdrew from the conference, declaring his intention of mediating in all measures which led to reconciliation, which was by strenuously advising the queen to send lady Marlborough at once from the Cockpit to her house at St. Albans. Meantime, after the princess or her favourite had concocted the letter quoted above, it was copied and sent to her majesty that day, by the hands of one of the servants of the princess. Queen Mary returned no answer, excepting that of an official message, carried to the Cockpit by her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham, warning lord and lady Marlborough to abide no longer at the palace of Whitehall,[1] a measure which was the first step her majesty took on the advice of lord Rochester.

The princess Anne considered that her sister had no more right to dictate what servants she should retain in

[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 48, and Ralph's "Other Side of the Question."

her residence of the Cockpit, than in any other private house, since it had been purchased for her by their uncle Charles II., after it had been alienated from the rest of the palace of Whitehall, in common with many other buildings appertaining to that part of the vast edifice which abutted on St. James's-park. But the Cockpit, the Holbein-gate-way, and the adjoining Banqueting-house, were, at that period, all that were left of the once extensive palace.

When the queen's message of expulsion from the Cockpit was delivered to lady Marlborough, the princess Anne took the resolution of withdrawing from it at the same time; and announced her intention to her sister in the following epistle:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.[1]

"I am very sorry to find that all I have said myself, and my lord Rochester for me, has not had effect enough to keep your majesty from persisting in a resolution which you are satisfied must be so great a mortification to me, as, to avoid it, I shall be obliged to retire, and deprive myself of the satisfaction of living where I might have frequent opportunities of assuring you of that duty and respect which I always have been, and shall be desirous to pay you, upon all occasions.

"My only consolation in this extremity is, that not having done anything in all my life to deserve your unkindness, I hope I shall not be long under the necessity of absenting myself from you, the thought of which is so uneasy to me, that I find myself too much indisposed to give your majesty any further trouble at this time.

"February 8, 1692."

The approaching accouchement of the princess rendered all harshness to her odious in the eyes of every one. One of the royal palaces had usually been appointed for her retirement at such times; but as the queen had thought proper to expel her favourite friend from her own private residence, the princess affected to consider that she should be too much at the royal mercy, if her accouchement took place either at St. James's-palace, or Hampton-Court.

It was the policy of the party of the princess Anne to

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 58.

give her, as much as possible, the semblance of injured distress, and the appearance of being hunted out of house and home, at a period dangerous to her health, and even to her life. There can be no doubt that the mistress of 50,000*l.* per annum need not have been obliged to sue for the charitable grant of a home to abide in during the period of her accouchement; yet, a few hours before leaving the Cockpit, the princess Anne sent a request to the duchess of Somerset, to lend her Sion House for her residence during the ensuing summer. This lady was the wife of a kinsman of the princess, commonly called the proud duke of Somerset;[1] she was the heiress of the great Percy inheritance, and as such, the possessor of the ancient historical palace of Sion.

William III., whose activity in petty instances of annoyance is singularly at variance with his received character for magnanimity, immediately sent to the duke of Somerset, and, in a conference with him, endeavoured to induce him to put a negative on the request of the princess Anne.[2] But such mighty English nobles as Somerset, and his consort, the Percy-heiress, soon proved to the foreign monarch how independent they were of any such influence. The duchess of Somerset forthwith sent an affectionate message to the princess Anne, declaring "that Sion House was entirely at her service."

Before the princess left her residence of the Cockpit for Sion House, she thought proper to attend the drawing-room of their majesties at Kensington-palace. In this interview, according to the phraseology of the Marlborough, the princess Anne made her majesty "all the professions imaginable, to which the queen remained as insensible as a statue."

The massacre of Glencoe[3] occurred Feb. 14, 1692. It

[1] He was the representative of Catherine Gray, and of course a prince of the English blood royal from the younger sister of Henry VIII.

[2] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 59.

[3] It may be a point of curiosity to learn what James II. thought of this sacrifice of his faithful subjects. After observing that he had been careful to

is but justice to queen Mary to observe that this atrocity did not disgrace the period when she swayed the regnal sceptre; neither is her signature appended to the detestable warrant perpetrated by her husband, which authorized the slaughter, in cold blood, of upwards of a hundred men, women, and little children, of her subjects. The circumstances have been, of late years, too often narrated to need relating here; but, as the wickedness was committed in a reign in which a woman's name is partly responsible, it is desirable, by the production of the documents, to show that the iniquity was wholly devised, as well as executed, by men.[1]

An historian[2] especially partial to the character of William III., considers, as a great grievance, the inquiry into the massacre of Glencoe, and, with much *naïveté*, observes that the said inquiry was "remarkably troublesome to many *respectable* people." The Scotch parliament pronounced it

preserve the lives of his Scottish friends, by candidly acknowledging to them that he had no funds to aid them, and earnestly advising their submission as early as August, 1691, he continues, "They accordingly made their submission. But contrary to all faith, by an order, that Nero himself would have had a horror of, the prince of Orange ordered the soldiers to massacre the Glencoe people in cold blood. It was hard to imagine that the prince of Orange could apprehend danger from such a handful of men. But he either thought that severity necessary to make an example of, or he had a particular pique against that clan. Either of these reasons, according to his morality, was sufficient to do an inhuman thing. Yet this was the pretended assertor of the lives and liberties of the British nation, to whom all oaths were to be made a sacrifice of, rather than he should not reign over it." Autograph Memoirs of king James. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 239.

[1] A document nearly similar, signed by William III., is carefully preserved by the present lord Lovat, authorizing the extermination of the clan Fraser; the conduct of Simon Fraser had, it is true, been intolerably wicked, but that was no fault of the women and children of his district, which likewise comprised the feudal sovereignty of 1000 men capable of bearing arms, of whom many must have been perfectly innocent of wrong. These attempts at extermination had for precedents the wars in Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, and the conduct of the Spaniards to the Caribs. See Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites.

[2] Cunningham.

"a barbarously murderous transaction." After this opinion, the "respectable people" concerned in it put a stop to the further trouble this decision might have given them, by producing the following warrant:—

"WILLIAM R.[1]

"As for the M'Donalds of Glencoe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for the vindication of public justice to *extirpate* that set of thieves.

W. R."

This extermination, which was extended in intention to the Frasers, and other clans in the Highlands, must have originated in the mind of William himself, as is evident by the wording of the warrant. A Scotchman would have spoken with more certainty of the localities of his country: at the same time, it is improbable that any English minister suggested an extirpation, because even the execution of military law in England was always regarded with horror.[2]

Perhaps the open quarrels which then agitated the royal family prevented public attention from dwelling on the

[1] Lord Stair proved that when William III.'s signature was doubly affixed, as in this warrant, the execution was to be prompt and urgent.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's History and Appendix. Campbell of Glenlyon was the mere executioner. The following letter will show that the Dutch monarch's agent directed, from his master, that the children of Macdonald of Glencoe were to be murdered:

"For their majesties service.

"To Capt. Campbell.

"Sir, "Ballacholis, Feb. 12, 1692.

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox *and his cubs* do not escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put into execution at five in the morning precisely, and by that hour I'll strive and be at you with a stronger party. This is by the king's *especial commission*, for the good of the country, that these miscreants may be cut off root and branch. See these be put in execution without fear, *else you may be expected to be treated as not true to the king's government;* nor as a man fit to carry a commission in king William's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand,

"ROBERT DUNCANSON."

atrocities perpetrated by the king's warrant in the north. The princess Anne withdrew to Sion about the beginning of March, taking with her lady Marlborough, on whom she lavished more affection than ever. As an instance of ill-will, king William gave orders that his sister-in-law should be deprived of the guards by whom she had been attended since her father had given her an independent establishment. The princess lost her guards just as she had the most need of them, for the roads all round the metropolis swarmed with highwaymen; her carriage was stopped, and she was robbed, between Brentford and Sion, soon after her establishment there. This adventure was made the subject of many lampoons, and great odium was thrown on the king and queen, on account of the danger to which the heiress-presumptive was exposed, through their harshness. The act of depriving the princess Anne of the usual adjuncts of her rank, was a parting blow, before her persecutor left England for his usual Flemish campaign. The king resigned the sole government, for a third time, into the hands of his queen, and bade her farewell on the 5th of March; he sailed with a wind so favourable that he reached the Hague on the succeeding day, and from thence went to Loo.[1]

To illustrate the narrative of these royal quarrels, the reader must be given an insight of Burnet's genuine opinion on this subject, written in his own hand.[2] It will be allowed to be a great historical curiosity; his opinions must raise a smile, when it is remembered how closely and approvingly intimate he and the duchess of Marlborough were in after life.

[1] M. de Dangeau writes in his Journal, March 15, 1692, that his news from England announced "that when the princess of Denmark quitted the court, that her husband followed her, that William took all the guards from them, and forbade them the honours of the court they had been accustomed to receive, and that William, after this exploit, went to Holland on the 24th of March."

[2] Harleian MS. The hand is precisely the same with the Autograph Papers relative to Burnet's ministry at the death of William lord Russell, in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

"About the end of the session in parliament, the king called for Marlborough's commissions, and dismissed him out of his service. The king [William] said to myself upon it, 'He had very good reason to believe that Marlborough had made his peace with king James, and was engaged in a correspondence with France. It was certain, he was doing all he could to set on a faction in the army and nation against the Dutch, and to lessen the king, as well as his wife, who was so absolute a favourite with the princesse [Anne], that she seemed to be the mistresse of her heart and thoughts, which were alienated both from the king and queen.'

"The queen had taken all possible methods to gain her sister, and had left no means unessayed, except purchasing her favourite, which her majesty thought it below her to do. That being the strongest passion in the princess's breast, all other ways proved ineffectual, so a visible coldness grew between the sisters. Many rude things were daily said at that court, [*the establishment of the princess Anne,*] and they struggled to render themselves very popular, though with very ill success; for the queen grew to be so universally beloved, that nothing would stand against her in the affections of the nation."

"Upon Marlborough's disgrace, his wife was ordered to leave court. This the princess Anne resented so highly, that she left the court likewise; for she said she would not have her servants taken from her. All persons that have credit with her have tried to make her submit to the queen, but to no purpose. She has since that time lived in a private house, and the distance between the sisters has now risen so high, that the visiting of the princess is looked upon as a neglect of the queen's displeasure. So that the princess is now as much alone as can be imagined. The enemies of the government began to make great court to her; but they fell off from her very soon, and she sunk into such neglect, that if she did not please herself in an

inflexible stiffness of humour, it would be very uneasy to her."

Burnet, in his manuscript notations, (where he always used the *present* tense,)[1] speaks likewise with much acridity on the impropriety which he asserts was committed by admiral Russell in expostulating, with great rudeness, to king William on Marlborough's disgrace. He demanded to see the proofs of his faults, and reminded him, in a tone "not very agreeable," that it was he who carried the letters between his majesty and Marlborough before the revolution.[2] This was just before he undertook the command of the fleet off La Hogue. Notwithstanding all Burnet's revilings of Russell, for his rough and brutal temper, and his Jacobitism, every true-hearted person must venerate him for upholding the honour of his country and her naval flag, (which had been wofully humbled since the revolution,) above every political consideration. It appears by the well-known exclamation of his old master, king James, when he beheld the bravery of his English sailors at La Hogue, that he was entirely of the same opinion.

[1] Harleian MSS., 6584.

[2] Harleian Collection, No. 6585. It is a curious study for those who go to the well-springs of history to compare the condemnatory passages which occur against the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, throughout Burnet's manuscripts, with the entire suppression of the same in his printed work, and with the close intimacy which existed afterwards between these congenial souls.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Vigour of the queen's government—Accouchement of princess Anne at Sion House—Death of her infant—Her danger—Queen visits her—Queen's harsh manner—Long illness of the princess—Her letters (as Mrs. Morley) on queen's sending Marlborough to the Tower—Negotiation between the queen and princess—Their letters—Victory of La Hogue—Queen's conduct—Queen's portrait, by Vandervaart—[*Description of frontispiece*]—Severity of her reign—Princess Anne's letter brought to James II.—Remarks on the royal sisters by the messenger—Queen's letter to lady Russell—Princess Anne settled at Berkeley House—Series of letters on petty annoyances, as Mrs. Morley—To lady Marlborough, as Mrs. Freeman—Queen stands sponsor with archbishop Tillotson—His curious letter on it, &c.—Return of the king—Anecdotes of the queen—Verses on her knitting, &c.—Continued enmity to princess Anne—Queen accompanies the king to Margate—Obliged to return to Canterbury—King's departure—Anecdotes of the queen's stay at Canterbury—Queen relates particulars to Dr. Hooper—Her presents to the cathedral altar—Queen and the theatre—Her persecution of Dryden—Anecdotes of the queen and her infant nephew—Return of the king, &c. &c.

QUEEN MARY was again left, surrounded by unexampled difficulties. There were few persons in the country but anticipated the restoration of her father. A great naval force was collecting and arming for the invasion of the country; the French had remained masters of the seas ever since the revolution, despite of the junction of the fleets of England with the rival forces of Holland. The queen had reason to believe that the only competent naval commander,

from whose skill she could hope for success, was desirous of her father's restoration. The queen knew that the princess Anne had written to her father, "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Great Britain." Indeed, a letter to James II., containing these words, it is said, was intercepted by the king and queen, and that it was the cause of the disgrace of the Marlboroughs, since they were mentioned as active agents in the projected treason. Thus, the dangers surrounding the career of queen Mary were truly appalling, and, to a spirit less firm, would have been insurmountable. The queen was not, in 1692, altogether a novice in the art of government; she had weathered two regencies, each presenting tremendous difficulties; it was strongly in her favour that Marlborough, instead of sharing her most intimate councils as a disguised friend, was now an unmasked enemy.

One of queen Mary's earliest occupations was to review the trained bands of London and Westminster mustered in Hyde-park, to the number of 10,000 men; they were destined to the defence of the capital in case of an invasion from France. She likewise ordered the suspected admiral Russell to proceed to sea, while her royal partner in Holland, caused the Dutch fleet to hasten out to form a junction with the naval force of England under the command of Russell. How singular it is, that history, which is so lavish in commendations on the excellence of queen Mary's private virtues, should leave her abilities as a ruler unnoticed! Time has unveiled the separate treacheries of her coadjutors in government; the queen was the only person at the head of affairs on whom the least reliance could have been reposed in time of urgency. It is well known now that Nottingham, Godolphin, Russell, and many others, both high and low in her ministry, were watching every event to turn with the tide, if it tended to the restoration of her father. But while giving queen Mary every

credit as a wise and courageous ruler, in the successive dangers which menaced her government in the spring of 1692, what can be said of her humanity when called to the bedside of her suffering sister in the April of that year?

The princess Anne sent sir Benjamin Bathurst from Sion House with her humble duty, to inform her majesty "that the hour of her accouchement was at hand, and that she felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual to her." Queen Mary did not think fit to see sir Benjamin Bathurst, and took no notice of this piteous message.[1]

After many hours of great suffering and danger, the princess Anne brought into the world, April 17th, 1692, a living son, which was named George, after her husband, but the miserable mother had the sorrow to see it expire soon after its hasty baptism. Lady Charlotte Bevervaart, one of the princess Anne's maids of honour, being a Dutchwoman, and on that account considered as the more acceptable messenger, was despatched from Sion House to announce to queen Mary the death of her new-born nephew. Lady Charlotte waited some time before the queen saw her. At last, after her majesty had held a consultation with her uncle lord Rochester, the messenger of the princess was admitted into the royal presence. The queen herself informed lady Charlotte Bevervaart, that she should visit the princess that afternoon. Indeed, her majesty arrived at Sion almost as soon as the messenger. Queen Mary entered the chamber of her sick and sorrowful sister, attended by her two principal ladies, the countesses of Derby and Scarborough. The princess Anne was in bed, pale and sad, but the queen never asked her how she did, never took her hand, or expressed the least sympathy for her sufferings and her loss. Her majesty was pleased to plunge at once into the dispute which had estranged her from her sister, to whom she exclaimed in an imperious tone, as soon as she was seated by the bedside, "I have

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 69.

made the first step by coming to you, and I now expect that you should make the next, by dismissing lady Marlborough."

The princess Anne became pale with agitation at this unseasonable attack; her lips trembled, as she replied, "I have never in my life disobeyed your majesty but in this one particular, and I hope at some time or other it will appear as unreasonable to your majesty as it does now to me." The queen immediately rose from her seat, and prepared, without another word, to depart. Prince George of Denmark, who was present at this extraordinary scene, led her majesty to her coach; while so doing, the queen repeated to him precisely the same words which she had addressed to the unfortunate invalid in bed.

The two ladies who had accompanied their royal mistress, comported themselves according to their individual dispositions on the occasion. Lady Derby, who had been recommended to the queen by the princess Anne as groom of the stole, in those halcyon days when these royal sisters were rejoicing together on the success of the revolution, now showed her ingratitude by turning away from the sick bed without making the slightest inquiry after the poor invalid. But lady Scarborough behaved in a manner better becoming a feeling and womanly character.

Queen Mary retained sufficient conscientiousness to be shocked, on reflection, at her own conduct. She was heard to say, on her return to Kensington, "I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so much concern on her at the renewal of the affair, that she trembled and looked as white as her sheets."[1] Yet the queen's uneasy remembrance of this cruel interview arose from remorse, not repentance; for the unfeeling words she regretted were the last she ever uttered to her sister.

Thus the three persons of the protestant branch of the royal family in England, were irreconcilably divided

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 69 to 71.

during life, two against one. Lonely as they were in the world, they were at mortal enmity with every other relative who shared their blood. It will be allowed that the causes of war and division with the exiled Roman-catholic head of their family were of a lofty nature; there is an historic grandeur in a contention for the establishment of differing creeds, and even for the possession of thrones; great and even good princes have struggled unto the death, when such mighty interests have been at stake. But when enmities that last to death between sisters, may be traced in their origin to such trash as disputes concerning convenient lodgings, or amount of pocket-money, what can be the opinion of the dignity of such minds?

Queen Mary had received a letter in the same April, directed by the hand of her exiled father, and written throughout by him; it was a circular addressed to her, and to those members of her privy-council who had been most active in raising the calumny that disinherited his unfortunate son. This communication announced that his queen expected her confinement in May, and invited them to come to St. Germains to be present at the expected birth of his child, promising from Louis XIV. freedom to come and go in safety.[1] Such announcement must have been sent in severe satire, rather than in any expectation of the invitation being accepted.

As may be supposed, the princess Anne did not undergo all the harassing agitation the queen's harshness inflicted on her, in the hour of her weakness and suffering, with impunity. A dangerous fever followed her sister's visit, and she hung for several days on the very verge of the grave. From this dispute, some information regarding the royal etiquette of that period may be ascertained; for it appears that her majesty, queen Mary II., honoured all her female nobility not below the rank of a countess, with a state lying-in visit; but if she knew not better how to

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 32, and Memoirs of James II.

comport herself in a sick room than she did in that of her sister, these royal visitations must have thinned the ranks of her female nobility. Long before the princess Anne was convalescent, she underwent fresh agony of alarm; by her majesty's orders, lord Marlborough was arrested, and was forthwith hurried to the Tower. Then the invalid princess harassed herself by writing all day long notes and letters to his wife, who was obliged to leave Sion, in order to visit and assist her husband.

The earliest letter written by the princess Anne to lady Marlborough, after this event, seems to have been the following. It is dateless, but probably occurs the day after Marlborough's incarceration in the Tower. Although the princess had not then left her lying-in chamber, it seems she had been agitated by reports that her own arrest was pending. She addresses lady Marlborough as Mrs. Freeman, the assumed name they had previously agreed upon; she terms herself, as usual, Mrs. Morley:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

[May 16, 1692.]

"I hear lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it; for methinks 'tis a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they should hinder you from coming to me; though how they can do that without making you a prisoner, I cannot guess."

"I am just told," continues the princess Anne, "by pretty good hands, that as soon as the wind turns westerly, there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 'tis easy to you,[1] pray let me see you before the wind changes, for afterwards, one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another; but let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me so I can

[1] So written; meaning, "if it is easy for you to come to me." Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 51. Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

have the opportunity of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman; and I swear I would live on bread and water, between two walls, without repining; for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next, if ever she proves false to you."

The correspondence of lord Marlborough with the court of St. Germains was the cause of his arrest; it would be waste of time, after the specimens produced regarding it, to discuss it as a mystery. Many circumstances prove that queen Mary had accurate intelligence of his treacherous intrigues. It is as evident, that the intention of her government was not to prove his guilt home to him, lest the princess Anne's share in it should be revealed. Not that the queen screened her sister, out of tenderness, but from a sagacious anticipation, that if her conduct were discovered, most of her party would not scruple in following her example. Invasion was threatened daily, and the queen acted with proper precaution, by securing so slippery a person as lord Marlborough, until the expected naval battle was decided.

Meantime, the princess Anne resolved to write to her sister, queen Mary, and determined to send the letter by the hands of one of the prelates, Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. Anne's policy in writing to the queen is explained in one of her confidential billets to lady Marlborough. She anticipated that the queen would debar her approach; but she wished it to be spread far and wide, and to become universally known, that she had desired to visit her sister, and had been forbidden. As the best plan for promoting this end, she sent for the bishop of Worcester. He returned her royal highness a polite answer that he would come to her, but said not when; therefore the princess observed, in one of her notes, that she dared not go to London as she had intended to do, to meet lady Marl-

borough, lest the prelate should arrive at Sion during her absence.[1]

The next morning, the bishop of Worcester actually came to Sion before the princess Anne was dressed. On her interview with him, he willingly undertook the commission of delivering the letter of the princess to the queen; but praised her majesty so very warmly, as to induce some disgust in her sister, on account of his partiality. The princess, who gives this narrative in her letters to her dear lady Marlborough, adds this extraordinary conclusion to her narrative: "I told the bishop of Worcester that you had several times desired you might go from me; but I beg again, for Christ Jesus' sake, that you would never more name it to me. For, be assured, if you should ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me—and should you do it without my consent (which if I ever give you, may I never see the face of Heaven)—I will shut myself up, and never see the world more, but live where I may be forgotten by human kind." It is difficult to credit that this rant was written by a royal matron, who was considered under the guidance of religious principles, and was married to a prince, to whom she was much attached, and was deemed a model of the conjugal virtues.

The princess Anne finally prevailed on bishop Stillingfleet to deliver the letter she had prepared to the queen:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.

"Sion, the 20th of May, (1692.)

"I have now, God be thanked, recovered my strength well enough to go abroad. And though my duty and inclination would both lead me to wait upon your majesty as soon as I am able to do it, yet I have, of late, had the misfortune of being so much under your majesty's displeasure, as to apprehend there may be hard constructions made upon anything I either do, or not do, with the most respectful intentions.

"And I am in doubt whether the same arguments that have prevailed with your majesty to forbid people from showing their usual respects to me, may not be carried so much farther, as not to permit me to pay my duty to you.

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 74—76.

That I acknowledge would be a great increase of affliction to me, and nothing but your majesty's own command shall ever willingly make me submit to it. For, whatever reason I may think in my own mind I have to complain of being hardly used, *yet I will strive to hide it as much as possible.*"[1]

This last sentence is disgusting in its falsehood, because the princess had, according to her voluntary avowal, deliberately devised the whole plan of writing and sending the letter by the bishop, with the intention of making her wrongs as publicly notorious as possible.

The bishop of Worcester, if we may trust the account of the princess Anne, returned to her not a little scandalized at the reception which the queen had given to her sister's letter. The princess seems to have had no other end than to elicit some harsh answer, and to let her sister be aware that she had been apprised of her command, to forbid any of the nobility to pay her their usual visits at Sion. The princess had added, at the conclusion of her letter, "That she would not pretend to reside at the Cockpit, unless her majesty would make it *easy* to her." This was meant as a leading question, to ascertain whether, if she returned to that isolated fragment of Whitehall, the queen would wink at the presence there of lady Marlborough? The reply which her majesty sent to the princess Anne, by the bishop of Worcester, was couched in these words:—

QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.

"I have received yours by the bishop of Worcester, and have little to say to it, since you cannot but know that as I never use compliments, so now they cannot serve. 'Tis none of my fault that we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to show my willingness to do otherwise. And I will do no more.

"Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble,[2] for be assured 'tis not words can make us live together as we ought—you know what I required of you. And now I tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with,[3] or you must not wonder that I doubt of your

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 76; the letter ends with a formula of great devotion to the queen.

[2] By coming to court, where the queen did not mean to receive her.

[3] By the dismissal of lady Marlborough.

kindness. You can give me no other marks that will satisfy me; nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do that sees them. These things do not hinder me from being very glad to hear that you are well, and wishing that you may continue so, and that you may yet, while it is in your power, oblige me to be your affectionate sister,

"MARIE R."

The princess Anne gathered from this answer, that her sister was inflexible regarding the expulsion of the Marlboroughs from the precincts of Whitehall—a circumstance which decided the question of her future residence. She was at that time in treaty for a lease of the princely mansion, built by John, lord Berkeley; and after the reception of the royal epistle, she hastened to conclude the business, and settle her household there.[1] The princess did not wholly forsake the Cockpit; she retained her possession of that establishment, and used it as cantonments for those of her servants who were not offensive to the government.

The plans and politics of Anne are unveiled, by her own hand, in the letter she wrote to her confidante, when the answer of the queen settled these arrangements. It is a letter which thoroughly displays her disposition, written about two days after that to the queen, dated May 20th:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH (UNDER THE DESIGNATION OF MRS. FREEMAN.)

"May 22, [1692,] Sion House.

"I am very sensibly touched with the misfortune that my dear Mrs. Freeman has in losing her son, knowing very well what it is to lose a child,[2] but she knowing my heart so well, and how great a share I bear in all her concerns, I will not say any more on this subject, for fear of renewing her passion too much.

"Being now at liberty to go where I please, by the queen's refusing to see me, I am mightily inclined to go to-morrow, after dinner, to the Cockpit, and from thence, privately, in a chair to see you. Sometime next week I believe

[1] The princess Anne's residence at Berkeley House is usually stated to have taken place in 1690 to 1691; but her letter herewith marks the precise time of her concluding the agreement.

[2] Alluding to the death of lady Marlborough's first-born son, an infant.

it will be time for me to go to London, to make an end of that business of Berkeley House." [1]

In shameless contradiction of her voluntary assertion to the queen, that although she thought herself ill used, she would hide it as much as possible, occur the following passages:—

"The bishop (of Worcester) brought me the queen's letter early this morning, and by that letter he said, he did not seem so well satisfied with her as he was yesterday. *He has promised to bear me witness that I have made all the advances that were reasonable.* And I confess I think *the more it is told about* that I would have waited on the queen, but that she refused seeing me, *it is the better, and therefore I will not scruple saying it to anybody when it comes in my way.*"

"There were some in the family, [*the household of the princess,*] as soon as the news came this morning of our fleet beating the French, that advised the prince (George of Denmark) to go in the afternoon to compliment the queen. And another [*of her household*] asked me 'if I would not send her one?' but we neither of us thought there was any necessity of it then, and much less since I received this arbitrary letter. *I don't send you the original,* for fear an accident may happen to the bearer, for I love to keep such letters by me for my justification. Sure never any body was so used by a sister! but I thank God I have nothing to reproach myself withal in this business; but the more I think of all that has passed, the better I am satisfied. And if I had done otherwise, I should have deserved to have been

[1] This marks the time, exactly, of the commencement of Anne's residence at Berkeley House. She went direct, in February, to Sion, and from thence to Bath, and passed the winter of 1692-3 at Berkeley House, which was her town-house till the death of her sister. It was (as is evident from the MS. letters in the possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire) situated on the site of the present Devonshire House. The noble old trees which are plentiful in that neighbourhood, are relics of the grounds of the princess Anne.

the scorn of the world, and to be trampled upon as much as my enemies would have me."

"Dear Mrs. Freeman," concludes this remarkable missive, "farewell; I hope in Christ you will never think more of leaving me, for I would be sacrificed to do you the least service, and nothing but death can ever make me part with you. For, if it be possible, I am, every day, more and more yours.

"P.S.—I hope your lord is well. It was Mr. Maul and lady Fitzharding that advised the prince and me to make our compliments to the queen."

It is evident that this letter contained a copy of the queen's letter to the princess Anne; and the spirit of the whole communication prompted lady Marlborough, nothing loth, to make it as public as possible, in which the princess justified herself by producing the original. Such intrigues added greatly to the dangers by which queen Mary was beset at this difficult period of her government—dangers which can only be appreciated by a knowledge of the falseness of too many who were, perforce, trusted by her with important offices. The naval victory, alluded to by the princess Anne in her letter to lady Marlborough, on which the faction in her household advised her to send the queen "a compliment," was the celebrated one of La Hogue, where the English navy regained some of the credit they had lost since the Revolution.

It was a victory gained almost against the will of the commanders, Russell and Carter, by the tenacious valour of the seamen they commanded. The correspondence of admiral Russell with James II. has been matter of history for nearly a century. Queen Mary knew it well; but she, moreover, was aware that most of the superior officers in the fleet were positively resolved not to strike a blow against her father, their old master, who was then at La Hogue, waiting the result of the mighty preparations that France had made in his behalf.

Queen Mary met the danger with the high spirit arising from her indomitable courage and great abilities. She sent to the officers of the fleet, "that much had been told her of their disaffection, and she had been strenuously advised to take their commissions from them; but, for her part, she was resolved to rely on their honour; she felt convinced that they would not at once betray her, a helpless woman, and the glory of their country, at the same time. She trusted the interests of both implicitly in their hands." If king William had been governing England at the time, the protestant cause had been lost; but the reins of sovereignty being held by a queen, whose manners were soft and popular, created a strong sympathy among all classes. What the queen felt, meantime, may be guessed by those who have read her correspondence of the year 1690, where she analyzes pathetically her system of enclosing hermetically the agonies of her suspense in the recesses of her own heart.

Admiral Russell had promised James II. to avoid fighting, if he could do so without loss of the honour of the British navy. If Tourville, he said, would be content to slip out of port in a dark night, and pass him, he would not keep too sedulous a look out for him, especially if he had king James on board; but if he came out of port in open day, and defied him, then an action must take place, and with the eyes of Europe on them, the fight would be in earnest. King James was far from thinking this arrangement unreasonable, and the same was signified to Tourville, the French admiral, who thought more of his own personal glory than the interest of James II. He refused to pass in the manner Russell indicated, although he might have done so without the least imputation on his valour, since the united English and Dutch fleets were so much superior to him in force, that his hope of victory must have been mere desperation. He came out of port in bravado, on the 16th of May, in his flagship, and a battle ensued. When once engaged, admiral Russell and his coadjutor, Carter, (who was a Jacobite,

without concealment,) did their duty to their country. Carter was killed by some French bullet, not aware of his affection to his old master.

There is a noble historical ballad, one of the naval songs of England, which illustrates the battle of La Hogue in fewer and more impressive words than any other pen can do:—

THE VICTORY OF LA HOGUE.

" Thursday, in the morn, the ides of May,
(Recorded for ever be the famous ninety-two)
Brave Russell did discern by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing slow;
" All hands above—aloft!"—let English valour shine;
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line!
Let every hand attend his gun,
Follow me, you soon will see,
A battle soon begun.

" Tourville on the main triumphant rolled,
To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself's on fire.
Mighty Fate stood looking on,
While a flood,
All of blood,
Filled the scuppers of the Royal Sun.[1]

" Sulphur, smoke and fire filled the air,
And with their thunders scared the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lily banners streaming now no more.
At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow,
The final overthrow!
British colours ride the vanquished main.

" See! they fly amazed through rocks and sands,
On danger they rush to shun direr fate;
Vainly they seek for aid their native land,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.

[1] Tourville's flag-ship was La Soleil Royale.

For evermore, adieu, thou royal dazzling Sun!
From thy untimely end, thy master's fate begun.
Now we sing,
Live the king,
And drink success to every British tar."

This victory was decisive against the Jacobite cause. No formidable effort, from that time, was made for James II. Many of his most ardent friends, (among others, the celebrated dean Sherlock,) out of a sense of duty to their country, took the oaths to William and Mary.

When the English fleet arrived at Spithead, without the loss of a single ship, queen Mary promptly sent 30,000*l.* in gold, to be distributed among the common sailors, and sent gold medals to be given to the officers. There is a tradition, that, after the victory of La Hogue, the unfinished shell of the new palace of Greenwich was ordered by queen Mary to be prepared for the reception of the wounded seamen; and that, from this circumstance, the idea first originated in her mind of the conversion of this neglected building into an hospital, similar in plan to her uncle's foundation at Chelsea for veteran soldiers.

The vigour and ability of queen Mary's government, at the period of difficulty preceding the battle of La Hogue, became themes of commendation of all the poets of her party. Among the verses to her honour, those of Pomfret are really the best:—

"When her great lord to foreign wars is gone,
And left his Mary here to reign alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose did she the vessel steer;
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace;
How good she was, how generous, how wise,
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes."

Vandervaart's pencil[1] proves the great difference a few

[1] Several fine engravings in the mezzotinto style, from the original portrait of Mary, at this period, may be seen in the British Museum, in the collection

years, accompanied by increase of *embonpoint*, can make in the person of a female. Mary II. appeared in 1692, according to the engraving, as represented in the portrait which forms our frontispiece; all angles are filled up in this delineation of the royal matron; her cheeks, which present anything but roundness of contour in her elegant portrait painted by Wissing for her father, when she was princess of Orange,[1] are now comely, and she appears on the verge of that decided obesity which is presented in her portraits and medals about the period of her demise.

The architecture to the right of the queen marks both the date of the present portrait, and the place where her majesty is represented to be seated. The round windows are the entresols of the interior of the Fountain-Court, Hampton-palace, and thus they are seen from the Chapel-Royal there. The queen is represented at morning service in the royal gallery, probably listening to some favourite preacher. She is sitting half enveloped in the velvet curtain of the royal closet; part of the curtain, with the heavy gold fringe, is flung over the front of the gallery on which her elbow leans. Her hand is supported by the large Spanish fan, closed, which ladies used when walking, instead of a parasol, until the end of the eighteenth century.

The queen's singular habiliments give a correct idea of the morning dress which ladies in England wore from 1687 to 1707, and certainly is not inaptly described in the Spectator as head-clothes; it superseded the use of bonnet or hat, and seems a Dutch modification of the ever-elegant Spanish mantilla-veils. It is a coronet head-dress of three tiers made of guipure point, piled on the top of the hair, which is combed up from the roots, and set on end, excepting some curls ranked as top-locks, serving as basement to the lace structure.

of English portraits, vol. xi. p. 127. *Maria D. G. Anglicæ Scoticæ et Hiberniæ regina*, &c. *Vandervaar pinxit, J. Smith, fecit. Sold by E. Cooper. Three Pigeons, in Bedford-street.* Another, same plate, in Crowles' London, vol. xi.

[1] See frontispiece, vol. x.

Broad and full lappets border the cheeks on each side, and fall as low as the elbows, and are ornamented with bows of striped ribbon. Probably these lappets, or side veils, drew over the face to shade off the sun. The brocade robe is stiff-bodied, and very hard and high; the sleeves are narrow at the shoulders, where they fasten with bows of ribbon; they widen as they descend, and turn up with cuffs from the elbows, to show the sleeves of the chemise, which sustain rich ruffles of guipure-point, meeting stiff long gloves of leather, which mount too high to permit any portion of the arm to be visible. The bosom is shaded by the chemise, the tucker heavily trimmed with guipure. A large magnificent cluster of diamonds on the chest, and a throat-necklace of enormous pearls, are the only jewels worn with this costume.

The queen must have been constant to this style of dress, since one of her Dutch portraits, on which is marked the year 1688, presents her precisely in the same attire; it is a fine work of art, of the Flemish school, in the possession of lord Braybroke, and was exhibited a year or two since at the British institution. The queen is represented sitting in a doleful-looking parlour, by a table with a green cloth, calling strongly to mind the small and dark parlour she was forced to dine in, after she had resigned her dining-room at the Hague, to serve for her chapel.

At the awful crisis of the battle of the Hogue, Mary II. was but thirty years of age; her height, her fully-formed and magnificent figure, and, as her poet sings, "the brightness of her eyes," were singularly becoming to her royal costume. In the absence of her cynical partner, she took care to derive all possible advantages from frequently appearing in the grandeur of majesty, and kept the enthusiasm of the London citizens at its height, by receiving their congratulatory addresses in her royal robes, and on her throne in the fatal Banqueting-room, and by often reviewing their trained-bands and artillery-companies in person, which

civic militia was considered, in that century, formidable as a military body. Nevertheless, there were dark traits mixed with her government; the fate of Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts in favour of the queen's father, is cited as an instance of open tyranny, unexampled since the times of Henry VIII.[1] The printer was brought to trial during the queen's regency of 1693. He made a vigorous defence, in spite of being brow-beat by the insults of judge Treby from the bench. There was no real evidence against him, nothing but deductions, and the jury refused to bring in a verdict of high treason. They were, however, reviled and reprimanded by judge Treby, till they brought in Anderton guilty, most reluctantly. The mercy of queen Mary was invoked in this case; but she was perfectly inexorable, and he suffered death at Tyburn, under her warrant, the man protesting solemnly against the proceedings of the court. "The judge," he declared, "was appointed by the queen, not to try, but to convict him;" he likewise forgave his jury, who expressed themselves penitent for his death. If these circumstances be as the historian has represented,[2] England, after the revolution, had small cause to congratulate herself on her restored liberties, and juries were composed of more pliant materials than in the case of sir Nicholas Throckmorton. William and Mary, who had reversed the sentence of Algernon Sidney, and signed the Bill of Rights, were not remarkably consistent. Perhaps they meant to limit liberty merely to the members of the house of commons, and the responsible representatives of large masses of money and land.

John Dunton, a fanatic bookseller, who wrote a journal, thus comments on his publication of the History of the Edict of Nantes. "It was a wonderful pleasure to queen Mary," observes Dunton,[3] "to see this history made Eng-

[1] Smollett's History of England, vol. ix. p. 209. [2] Smollett.

[3] Dunton's Autobiography, p. 153. John Dunton opened his shop at the sign of the Raven in the Poultry, the day of the proclamation of William

lish; it was the only book to which she granted her royal licence, in 1693." Whether John Dunton means leave of dedication, or whether the liberty of the press was under such stringent restrictions as his words imply, is not entirely certain; but the doleful fate of Anderton gives authenticity to the latter opinion.

The historical medals of the reign of William III. and Mary are a most extraordinary series, many of them, quaint, absurd, and boastful, seem as if meant to out-do the vain-glorious inscriptions of Louis XIV. A medal, which was struck in Holland, in commemoration of the events of this year, is unique in artistical productions; for no other potentate, either Christian or pagan, ever thus commemorated a scene of torture. "It is," says the obsequious historian,[1] "the more remarkable, as the ancients never represented such subjects on their medals." It represents the horrible death of Grandval, who was accused and convicted of conspiring to kill William III., and executed in Flanders, at the English camp, according to the English law of treason.[2] This tender testimonial was plentifully distributed in Great Britain, under Mary's government, and is to be seen in bronze still, in old family cabinets. It presents William in wig and laurel on one side of the medal; the reverse is ornamented with the executioner standing over the half-animated corpse of Grandval, knife in hand—fires burn at the head and feet of the victim, in one of which his heart is to be consumed; the front of the scaffold is adorned with the inscription of the crime; on the right side are three stakes —on one is the head, on the two others the fore-quarters of the miserable wretch; the other side is adorned with the

and Mary. He soon after published the Secret History of Whitehall, the blackest libel on the family of his royal patroness that had yet appeared; it was concocted by one Wooley, a hack-writer, and John Dunton himself.

[1] Medallic History of the four last reigns—William, Mary, Anne, and George—with prints of the medals, p. 23, plate 14.

[2] Toone's Chronology.

gallows and the other quarters. August 13, 1692—the day of the butchery—is beneath. Detestable as these executions might be, they were legal; the monarchs reigning in England were justified in permitting them; but to celebrate them in such commemorations is unexampled, and infinitely disgraced the epoch. Medals in those days must have taken the place of political caricatures; in these of William and Mary, every kind of grotesque absurdity is represented as befalling their adversaries. Several medals were struck on the escape of William from the fog off Goree: he is seen in the boat, in his wig and armour, pointing to two Gothic towers which seem to command the port of Goree.

Towards the end of Mary's life, she is represented in these medals as enormously fat, with two or three ponderous chins; in general, the reverses represent her in the character of a lioness, crushing serpents, or valiantly aiding her husband, king William, who, in the semblance of a lion, is catching and mauling, not only the Gallic cock, but several hens, making their feathers fly about very absurdly. A droller series of caricatures on themselves were never perpetrated than this series of medals illustrative of the regnal history of William and Mary.

Meantime, we must return to the penitential letter, written by Anne to her father, which, although dated in the preceding December, had been travelling by circuitous routes several months before the bearer reached James II. in Normandy. At the town of La Hogue, not far from the ancient port of Barfleur, James II. had encamped with the army, which the ships of Tourville had been intended to convey to England. The king had expressed, in his journal, great distrust of the affected repentance of his daughter Anne, and her advisers. He observed, "Former treachery made such intentions liable to suspicion; yet Marlborough put so plausible a face upon his reasons, that if they were not accompanied by sincerity, they had, at least, a specious

appearance. They had this reason, above all others, to be credited; they were out of favour with the prince of Orange, [William III.] and reaped no other benefit from their past infidelities than the infamy of having committed them. The most interested person's repentance may be credited, when they can hope to mend their future, by repairing their fault, and better their condition by returning to their duty."[1] Such were the very natural reflections of the outraged father when he received the intimation of the repentance of his daughter Anne, and of her favourites, the Marlboroughs. Captain Davy Lloyd, the old sea-comrade of James II., who had been entrusted with the penitential letter of Anne, brought it to him the day after the battle of the Hogue. Notwithstanding the cool shrewdness of the above remarks, the old king's parental tenderness yearned when he read the letter of his favourite child. As Captain Lloyd left the presence, king James observed to some friend who stood by him, "That his daughter Anne was surely better than her sister Mary." Captain Lloyd, over-hearing this remark, re-opened the door he had closed, put in his head, and, with a rough seaman's oath and rude canine comparison, let his master know his opinion, that both were alike in principle.[2]

Captain Davy Lloyd was an intimate friend of admiral Russell. He had had several secret interviews with that admiral—and some say with princess Anne herself—on Jacobite affairs before he brought the letter to her father. A few words which the princess let fall, regarding her own selfish interests, probably occasioned his well-known burst of indignation when he heard her father mention her with fondness. When impartially considered, the conduct of Anne was far less excusable than that of her sister, queen Mary; nor is her guilt against her country to be palliated.

If the princess had had any real conviction of the religious principles she professed, she would have endured

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.

[2] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

far severer mortifications than any William and Mary had the power to inflict on her, before she would have disturbed the settlement whereby a reformed church was secured the predominance in England. Supposing James II. had been restored in 1692, there would have been far more danger from the encroachments of Rome than before the Revolution took place. Anne therefore remains convicted of betraying not only her king and father, but the monarch of the Revolution, whom she had helped to raise. As her father was still more devoted to the church of Rome in 1691 and 1692 than in 1688, base self-interest or revengeful pique must have been the ruling motives of her communication with him.

From some unknown caprice, admiral Russell refused a title with which queen Mary was desirous of investing him. Her majesty had recourse to the intercession of his venerated relative, Rachel, lady Russell; the following fragment of the royal correspondence on this subject has been preserved:

"I confess myself lazy enough in writing, yet that has not hindered me from answering lady Russell's letter, but staying for Mr. Russell's own answer to which you referred me. I have seen him this day, and find he is resolved to be Mr. Russell still. I could not press him further on a thing he seemed so little to care for, so there is an end of that matter. Whether the king will think I have done enough on that matter or no, I cannot tell, but is not in my nature to compliment, which always makes me take people at their words."[1]

When queen Mary had surmounted the most formidable of the difficulties which beset her regnal sway in the eventful summer of 1692, she had once more leisure to descend from the greatness of the firm and courageous monarch to the pettiness of the spiteful partisan, and to devise new annoyances for the mortification of her sister.

According to the narrative of lady Marlborough, it was

[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

the earnest endeavour of queen Mary to prevent the nobility from paying the princess Anne the accustomed visit of ceremonial on her convalesence when she left her lying-in chamber. For this purpose, the queen intimated to all her courtiers, both lords and ladies, that those who went to Sion House would not be received at court. The queen (if the Marlboroughs may be believed) herself condescended to intimate this resolution to lady Grace Pierrepoint,[1] who replied, "That she considered that she owed a certain degree of respect to the princess, and if her majesty declined receiving her for paying it, she must submit to her pleasure and stay away from court." Lady Thanet was not so high spirited, but she sent her excuse in writing to the princess, lamenting the prohibition of her majesty. To this letter the following answer was returned:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE DOWAGER LADY THANET.[2]

"It is no small addition to my unhappiness in the queen's displeasure, that I am deprived by it of the satisfaction of seeing my friends, especially such as seem desirous to see me, and to find by those late commands, which her majesty has given you, that her unkindness is to have no end. The only comfort I have in these great hardships is to think how little I have deserved them from the queen. And that thought I hope will help me to support them with less impatience.

"I am the less surprised at the strictness of the queen's command to you upon this occasion, since I have found she can be so very unkind to, &c.,

"ANNE."

The princess, when her health permitted the journey, left Sion House, and went, for the restoration of her shattered constitution, to try the waters of Bath. Thither the indefatigable ill-nature of the queen pursued her. The mortifications were but trifling which her majesty had the power to inflict, yet she did her worst, and condescended to order such letters as the following to be written to the mayor of Bath, a tallow-chandler by trade, to prevent the respect that his corporation thought due to the heiress-presumptive of the crown:—

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 96. [2] Ibid. p. 96.

LORD NOTTINGHAM, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, TO THE MAYOR OF BATH.[1]

"Sir,

"The queen has been informed that yourself and your brethren have attended the princess with the same respect and ceremony, as have been usually paid to the royal family. Perhaps you may not have heard what occasion her majesty has had to be displeased with the princess. And, therefore I am commanded to acquaint you, that you are not for the future to pay her highness any respect or ceremony without leave from her majesty, who does not doubt of receiving from you and your brethren this public mark of your duty.

"Your most humble servant,

"NOTTINGHAM."

This undignified mandate was duly obeyed by the mayor of Bath, and his brethren the aldermen. The effect of the loss of such honours as a corporation could bestow is told in an affectionate note which the princess wrote to her favourite, after they came out of the abbey-church. From it may be learned, that lady Marlborough was more startled and disturbed at the loss of the corporation-homage than her mistress.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH[2] [UNDER THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.]

"Dear Mrs. Freeman must give me leave to ask her, if anything has happened to make her uneasy? I thought she looked, to-night, as if she had the spleen, and I can't help being in pain whenever I see her so. I fancied, yesterday, when the mayor failed in the ceremony of going to church with me, that he was commanded not to do it. I think 'tis a thing to be laughed at. And if *they* imagine either to vex me or gain upon me by such sort of usage, *they* will be mightily disappointed. And I hope these foolish things *they* do will every day show more and more what *they* are, and that *they* truly deserve the *name* your faithful Morley has given them."

The pronoun *they*, perhaps, pertains to the sovereigns William and Mary; as for the name the princess had given them, there is no further information afforded. The names of "Caliban" and "monster" were appellations the princess very liberally bestowed on her brother-in-law, king William, at this juncture, but in neither of these, nor in others not quite so refined, could his royal partner claim her share. The princess Anne was an adept in the odious custom of giving

[1] Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 98. [2] Ibid. p. 99.

nick-names—a proceeding to which only the vulgarest minds condescend. Before the Marlborough published her letters, she expunged the abusive epithets found in them, which were meant to designate king William. The blanks, however, remain in the printed copies; these serve as guides for the insertion of the terms of abuse she bestowed on her brother-in-law.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH[1] [UNDER THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.]

"I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home, and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, that if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life, for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up and never see a creature. You may see all this would have come upon me if you had not been, [*i. e. never existed.*] If you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all, when she began to pick quarrels.

"And if they [*i. e., king William and queen Mary,*] should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds (per annum) have I not lived on as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty (it is true *the king*[2] was so kind as to pay my debts,) and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make, and be glad of that pretence to do it?

"Never fancy, dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince too, it would have been so, however, for *Caliban* is capable of doing nothing but injustice, therefore, rest satisfied you are no ways the cause; and let me beg once more, for God's sake, that you would never mention parting more. No, nor so much as think of it; and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart.

"P.S.—I hope my dear Mrs. Freeman will come as soon as she can this afternoon, that we may have as much time together as we can. I doubt you will think me very unreasonable, but I really long to see you again, as if I had not been so happy this month."

This letter, and the succeeding one of the same series, are totally without dates; they were, perhaps, written just after the princess returned from Bath, and settled herself in

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 99. The square brackets contain the explanations by the author, the round ones are the parentheses of the princess.

[2] This was her father, James II.; it is confirmatory of some preceding anecdotes.

Berkeley House. At which time the imprisonment of lord Marlborough in the Tower, and subsequently his release on bail, caused considerable absences of his lady from the side of her adoring princess, because, to use the phrase so often occurring in Burnet's historical narratives, "'twas scarce *decent*" that a person under bail for treason should reside in the family of the heiress-presumptive of the British crown.

The queen kept lord Marlborough as long as possible, either incarcerated in the Tower, or under the restraint of bail. It was Michaelmas term before his bail were exonerated; afterwards, he took up his abode in the household of the princess Anne. A new struggle then commenced, regarding the residence of this obnoxious pair in the household of the heiress. In this, a party against them in the princess's establishment at Berkeley House took ardent interest. Lord Rochester, the uncle of the royal sisters, again went and came from the queen, with proposals respecting their dismissal; Mr. Maule, the bed-chamber gentleman of prince George, undertook to sway his master, and sir Benjamin Bathurst and lady Fitz-harding the princess. Lord Rochester hinted to his niece, that if she would dismiss lady Marlborough, in order to show a semblance of obedience to the queen, her majesty would permit her to receive her again into her service. The princess seems to have caught at this compromise, for she sent lady Fitzharding to her sister, to know if she had rightly understood their uncle's words; for, if there was no mistake, she would give her majesty "satisfaction of that sort." This compliance was so far from giving queen Mary satisfaction of any kind, that she fell into a great passion, and declared to lady Fitzharding, "that she would never see the princess again upon other terms than parting with lady Marlborough—not for a time, but for ever." And Mary added, with imperious voice and gesture—"She was a queen, and would be obeyed;" this

sentence, according to lady Fitzharding's testimony, her majesty repeated several times with increasing harshness.[1]

Lady Marlborough again proposed retiring of her own accord, which proposition, as she well knew, would draw from her fond mistress an agonizing appeal by letter not to forsake her, in which entreaty the compliant prince George joined.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH [BY THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.][2]

"In *obedience* to dear Mrs. Freeman, I have told the prince all she desired me, and he is so far from being of another opinion, that if there had been occasion, he would have strengthened me in my resolutions, and we both beg you will never mention so cruel a thing any more."

"Can you think," continues the princess, "either of us so wretched, that for the sake of 20,000*l*, and to be tormented from morning to night with knaves and fools, we should forsake those we have such obligations to, and that we are so certain we are the occasion of all their misfortunes? Besides, can you believe we will truckle to *Caliban*, who, from the first moment of his coming, has used us at that rate as we are sensible he has done.

"But suppose that I did submit, and that the king could change his nature so much as to use me with humanity, how would all reasonable people despise me? How would that *Dutch monster* laugh at me, and please himself with having got the better? And, which is much more, how would my conscience reproach me for having sacrificed it, my honour, reputation, and all the substantial comforts of this life, for transitory interest, which, even to those who make it their interest, can never afford any real satisfaction to a virtuous mind."[3]

It is sickening to find Anne and her accomplices talking of virtue to one another, each knowing that they were

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 100. [2] Ibid., 84.

[3] Blanks are left in the printed copy for the epithets of Caliban and Dutch monster, which are restored from the Coxe MSS., Brit. Mus.

betraying their country from private pique and self-interest, just as they had previously betrayed a father and benefactor. She proceeds, after this burst of undeserved self-praise—

"No, my dear Mrs. Freeman; never believe your faithful Mrs. Morley will ever submit. She can wait with patience for a sun-shine day, and if she does not live to see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again."

Namely, when her young son, the duke of Gloucester, had arrived at man's estate—"a sunshine-day" neither he nor his mother were ever to behold. Meantime, the young duke lived at his nursery palace of Campden House, from whence he was frequently taken to wait upon her majesty, who made a marked difference between her treatment of this child and of his parents.

If our readers wish to form any idea of the features of the metropolis, and its manners and customs under the sway of Mary II., in like manner as they have been shown under our Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor sovereigns, vain would be the search among the folios which it has pleased the policy of modern writers to call *history;* in truth, filled up, as they are, with dry details of foreign battles, and the mere outward movements of cabinet diplomacy, such narrative is the history of any country rather than our own. There were, however, writers who traced with horrible exactitude popular manners at the close of the seventeenth century, even as the gentler pen of Addison drew the statistics of society in the latter years of queen Anne. From one of these works are gathered a few memorials of localities in London and Westminster at the close of the seventeenth century.

The author has chosen to sketch a tour through London, beginning with May-fair — not the well-known locale of fashionable celebrity, but an ancient fair held on the site of those streets, which, departing wholly from the useful purposes which caused its foundation, had become as coarsely vicious as the notorious Bartlemy-fair, in Smithfield. The tourist and his friend, to convey them to "the May-fair," took

a hackney coach, a vehicle resembling the modern hired carriages of the kind in nothing but in name. "For want of glasses to our coach," he says,[1] "we drew up tin sashes, pinked with holes like a cullender, to defend us from stifling with the dust."

Among the less reprehensible amusements of the May-fair, the describer of its humours mentions "that a countryman, walking at the outskirts of the fair near the Hayhill-farm (now Farm-street), had picked up a toad in one of the ditches, and seeing a coach full of ladies of quality proceeding to look at the fair, he became much incensed at the sight of the *loup* masks by which they hid their faces, and preserved at once their complexions and their incognito. 'In those black vizards you look as ugly as my toad here,' said the man to them; and so saying, he tossed the creature into the low-hung carriage, a manœuvre which caused the whole party to alight in great consternation for the purpose of expelling their unwelcome inmate, to the infinite delight of the mob of May-fair.

Such parties of the queen's ladies, escorted by her lord-chamberlain and lady Derby, often made excursions from her palace; and it was the custom to bring home very rich fairings, either from the May-fair, or from the July fair, likewise called that of "St. James;" which circumstance is mentioned in a lively letter of lady Cavendish[2] to her lord,[3] descriptive of some such excursion; but it is to the St. James' fair, and seems to have been performed on foot, one of the guards of the fair bevy being a certain sir James, of whose identity no traces appear, (without he is sir James Lowther;) there is some reason to suppose that the queen was of the party.

"I have been but once to the fair; sir James gallanted us thither, and in so generous a humour, that he presented us all with fairings; the queen's fairing cost him twenty

[1] Ward's London. [2] Daughter of Rachel, lady Russell.

[3] Devonshire Papers, copied by permission of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

guineas. None of us but Mrs. Allington, had the grace to give him a fairing. On our return, we met my lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham, in the cloisters of St. James' palace; he addressed himself extremely to the afore-named lady [Jane Allington], and never left her all the time we staid there; which, indeed, was not long, for our two *governantes*, lady Derby and sir James, were impatient to be gone, so I had not time to chuse a fairing."[1]

St. James's Palace is described by the author quoted above,[2] as being entered "through a lofty porch into the first court, where a parcel of country-boobies were gazing at the whale's ribs with great amazement." Thus it appears that the naval kings of England had ornamented the gates of their home palace with this maritime trophy. Then, after describing the beauties of the palace, and promenading in the Bird-cage walk, he went to take a turn on the parade, "which is," he says, "in a morning quite covered with the bones of red herrings! From thence we walked to the canal, where ducks were frisking in the water and standing on their heads, showing as many tricks as a Bartholomew tumbler. I said to my friend, 'Her majesty's ducks are wondrous merry.'" Queen Mary was thus considered as the heiress of the pet ducks of her uncle, Charles II., as well as of his crown.

"We then took a view of the famed figure of the gladiator, which is indeed well worthy of the place it stands in. Behind this figure, at the foot of the pedestal, we sat down to see the aqueduct and watch its inhabitants, the ducks, who delighted us with their pastimes. Thence we walked by the decoy, where meandering waters glided smoothly beneath their osier-canopies. We turned from

[1] This letter has no date of year or day, but it is in answer to one from her lord, directed to her at Arlington House, (since Buckingham House,) dated July, 1692, in which he begs her to buy him a fairing. July 25th is St. James's day, when the fair commenced.

[2] Ward's London.

thence into a long lime-walk; at the termination of this delectable alley was a knot of lofty elms by a pond side, round which were commodious seats. Here a parcel of old cavaliers were conning over the history of the civil wars, and perhaps comparing the two revolutions."

In the course of their walk, they pass Westminster Abbey; the remarks prove that it was in a state of the most dreadful desolation, and that it was crowded with "the poor of St. Margaret's parish, begging, in the time of divine service." That is, the pauper population of the fearful haunts of misery and vice in the purlieus of the streets round the abbey, came to hold out their hands for the offertory given by the abbey-congregation, a proof that all organization of proper distribution was even then broken up.

"We crossed the palace-yard, on the east end of which lay the reliques of Westminster clock-house,[1] in a confused heap; from thence we moved on to the tennis-court of Whitehall Palace, fenced round with network." This the author affected to consider "as a net set up to catch Jacobites;" therefore it may be presumed it was one of their haunts. "We passed the tennis-court and went forwards to Whitehall, whose ruins we viewed with no little concern, as consumed by flames near so much water; and all that artists, at the cost of our greatest kings, had improved to delight and stateliness, remains dissolved in rubbish; those spacious rooms where majesty has sat so oft, attended with the glories of the court—the just, the wise, the beautiful—now huddled in confusion, as if the misfortunes of princes were visited on their palaces as well as persons. Through several out-courts we came to Scotland-yard, covered with recumbent soldiers, who were basking in the sun." They went by water from Whitehall-stairs to the city. "When we came upon Tower-hill, the first object that more particularly affected us was that emblem of

[1] The Clock House had been demolished by the Roundhead mob forty years before, as popish, at the time they demolished Charing Cross.

destruction, the scaffold; next to this *memento mori*, we were struck with the Traitors' Gate, where the fall of the moat-waters, in cataracts on each side, made so terrible a noise, that it is enough to fright a prisoner out of the world before his time of execution. The passage to it is fortified with rusty iron guns." They saw the regalia, "with the crown made for the coronation of her *late* majesty (Mary Beatrice of Modena), and three crowns worn by her present majesty, Mary II., with distinct robes for several occasions."

No comments are made upon the state of the arts by this writer; in times of war, even if monarchs have taste to reward them, they are usually destitute of funds. The frightful costume of periwigs, in which the masculine portion of the human race were at this period enveloped, from the age of three years to their graves, greatly injured the pictorial representation of the human form; portrait and historical painting then commenced the dull decline which subsisted from Kneller to Hogarth. Some few artists obtained reputation as painters of animals and flowers; these were all Flemings or Dutchmen. Queen Mary patronised the celebrated flower-artist, John Baptist Monnoyer,[1] who was brought to England by the duke of Montague, to decorate the walls and ceilings of Montague House with the beautiful wreaths of flowers that have been the admiration of succeeding generations.[2] His most curious work is said to be a looking-glass at Kensington Palace, which queen Mary employed him to decorate for her. She watched the progress of this beautiful representation of still-life with the greatest interest. Tradition says it was wholly painted in her presence. In all probability, the exquisite flower-pieces at Hampton Court were painted by Monnoyer for his royal patroness.

Some of queen Mary's subjects were desirous that she should turn her attention to the reformation of female dress.

[1] Biography of Monnoyer. Grainger.
[2] The British Museum.

In her zeal for moral improvement, she had talked of a sumptuary-law she designed for the purpose of suppressing the height of cornette caps, the growth of top-knots, and above all, the undue exaltation of the Fontange, a streaming ribbon, floating from the summit of the high head-dresses first introduced by the young duchess de Fontange, the lovely mistress of Louis XIV. These were the favourite fashions of the times; and queen Mary's contemporary affirms, that her majesty was infinitely scandalized "that the proud minxes of the city" and the lower ranks should wear such modes. Nevertheless, two pictures of her majesty, as well as her wax effigy in Westminster Abbey, are decorated with the obnoxious Fontange. The costume she projected for her female subjects, (if the periodicals of her day be correct,)[1] was the high-crowned hat in which the Dutch *frows* and *boorines* are seen in the pictures of Teniers and Ostade. This was really an old English costume; it had become a general fashion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and was adopted by the fanatics of the Cromwellian era, it lingered among the old people at the end of the seventeenth century. The day was gone by when queens could, with impunity, impose sumptuary laws and fulminate penalties against exaggerated ruffs and unreasonable furbelows, regulate the length of rapiers and shoe-toes, the amplitude of trains, and prescribe the rank of the wearers of cloth, satin, velvet, and gold tissue. It was a laughable mistake, moreover, to impute moral virtue to a queer-shaped hat; and had the queen known anything of the history of the past, she would have been aware that the original introducers of the sanctified steeple-crowns were considered by their contemporaries[2] presumptuous vessels of wrath, and were vituperated as much as the "city minxes," who flaunted in cornettes and top-knots after her gracious example.

[1] London Spy, 1699.

[2] See Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.

From some fragments of correspondence between her majesty and Rachel, lady Russell, it appears that lady was a frequent applicant for places and pensions, but that the queen perpetually referred her to the king, not daring to dispose of anything, even in her own household, without his sanction. The king, there is every reason to believe, followed the bad fashion brought in from France at the restoration, of selling court places.[1] This mode lady Rachel either could not, or would not, understand; queen Mary was too diplomatic to enter into full explanation, and lady Rachel sought other means of making more powerful interest. For this purpose she applied to archbishop Tillotson, whose answer gives some view of the queen at the time of her reign.

"On Sunday morning, August 1, 1692," wrote the archbishop to lady Russell, "I gave yours to the queen, telling her that I was afraid it came too late. She said, '*Perhaps not.*' Yesterday, meeting the queen at a christening, she gave me the inclosed to send to your ladyship, and if I could but obtain of your severe judgment to wink at my vanity, I would tell you how this happened. My lady-marchioness of Winchester being lately delivered of a son, spake to the queen to stand godmother, and the queen asking 'Whom she thought of for godfathers?' she said, 'Only the earl of Bath, and whatever others her majesty might please to name.' They agreed on *me*, which was a great surprise to me, but I doubt not a gracious contrivance of her majesty, to let the world know that I have her countenance and support. If it please God to preserve my good master (William III.) and grant him success, I have nothing to wish in this world but that God would grant children to this excellent prince, and that I *who am said not to be baptized myself*, may have the honour to baptize a

[1] According to Evelyn, king William ordered Marlborough, on his dismissal, to sell his court places directly. It is pretty certain he had never bought them.

prince of Wales. With God, to whose wisdom and goodness we must submit everything, this is not impossible. To his protection and blessing I commend your ladyship and hopeful children. Reading over what I have written, puts me in mind of one who when he was in drink always went and showed himself to his best friends, but your ladyship knows how to forgive a little folly to one so entirely devoted to your service as is, honoured madam,

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"Jo. Cant." [1]

The elation of the archbishop was not with drink, according to his somewhat unclerical jest above quoted, but he had just felt himself in secure possession of the see of Canterbury, and had not yet experienced all the thorns that lined his archiepiscopal mitre. It is a curious circumstance, that, in connexion with this incident, he should name one of the great objections urged against his primacy by the nonjuring church,—that he had never been baptized, at least according to the ritual of the church of England. The fact, remains dubious—for he does not clear the point—since irony is not assertion. The report that Tillotson had never been baptized, gave rise to a bitter Latin epigram,[2] which has thus been paraphrased by some Jacobite:

"Epitaphium Ecclesia Anglicanæ.

"*Hic jacet Ecclesia Anglicana,*
Semi mortua, semi sepulta," &c., &c.

"Here lies the widowed Anglican church
Half buried, half dead, and left in the lurch;
Oh, sick and sorrowful English church!
You weep and wail and sadly search,
To hide from the mocking enemy,
The utter shame of your misery;
Let not Rome know,
The depths of your woe.

[1] Birch's Life of Tillotson, cxxi. Works, vol. i.
[2] Cole's MSS. British Museum.

By fanatics bit, from the land of fogs,
Defiled and choked by a plague of frogs.
Oh, sorrowing, wretched Anglican church!
Speak not of your Head or archbishop;
For that schismatic primate and Hollander king,
Are still in want of christening!"

The truth of this epigram aggravates its sting. The religion of William III.—that of the Dutch dissenters—is utterly bare of all rites. He was never baptized in Holland, and he certainly was not in England. His first compliance with the rites of the church of England, was by communicating at the altar of the chapel at St. James's Palace, in the winter of 1688, while the convention was debating his election to the throne. His hatred to the English church, and his irreverence during divine service, have been recorded by Dr. Hooper, and even by his admirer, Tindal.[1]

The extraordinary burglary which had been committed about eighteen months previously, in that division of the royal dwelling-rooms called the queen's side, at the palace of Whitehall, had probably some connexion with the order of council issued by the queen during her regnal government, in the autumn of 1692. The robbers of royalty were never discovered, neither were the perpetrators of the following sacrilege, which had preceded the daring escalade of the queen's dressing-room.

"Whereas there was a robbery committed in the collegiate church of Westminster, the 30th of December, 1689, two large silver candlesticks, three suits of rich velvets fringed with gold, for the communion table and altar, three damask table-cloths, the covers of the great bible and prayer-book." There is no reward offered for the discovery by the government, but pardon is offered, if within forty days any accomplice declared his instigators.[2]

Queen Mary, on the 13th of September, 1692, issued

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

[2] The dean and chapter offered 100*l.* reward. Gazette, 1689, Jan.

that remarkable edict by proclamation, offering "40*l.* per head for the apprehension and conviction of any burglar or highwayman."[1] The queen was singularly unfortunate in all her legislation by proclamation. The above reward, which speedily obtained the portentous appellation of "blood-money," acting in woeful conjunction with her husband's enthusiastic recommendations, "for the better encouragement of distilling spirits from malt,"[2] completed the demoralization of her most miserable people. If a premium be offered for the production of any article, be sure an abundant supply will forthwith ensue, and to the consternation of humanity, this "blood-money" speedily occasioned a terrific number of convictions and executions, while at the same time the evil the queen meant it to suppress, increased at the rate of a hundred per cent.

The most dreadful effects of her mistake in legislation[3] unfortunately continued in active operation for half a century after her death, and how long it would have scourged and deteriorated the English, is unknown, if the powerful pens of Gay, Swift, and Fielding, had not drawn some attention, in the course of years, to the horrid traffic carried on by the thief-takers, their informers, and the gaolers, all acting under the fatal stimulus of blood-money. Thus the evil received some check; yet no one seems to have reasoned

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 93, vol. i.

[2] The MS. Journals of the House of Lords (Library of D. C. Davey, Esq., Grove, Yoxford) repeatedly mention, in the years 1692 and 1693, the visits of William III. to the house for this unwise purpose, which, judging by facts, we firmly believe the worst of our native sovereigns would have died rather than enforce. The king's personal tastes and his desire to induce the consumption of a taxable article were the causes of this conduct.

[3] Lord Mohun's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, enters into the statistics of crime in this woeful century with rectitude of purpose and power of ability. The date of his era did not enable him to trace the cause of the evil of blood-money to its origin, but those who wish to see its results in the course of a quarter of a century, will do well to read his account of the Fleet and other prisons in the reign of George I., who is not in the least accountable for abuses which existed before his reign.

on its enormities until the end of the last century,[1] for it was scarcely subdued until the establishment of the present police.

A long retrospect of human calamity is thus opened up to one terrific error in legislation, emanating from an order in council, authorized by Mary II. in her capacity of queen regent and queen-regnant. It must have been carried against her own private conviction of its folly and mischievous tendency. The same vigorous reasoning power which led her to plead earnestly with her cruel husband to bestow the Irish confiscations for the purpose of erecting and endowing schools over that miserable country, must have brought her to the conclusion, that blood-money, treacherous gaolers, and thief-takers, acting in unison, with a prison discipline formed after the nearest idea of the dread place of future perdition, were not likely to cure her people of crime. Mary ought to have made firm resistance against the edict, and if she found her cabinet council contumacious, she ought to have referred it to parliament, where its consequences might have met with the free discussion of many minds.

Most of the crime and sorrow of the present day, and, indeed, the greatest national misfortune that ever befel this country, originated from the example given by William III. and his Dutch courtiers, as imbibers of ardent spirits. In fact, the laws of England, from an early period, sternly prohibited the conversion of malt into alcohol, excepting a small portion for medical purposes. Queen Elizabeth (and the act, it is said, originated from her own virtue of temperance) strictly enforced this statute, and treated the infringement of it as a moral dereliction. And those were the times when breaking laws made for the health and happiness of the people were not visited by fines, which were easily spared from fraudulent Mammon profits, but by personal infliction on the delinquents. The most sedulous watch

[1] Colquhoun on Crime.

was kept on tradespeople who sold provision to the poor; if bakers or butter-dealers cheated the poor of weight, they, after the second conviction, had to stand in the pillory, with all the cruelties with which the pillory in those days was accompanied, exposed withal to the vengeance of their injured customers.[1] If bad fish was sold to the poor, the fishmonger was perched up in the market adorned with a necklace of the unsavoury commodity.

Neither the cruel nor the quaint punishment presented the best mode of prevention; yet in the days when the lower class of the people were not worshippers at the gin temple, such restraints had some effect on the fearful crime of robbing the poor, which is little heeded at the present day, although fraught with the worst elements of evil. But the consummation of all injury to the people, was the encouragement that king William III. was pleased to give to the newly-born manufactories of spirituous liquors. Strange it is, after noting such stringent laws against converting food into "fire-water," that a sovereign of Great Britain could come repeatedly to his senate, to earnestly recommend to legislators its encouragement! Yet this respectable request of royalty stares the reader in the face in every manuscript journal of parliament.[2] What would have been said of James I., if, in addition to his worst fault, that of intemperance, he had pursued a similar course of proceeding?

The alteration of the wise restrictive law of Elizabeth was not done in ignorance; more than one luminary of the church and law remonstrated. These are the words of Whiston:—"An act of parliament has abrogated a very good law for discouraging the poor from drinking gin; nay, they have in reality encouraged them to drunkenness and

[1] Stow's London. Statutes at Large, British Museum. The law is in the drollest Saxon English, appearing among the Norman French law dialect.

[2] MS. Journals of the House of Lords, when William opened parliament with speeches from the throne.

to the murder of themselves by such drinking. Judge Hale, who earnestly supported the amended law, and opposed its abrogation, declaring that millions of persons would kill themselves by these fatal liquors." The prediction of the legal sage has indeed been fearfully verified, owing to the acts of this unpaternal reign.[1]

It is perhaps the most urgent duty of a regal biographer to trace the effects of laws emanating from the sovereign in person. Orders of council, for instance, where a monarch hears and even partakes in the discussion, and perforce must be instrumental towards the accomplishment of any enactment. Had Mary made so little progress in the high science of statistical wisdom as not to trace the cause she instituted to its future tremendous effects?[2] This has been already judged dubious, for her letters prove that her intellect was brilliant.

Such were the fruits of the enactment of an unpaternal government, where men were looked upon as likely to afford "food for powder," as probable recruits, rather than

[1] Whiston's Autobiography.

[2] The reward called blood-money gave rise to an organized crew of human fiends called thief-takers: the plan followed by these villains was for one of them, under the semblance of a professional robber, to entice two persons to join him in robbing one of his confederates, which confederate, taking care that the instigator should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the property of which the party in the plot had been robbed, found all in train for successful conviction of the two tempted wretches, whose death secured the payment of the queen's reward. When they received this horrid donation, the confederates divided the spoil at an entertainment which went among the association by the significant name of "the blood-feast." Fearful it is to relate that, emboldened by the prosperous working of this trade, the thief-takers often dispensed with the dangerous machinery of drawing in dupes, and boldly swore away the lives of totally innocent people, who were the victims of this dreadful confederacy, without the slightest participation in any robbery. A captain of one of these gangs, called Jonathan Wild, when the measure of his iniquity was full, put in a paper at his trial, stating his good services, as he had been rewarded for the hanging of *sixty-seven* highwaymen and *returned convicts!!* Knight's London, Maitland's London, and Colquhoun on Crime.

good members of society. What with the temptations of the newly permitted gin-shops; the temptations of the thief-takers (themselves stimulated by rewards for blood); what with the mental bewilderment produced by the wrangling of polemic-preachers on the "sinful nature of good works," and the angry jealousy regarding the influence of the church of England on the minds of the poor; the populace of England, wheresoever they were congregated in towns, were steeped to the very lips in guilt and misery. Executions under the reward-conviction system, which soon was supported by parliament, often amounted to forty victims per month for London only! And when the most dreadful revelations took place of gangs of miscreants congregated for the purposes of obtaining the blood-rewards by the denouncement of innocent persons, liberal as the law was in dispensation of death, no commensurate punishment whatsoever was found on the statute-book for those who had been murderers by wholesale by false witness. As if to make the matter worse, the cruel legislature put the traffickers in human life in the pillory, where they were atrociously immolated by the mob. Proper reprobation cannot be given to wicked laws that make crime profitable to a vast number of persons, without pointing out the frightful duration of such laws, notwithstanding many appalling public exposures of the murderous traffic of false witnesses from the time that Mary II. instituted the blood rewards; her grievous system lasted till the recent days of 1816.[1] Many dissertations have been written on these woeful proceedings, all replete with fearful interest, yet the task of tracing up the source of sorrow to unpaternal enactments has never entered the idea of statistic writers. But to mark the awful point of the year, the hour, and the

[1] The whole system was swept away in 1816, according to Knight's London, p. 233, vol. iv. The evidence of the good policeman, Townshend, is worth reading on this head. Some traces of the direful system still work woe in our distant convict colonies. See the works of captain Maconochie.

day, when the woe first arose, is an act of historical justice. Much of the sorrow and crime of our present era may be traced to the calamitous acts of legislation by which William III. encouraged gin distilling, and his queen instituted blood-money.[1]

King William returned to England, September the 29th, having, as usual, lost a bloody and hardly contested battle, and two or three towns in Flanders, the earth of which country was in his reign literally saturated with British blood. The last battle this year was that of Steinkirk, only now remembered on account of an obsolete fashion which prevailed as much in the capital of the English as in that of the victorious French. One of the young princes of the blood in the French army tied his Mechlen lace cravat in a hurry carelessly round his neck, with long ends. This mode became universal, and king William, although vanquished, wore it till his dying day. It mattered little who lost or who won in Flanders; a cer-

[1] Captain Maconochie,—whose late government of Norfolk Island has drawn so much public attention,—thus expresses himself in his first work on "Penal Science," as he aptly calls that knowledge which is best worthy of the attention of a paternal legislature. When speaking of one of his measures which he found most effectual in the cure of crime, he says—"It will give each man a direct concern in the good conduct of his fellows, a highly advantageous circumstance, associating all with the government in the maintenance of discipline instead of—*as now too frequently occurs—an interest in encouraging and subsequently revealing the crimes of others—a most detestable feature in the present system.*" Thus it seems that the mistakes or perversities of the edict emanating from the government of Mary II. and her cabinet, Sept. 13, 1692, are still bringing forth bad fruit. It would seem that the following observations, quoted by the same work, had been written in illustration of this fatal act of council. "To set a price on the head of a criminal, or otherwise on a great scale to reward the information of accomplices, is the strongest proof of a weak or unwise government. Such an edict confounds the ideas of virtue and morality, at all times too wavering in the mind of man. It encourages treachery, and to prevent one crime gives birth to a thousand. Such are the expedients of weak and ignorant nations whose laws are like temporary repairs to a tottering fabric."—Australiana, p. 73, by Captain Maconochie, R.N., K.H.

tain quantity of human blood was shed very formally on that fighting ground every campaign by the regimental sovereigns, William and Louis, until the wealth of both their states were exhausted. The great body of the people in each country were woefully and miserably taxed to sustain the warlike game, realizing the clever observation of Louis, when discussing the termination of the war, "Ah," said he, "the last guinea will carry the victory!" The fleets of England would have been quite sufficient for defence of this country, but they were miserably neglected, although it seemed more natural for a Dutchman to understand marine warfare.

Directly the king returned, his brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, sent him, in the phraseology of the day, *a compliment*, which was, in truth, little otherwise than a complaint of the queen's behaviour, saying, "that his wife and himself, having had the misfortune to receive many public marks of her majesty's displeasure, therefore he did not know whether it were proper for him to wait on his majesty as usual."[1] Neither the king nor the queen took other notice of this message than sending an order to Dr. Birch, the clergyman of the newly-built church of St. James's, which was attended by the princess Anne, forbidding him from having the text placed in her pew on her cushion. The doctor was a particular partisan of the princess Anne, and refused to deprive her of such a trifling mark of distinction, without he had a written order for that purpose. Their majesties declined sending such a document, and the princess, thanks to the affection of Dr. Birch, remained every Sunday in triumphant possession of her text at St James's church. Dr. Hooper had set the example of resisting all attempts to deprive the princess of the distinctions of her rank, when she attended divine service in the west of England.

Not a vestige at present remains of the once magnificent

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 103.

mansion, where the princess Anne retired from the wrath of her sister, and her sister's spouse, and kept her little court apart, when banished by them from the court of England. Berkeley House was in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, to which it gave its name. It has long been destroyed by fire. In ancient times, there was a farm on this place, abutting on Hyde Park, known by the pretty pastoral name of Hay-hill Farm, noted in history as the spot where the severest struggle took place in the insurrection led by Wyatt, and where his head was set up on a pole after his execution. This farm fell into the possession of lord John Berkeley, who built on it a stately mansion, and laid out the Hay-hill Farm in ornamental grounds pertaining to it. Berkeley House is said to have been, in the days of queen Mary, the last house in Piccadilly.[1]

The return of king William in safety was celebrated by a thanksgiving, on the 10th of November, and by a grand

[1] Evelyn says, in August, 1672—"I dined with lord John Berkeley in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it cost him 30,000*l*. It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not convenient, consisting but of one *corps de logis* without *closets*, (dressing or retiring room.) The staircase is of cedar, the furniture is princely, the kitchen and stables ill placed, and the corridor even worse, having no report to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and above all the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and the pretty piscina." This in plain English is a fishpond, which has probably been long filled up, but the inequality of the ground still makes Berkeley Square and its neighbourhood the most picturesque spot in the unpicturesque beau-monde of our metropolis. A terrace extended along the ridge of the hill. "The holly hedges on that terrace," continues Evelyn, "I advised the planting of; the porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, the very worst in the book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh May, was the architect." Such were the now departed glories of Berkeley House. The site of its grounds and dependencies extended from Devonshire House to Curzon-street, and the Hay-hill Farm is to be traced in the present appellations of the adjacent streets, as Hill-street, Farm-street, besides the historical street of Hay-hill, which were all appertaining to the old farm, and were the grounds of the mansion which gave name to the present Berkeley Square.

civic dinner at Guildhall, which their majesties attended in person. The enormous taxes necessary to be raised to meet the expenses of the next Flanders campaign, after all the disastrous losses king William had sustained, made attention to the citizens very needful. The queen, likewise, dined in state with the king at the new armory at the Tower, since destroyed by fire. It had been commenced by her father. The royal banquet was laid out in the great room, then considered the largest in Europe. The royal pair were waited upon by the master architects and their workmen, in masonic costume, with white aprons and gloves.[1]

The Jacobite war was virtually concluded; an efficient navy, appointed and supplied by honest ministers, would have been alone sufficient to guard the coasts of Great Britain from insult, and to protect commerce. Very far was the intention of king William from pursuing a line of policy consistent with the vital interests of England. His object was to obtain funds to maintain a great army in Flanders where, every year, he lost a sharply contested battle; where the enormous sums raised by unheard of taxation in England were expended, and never circulated back again —a calamity which is, perhaps, a just punishment on insular kingdoms maintaining foreign armies; the feudal laws, with their forty days' military service, had provided, not without some statistic wisdom, against such injurious effects on national prosperity.

The queen's attention to business during her regencies, and her natural feelings as an Englishwoman, might have led her to protect the interests of her country; she was, notwithstanding, zealous in her exertions to appropriate all she could raise by taxation to the maintenance of the foreign warfare, which was the sole passion of her husband's life. When William was in England, she seemed wholly occupied in needle-work and knotting. Her panegyrists mention

[1] Toone's Chronological History.

that she was oftener seen with a skein of thread about her neck, than attending to affairs of state. Sorry praise is this for a queen-regnant, yet it had the good effect of inducing harmless employment among the ladies of her court, and, of course, conduced to the encouragement of industry among her female subjects of the imitative middle classes.

"Her majesty," says a contemporary,[1] "did not disdain to busy her royal hands with making of fringes, or knotting, as it was then called. She was soon imitated, not only by her maids of honour, but by all ladies of distinction throughout the kingdom, and so fashionable was labour, of a sudden, grown, that not only assembly rooms and visiting (drawing) rooms, but the streets, the roads, nay, the very playhouses were witnesses of their pretty industry; it was considered a wonder that the churches escaped." The wonder was the greater because the Dutch and German ladies of the era always took their knitting to sermons. It were pity that queen Mary, when she made this handicraft the rage, had not introduced the construction of something useful or beautiful. Some of the knotted fringe, made after the royal examples, survives to the present day, in a vast old Japan chest well known to the author. It is made of white flax thread, and is as ugly, heavy, and tasteless an article as can be imagined. The contemporary who relates the circumstance, breaks into enthusiastic encomiums on this "pretty industry," and likewise informs us that her majesty, "resolving as much as in her lay to strike at the very root of vice and idleness, encouraged the setting up of a linen manufacture, in which many thousands of poor people were employed."[2] It would have been only just to the memory of Mary II. if the place and particulars of this right royal work had been pointed out, in order that she might receive equal credit with her great ancestress, queen Philippa. But Mary II.

[1] Tindal.

[2] Tindal's Continuation, p. 66.

must have lavished her kindness "on many thousands of most ungrateful linen weavers," who have forgotten it in a very short time.

Those who have read queen Mary's letters, and noticed her almost agonizing struggle to obtain command of her countenance, will have a clue to her devotion to the useless industry of knotting fringe; the eyes that were fixed on the shuttle could not betray the inward emotions of the soul to watchful bystanders. The sedulous attention of the queen to the production of "thread fringe" is gently satirized in the verses of sir Charles Sedley, who combines in the little poem a much severer sarcasm on the expensive and disastrous Flemish campaigns of her husband.

"Oh, happy people, ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive,
Both to advance your glory;
While he by his valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread fringes for ye.

"Blest we who from such queens are freed,[1]
Who by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads;
But here's a queen, now, thanks to God,
Who when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

"Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
And when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound.
The fringe that this campaign has wrought,
Though it cost the nation but a groat,
Thy conquests will surround."

It is easy to gather from these lines, and from some others on the wars of William III., that the witty sir Charles Sedley was no friend to the Dutch hero. He celebrated his return to England, in 1692, with another epigram:—

[1] Catherine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice of Modena. These lines were, it is probable, written just after queen Catherine returned to Portugal.

"The author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes the story,
In which of these two last campaigns,
Was gained the greatest glory.

"For while he marched on to fight,
Like hero nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing."

Sir Charles Sedley was at this period one of the courtiers at Berkeley House; he was no Jacobite, for he was full of indignation at the insult offered to his honour by James II.'s seduction of his daughter. James II. had, in the opinion of the outraged gentleman, made his wrong still more notorious, by creating Catherine Sedley countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley became one of the most earnest promoters of the Revolution; and after queen Mary was on the throne, said he, "I have, now returned the obligation I owed to king James; he made my daughter a countess—I have helped to make his daughter a queen."

Queen Mary seemed destined to be the object of the repartees of the Sedley family. This countess of Dorchester had the audacity to come to court, and present herself before the queen at her drawing-room. Her majesty turned away her head, as if offended at her intrusion, on which the bold woman exclaimed—"Why so haughty, madam? I have not sinned more notoriously in breaking the seventh commandment with your father, than you have done in breaking the fifth against him." Lady Dorchester had just been concerned in the Jacobite plot of Preston and Ashton, on account of which the queen had shed some blood, and had kept her elder uncle in prison. Lady Dorchester contrived to escape all bad consequences, and even dared defy her majesty, whose displeasure was merely occasioned by the political sins of the bold woman, for king William obliged her not only to receive, but to live with a woman as notoriously evil.

At the same Christmas occurs the only notice in exist-

ence of Anne's residence at Berkeley House, in a witty address to the bellman of St. James, written by some Jacobite, and a series of squibs, casting ridicule on the frequent arrests of her subjects which were ordered by Mary II. during the years of Anne's retirement at Berkeley House.

THE BELLMAN OF PICCADILLY'S VERSES TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.[1]

"Welcome, great princess, to this lowly place,
Where injured loyalty must hide its face;
Your praise, each day, by every man is sung,
And in the night by me shall here be rung.
God bless our queen, and yet I may, moreover,
Own you our queen, in Berkeley-street and Dover;
May your great prince and you live numerous years,
This is the subject of our loyal prayers."

Appended to these verses, is the following droll parody on queen Mary's orders in council, during her long suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act:

"The earl of Nottingham's orders to Mr. Dives, late clerk of the council, were as follows:—Ye are to take a messenger and to find out the dwelling-house of the Bellman of Piccadilly, and when you meet with him, search his fur-cap, his night-cap, and above all his bell, and whatever verses you find upon him you are to bring to me. You are privately to acquaint him, if he never heard of it, with the reasons of her majesty's displeasure with the princess, of which I herewith give you an account in writing. Ye are to charge him, on pain of forfeiture of his employment, that he do not proceed to sing such verses about those streets without our licence. Ye are to charge him not to pay the ceremony to the princess in his night-walk, as he usually does to the rest of their majesties' subjects, that are not under their majesties' displeasure. Ye are to charge him to take care of thieves and robbers, but to waive that part of his duty to the princess, for since her guards are taken off, she is neither to be regarded by day, or

[1] Collection of popular Songs, for the earl of Oxford. Lansdowne Papers.

guarded by night. Any one is to rob her who may choose to be at the trouble. Ye are to acquaint him that his majesty's displeasure is so great against the princess, that his government designs to stop her revenues, and starve her, as well as many other Jacobites, into humble submission. Ye are to go from him to Dr. Birch, and charge him to introduce no ceremonies of bowing, as he will answer to his grace of Lambeth, (it being contrary to his [*archbishop Tillotson's*] education.) Lastly, you are to acquaint both the bellman and the parson, that her majesty expects exact compliance, as a mark of their duty, but as for waits, fiddlers, and others, her orders are sent to Killigrew about them."[1]

There are one or two points in this jeu-d'esprit, that have reference to circumstances on which this biography has previously dwelt. "That the princess is neither to be *regarded* by day, or *guarded* by night," and "that any one may rob her," alludes to the highway robbery, either real or pretended, she had suffered the preceding spring, when travelling from London to Sion, after the malice of her brother-in-law had deprived her of her guards. And as for the evil report at Lambeth, to be made of Dr. Birch for his bowings at St. James's, he is threatened with the anger of Dr. Tillotson, because that archbishop, when a presbyterian, had not been used to any church ceremonial.

A settled, but more quiet hostility, was now established, between the royal sisters, during the remainder of queen Mary's life. The princess Anne, divested of every mark of her royal rank, continued to live at Berkeley House, where she and her favourite amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against queen Mary and her Dutch Caliban, as they called

[1] Harley's Collections, Lansdowne Papers, p. 73, No. 852. The date given here is 1690, but this must be an error of the transcriber, since Anne herself distinctly points out the day in 1692, when she first treated for that residence, nor were the differences between the royal sisters public in 1690.

the hero of Nassau. Lady Marlborough wrote all the news she could glean to the court of St. Germains, where her sister, lady Tyrconnel, the once-beautiful Frances Jennings, was resident. Lady Tyrconnel gossipped back all the intelligence she could gather at the exiled court. The letters of Marlborough himself were more actively and deliberately mischievous. He sent word to the exiled king all the professional information he could betray. But, in most instances, James II., in utter distrust of his falsehood, refused to act on his intelligence. He well knew that the exaltation of his grandson, the young duke of Gloucester, and not the restoration of the prince of Wales, was the object of the party at Berkeley House.

England was once more placed under the regnal sway of the queen, in March, 1693. As the king meant to embark for Holland from Margate, he requested her majesty to bear him company to the coast. When they arrived at Margate, the wind turned contrary, on which the king chose to wait at Canterbury till it was fair. The queen, who meant to have returned that night to London, resolved to go there with him; "for," adds the Hooper manuscript, "the king's request was too high a favour to be refused. Though her majesty had no other attendance than lady Derby and Mrs. Compton, who were in the coach with her and the king, the royal party drove to the largest house in the city."

"The mansion was owned," says our authority,[1] "by a lady of great birth and equal merit, but by no means an admirer of the king. She had received notice of the approach of the king and queen, and she not only fled from her house, but locked up, or carried off, every possible convenience there. All was wanting that could make the house habitable. Queen Mary said to her vice-chamber-

[1] Hooper MS., printed in Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 474. There is no date, but as other authors maintain, the king was baffled by the wind, and returned from Margate this spring, it was probably 1693.

lain, who was one of the representatives of Canterbury in parliament, 'Look about anywhere for a house, for I must remove from this to pass the night.' Mr. Sayer told her majesty, that he believed 'the deanery was the next largest house in Canterbury.' 'Oh,' said the queen, 'that is Dr. Hooper's. Why did not I think of it before? I will go there.'" Her majesty actually arrived at the deanery before fires could be lighted, or the least preparation made for her; but there she stayed some days, and passed the Sunday at Canterbury, after the king had sailed from Margate. Dean Hooper was then at his living of Lambeth, and did not hear that her majesty had been at his house until it was too late to go down.

The queen returned to London, and directly she arrived, dean Hooper waited on her, to excuse himself for not being at the deanery to entertain her majesty, who thus gave him an account of her sojourn under his roof: "It was impossible," she said, "that you should know I was there; yours is the cleanest house I ever was in, and there is a good old woman there, with whom I had a great deal of discourse. The people were very solicitous to see me; but there grew a great walnut tree before the windows, which were, besides, so high, that I could not gratify them." This little trait casts some light on Mary's inclinations. Her majesty continued the description of her sojourn at the deanery: "I went to Canterbury cathedral in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Battely (once chaplain to archbishop Sancroft); in the afternoon, I went to a parish church, where I heard a very good sermon by Dr. Cook; but," added the queen, "I thought myself in a Dutch church, for the people stood upon the communion-table to look at me."[1]

Dean Hooper told the queen, "that she had condemned the walnut tree and the windows at the deanery;" for her majesty intimated, "that she should come again to Canter-

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

bury on the like occasion," she never did so; yet dean Hooper gave orders to sash the antique windows, and cut down the walnut tree. "Some little time after the visit of queen Mary to the deanery at Canterbury, the queen sent for dean Hooper again, and led him to her dressing-room, where she showed him some pieces of silver stuffs, and purple-flowered velvets. These, her majesty told him, "if he approved," she would give to Canterbury cathedral, as she observed the furniture to be dirty; but as there was not enough of the figured velvet, she had sent to Holland to match it." The queen, when all was ready, despatched to the cathedral a page of her back stairs, who always arranged matters regarding her gifts, with the rich velvets. The altar at the cathedral was furnished with the figured velvet, and a breadth of the gold stuff, flowered with silver, let in. The archbishop's throne was covered with plain velvet; the fringe for the whole was a *rufted* one of gold, silver, and purple; it alone cost the queen 500*l*."[1]

The queen was considered as the protectress of public morals, which were, indeed, at the lowest ebb; in that capacity she exerted herself to suppress an offensive exhibition, at Southwark Fair, representing the great earthquake, which subverted Port Royal, in Jamaica;[2] a convulsion of nature which was alarmingly felt all over the continent of Europe, and even in London. It had, withal, nearly cost king William his life,[3] he being then in his camp at Flanders, at dinner, in an old deserted house, which shook fearfully before his majesty could be induced to rise and quit it, and fell directly he issued from under its roof.

Yet queen Mary, in her attempted reforms among the lower classes, was far from successful. The reason was, as Dr. Johnson observes, "she was not consistent, because she was a

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

[2] An earthquake sank the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, and destroyed 3000 persons, Sep. 8, 1602. Evelyn, Toone, &c. The shock was felt in England.

[3] Life of Ed. Calamy.

frequenter of the theatre of that day, and a witness of its horrible profaneness."[1] Certain it is, that "the idle and vicious mock-show of the earthquake," as it is called by a contemporary,[2] was not replete with a thousandth part of the vice coolly exhibited in the atrocious comedies of her era, of which she was the constant and delighted spectatress. She never willingly omitted being present at the representation of the "Old Bachelor," of Congreve, a preference which obtained for her the honour of an elegy from the pen of that dramatist, at her death." But the author whom her majesty honoured with her especial patronage, was an ill-living and loathsome person, named Thomas Shadwell, a suborner, deep in the iniquities of Oates's plot. The writings of this man were at once foul and talentless; his memory only exists by the fact, that queen Mary deprived Dryden of the laureateship, and bestowed it on Thomas Shadwell. She did worse; she went to see the plays of this odious author, and in most of them there was a passage of adulation prepared for her. Thus, in the "Volunteers or the Stockjobbers," one of the female characters observes, "Would you have me set my heart on one who may be lost in every rencontre?" She is answered by her lover, who offers the example of queen Mary, in these words, "Does not our royal mistress do the same, and bears it with a princely magnanimity. She and our country have the greatest stake in Europe. She is to be reverenced and admired; but hard it is to imitate so glorious an example, and methinks a private lady may be happier?"

These are, perhaps, the only lines which can be quoted out of the last production of Mary's laureate; it is useless to aver that the taste of her era was gross, for was it not her duty to lead that taste, and to reform what was so deeply objectionable in it? Why could she not have "put down" the vicious plays of Shadwell, as well as the poor puppet show at Southwark Fair, instead of encouraging them by her royal presence? All the writers of her age did not agree with her in this detestable predilection. Collier, a non-

[1] Johnson's Lives of the Poets. [2] Evelyn.

juring divine, who had been deprived of his benefice at the same time that the queen ejected archbishop Sancroft, represented to his country, in a well known essay, the infamy into which the drama had fallen, and its bad effect on the happiness of the community. In time, his moral lessons were heeded, but not by queen Mary, for Collier was "not among *her* friends."

The same year, the queen ordered for her dramatic regale the "Double Dealer," one of Congreve's plays. The actor Kynaston, who had figured on the theatre in her majesty's youthful days, was now to perform before her as "lord Touchwood;" he was taken ill, and the notorious Colley Cibber, then a stage-struck youth who had only distinguished himself by his awkwardness, was permitted to perform the part in the presence of royalty. Her majesty was received with a new prologue, written by Congreve, and spoken by Mrs. Barry; two lines of it are preserved—

"But never were in Rome or Athens seen
So fair a circle and so bright a queen."[1]

William III. usually bears the blame of persecuting Dryden, and encouraging Shadwell; but the deed was done in his absence, and he cannot be accountable for the tasteless preference, since it would be very difficult to prove that he ever read an English book. The fact, that Shadwell had been a tool of Oates in his plot, was probably the cause of his favour in the eyes of the Dutch monarch, since the only literary persons he ever patronised were those implicated with that perjurer; and the pensions and gifts bestowed on them were apparently more from necessity than choice. William and Mary were, like all monarchs whose resources are consumed by foreign warfare,

[1] Colley Cibber, who relates this anecdote in his Apology, says expressly "the queen came and was received." He does not mention that the "choir dramatique" were transferred to Whitehall or St. James's—therefore, it must be concluded that she went to the public playhouse. (Apology of Colley Cibber, Bellchambers' edition, pp. 195, 196.)

poor and parsimonious; difficult would it be to discover any disbursement to a literary person, with the exception of Shadwell, their most loathsome laureate. This person likewise received the appointment of their historiographer—on what he founded his claims to be considered an historian we have not discovered; but he wrote, besides his unseemly comedies, a long panegyric in rhyme, on the perfections of queen Mary, and another on the success of king William, in establishing the revolution in 1688.

Dryden felt himself more aggrieved at the transfer of his laurel to so dishonourable a brow as that of Shadwell, than at the loss of his pension; he attributed both misfortunes to the queen's hostility. He was old, sick, and poor, and dependent on his pen for bread; yet the queen condescended to act as his personal enemy, by suborning writers to attack his dramatic works. "About a fortnight ago," so wrote the unfortunate author to his publisher, Jacob Tonson,[1] "I had an intimation from a friendly letter, that one of the secretaries, (I suppose Trenchard,) had informed the queen that I had abused her government; these were the words in the epistle to lord Radcliffe; and that thereupon she had commanded her historiographer, Rymer, to fall upon my plays, which he assures me he is now doing."

A more serious visitation of her majesty's displeasure awaited poor Dryden, when, in the time of sickness and destitution, his play of Cleomenes, the Spartan hero, was interdicted, on account of its alleged Jacobite tendency; had he written on the subject of Agis, we may imagine that the daughter of James II. might have dreaded the effects of an English audience being led to form comparisons between her conduct and that of the divine Chelidonis; but Cleomenes bears little reference to the relative situations of the parties, save that Cleomenes, with his faithful consort, are in exile, and suppliants to a foreign power for aid in their reverse of fortunes, and to deliver Sparta from a foreign

[1] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Dryden.

yoke. Queen Mary, however, who then exercised the whole functions of the crown in the absence of William, commanded the lord-chamberlain to prohibit the representation of the play. Dryden addressed an agonizing appeal to the queen's maternal uncle, the earl of Rochester. The daughters of this literary nobleman, who were the first cousins of her majesty, and great admirers of Dryden's genius, likewise pleaded for him very earnestly. The queen had taken these young ladies into favour since their father had been induced to acknowledge her title, and thus urged, her majesty took off her interdict. "Cleomenes" was performed, but a very strong party was raised against it by her majesty's court; and, though the purest of all Dryden's productions, it scarcely lived out the nine nights which were then requisite to make a play profitable to a dramatic poet. On queen Mary's side, it has been urged that Dryden had previously provoked her by his prologue to his former play of the Prophetess, in which he had ventured to introduce some sarcastic allusions to the female regency, the war in Ireland, and to reflect on the revolution itself; all this had given great offence to Mary, and she had forbidden its repetition.

As the young duke of Gloucester lived at Campden House, he was, when his royal aunt kept court at Kensington, taken daily there; her majesty usually gave him audience whilst superintending the progress of her workmen, who were fitting up and finishing the interior of the palace. The infant duke likewise took much interest in watching these proceedings, and usually made up his mind to become a carpenter, a smith, or a painter, according to the prevalence of the operations he beheld. The queen seemed fond of him, and took pleasure in hearing him prate.[1] She presented him with a box of ivory tools, on account of the predilection he showed to handicrafts. The gift cost her twenty pounds, which was rather pompously announced in

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the duke of Gloucester.

the gazette. The child had thriven pretty well at Campden House, but his speech and intellect were far more advanced than his physical strength, for he was scarcely able to walk, at four years old, without support.

The queen's regency lasted until the 27th of October, when king William arrived at Harwich. The results of the naval war under her majesty's guidance at home, and of the regimental war conducted by king William in Flanders, had been dreadfully disastrous. The naval defeat at Saint Vincent—that cape whose name has since been so glorious in the annals of British marine warfare—had taken place in Mary's regency; twelve English and Dutch men-of-war were destroyed by Tourville, who thus revenged himself for the loss he had sustained the preceding year at La Hogue, likewise by the plunder of the rich Turkey fleet. King William had lost another hard-fought and bloody battle in Flanders, that of Landen. The defeat of admiral Benbow, when bombarding the Breton town of St. Malo, was the last disaster in queen Mary's regency; the naval captains who were to have supported Benbow, probably out of dislike to the government, refused to fight, and a darker shade was cast on the British name than that of defeat, for executions ensued for cowardice. Such were the troubles of a divided nation.

These disasters were very freely commented upon in the speech from the throne, wherewith the king opened parliament, November 7th. The loss of his battle he acknowledged, but he attributed it to insufficiency of money-supplies. The naval defeats he likewise admitted, and said they should be inquired into." The people of England were aghast at the enormity of taxation; they groaned under their burdens, and manifested such a tendency to mutinous faction, that after long contests in parliament, the king declared in privy council, "that as they seemed better satisfied with the government of the queen, he would leave her to rule them, and retire wholly to his native country."[1]

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

This threat was of course a very alarming one to a devoted wife like Mary; but his majesty was induced to think better of his resolution, and in place of abdication, to try the effects of a change of administration, composed of personages belonging to the old nobility, to whom appertained such vast hereditary estates, that they would be inaccessible to the corruption practised by the dishonest prime minister who had, at various times, during the last twenty years, governed England, under the oft-changing epithets of Sir Thomas Osborne, lord Danby, marquis of Carmarthen, and duke of Leeds. It was this man who had exalted Mammon into the supremacy of which the king and church had been deprived at the revolution. He had systematically devoted a large share of the unexampled taxation, raised since the revolution, to purchasing a majority in the House of Commons. The queen always looked up to this wily veteran with considerable deference, while he was president of her council. From her letters to her husband, her reasons have been quoted, because, when lord Danby, he had negotiated her marriage.

The venerable primate of England, William Sancroft, died November 23, 1693, in his humble paternal cottage at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he led a holy, but not altogether peaceful life. Ever and anon, on the rumours of Jacobite insurrections, the queen's messengers were sent to harass the old man with inquisitions regarding his politics.[1] The queen gained little more from her inquiries than information of his devotions, his ascetic abstemiousness, and his walks in a bowery orchard, where he spent his days in study or meditation. Death laid a welcome and gentle hand on the deprived archbishop, at the age of seventy-seven years. Far from the pomps of Lambeth, he rests beneath the humble green sod of a Suffolk church-yard. There is a tablet raised to his memory, on the outside of the

[1] D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft.

porch of Fressingfield church, which is still shown with pride and affection by the inhabitants of his native village.

A poet of his native county has nobly illustrated the retreat of Sancroft; his words, however beautiful and touching, do not exaggerate the truth:

"He left high Lambeth's venerable towers,
For his small heritage and humble bowers.
* * * * *
Now with his staff in his paternal ground,
Amid his orchard trees he may be found,
An old man late returned, where he was seen,
Sporting a child upon the village green.
How many a changeful year had passed between?
Blanching his scattered hair, but leaving there,
A heart kept young by piety and prayer;
That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell,
'Be not for me afflicted, it is well,
'For 'twas in my integrity I fell.'" [1]

"Sancroft had died a year before in the same poor and despicable manner in which he had lived for some years." This sentence is in Burnet's own hand, in his manuscripts; it is likewise in his printed history. But just opposite, on the next page of the latter, appears the self-contradiction of these words, when lauding Tillotson for dying poor. "So generous and charitable was he in a *post*, out of which Sancroft had raised a great estate." Thus Sancroft is despised for his poverty in one page, and taunted with his riches in the next.

The fate of archbishop Sancroft had a remarkable effect on the mind of the most original genius of his times, who was then rising into the first consciousness of great and varied powers. When Sancroft died, all hope and trust in the possibility of the prosperity of goodness left the mind of Swift. Every vision of virtue, purity, and divine ideality, which haunts the intellect of a young poet, was

[1] These lines are by the Rev. John Mitford; the last words embody an answer, which the venerable Sancroft made to his chaplain when on his death bed.

violently repudiated by him in an access of misanthropic despair. Ambitious, and replete with mighty energy, and sorely goaded by want and impatience of dependence, Swift, nevertheless, resolved to swim with the current of events, and float uppermost on the stream of politics, howsoever corrupt the surface might be. He took his farewell, in his "Ode to Sancroft," of all that was beautiful and glorious in the animus of his art, to devote himself to the foulest and fiercest phase of satire.

How can a documentary historian read without emotion that magnificent invocation with which Swift, the young kinsman of John Dryden, commences[1] his elegy on the fall of Sancroft?—

"Truth, the eternal child of holiest heaven!
Brightest effluence of the immortal ray!
Chief cherub and chief lamp of that high seven
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day!
First of God's mighty attributes,
Thou daily scest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fixed depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place.
How shall we find thee, then, in dark disputes?
How shall we search thee in a battle gained?
Or a weak argument by force maintained?

"For where is e'en thy image on our earth,
Since heaven will claim thy residence and birth?
And God himself has said, "Ye shall not find it here!"
Since this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made.

"Is not good Sancroft in his holy rest,
In the divinity of his retreat
The brightest pattern earth can show?
But fools, for being strong and numerous grown,
Suppose the truth, like the whole world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's course irregular appears,
Because entirely opposed to theirs.

[1] These extracts are from a copy in Cole's Miscellaneous MSS., in which the poem is far superior in perspicuity and polish to the copies printed in the editions of Swift's works, where, however, it is very rare.

"Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins—
Say, hapless isle, although—
It is a bloody list we know—
Has given thee up a dwelling place for fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound,
In easy governments and fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring.

"Our Britain's soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous weeds;
And every noxious weed so lofty grows,
As if it meant to o'ershade the royal rose;
The royal rose, the glory of our morn,
But ah! too much without a thorn.
Forgive (original mildness) this ungoverned zeal,
'Tis all the angry muse can do.
In the pollution of these days
No province now is left her but to rail,
For poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas! the occasions are so very few."

Swift fulfilled the determination here expressed so completely, that the quotation of this historical poem will excite no little surprise: for it is forgotten or stifled among the profusion of his productions of a contrary tendency. Nevertheless, Swift, as a contemporary memorialist, throws true light on the events of his era, when his historical notations were not garbled for premature publication.

Having lamented the undeserved adversity of the disinterested primate of the English church, Swift buckled his fortunes on those of that primate's mortal enemy, William III. The king, on becoming acquainted with Swift at the house of sir William Temple, offered him a troop of horse; and after wondering wherefore a man of his unclerical mind refused an occupation more fitting to it than that of Christian tuition, he left him with no other benefit than teaching him the Dutch way of cutting asparagus from the beds at Moor Park, when his majesty visited sir William Temple. King William likewise inculcated the propriety of his mode

of eating this vegetable, which was to devour the whole of the stalks. Swift insisted on all his guests practising the same refined royal method, when, in after-life, he became dean of St. Patrick's; but more out of satire on the "glorious memory," and to vex its Irish adorers, than for any sincere admiration of this Dutch custom.[1]

[1] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Gossip of the court—Anecdotes of Mary II.—Her attention to her nephew—Princess Anne's arrangements for him—His vicinity to the queen at Campden House—Often visits her majesty—Their conversations, &c. &c.—Departure of the king—Queen founds Greenwich Hospital—Anecdotes of the queen and her nephew—Disasters in the queen's government—Return of the king—Archbishop Tillotson struck with death in the queen's presence—Queen's observations regarding Dr. Hooper—Queen appoints Dr. Tennison archbishop—Lord Jersey's remonstrance—Her reply—Queen taken ill at Kensington—Sits up to destroy papers—Fluctuations in her disorder—Proceedings of her sister—Queen's illness proves small-pox—Her danger—Anguish of the king—Princess Anne sends lady Fitzharding with message to the queen—Queen's sufferings from erysipelas—Her life despaired of—Preparations for death—Delirious fancies—Dangerous state of the king—Death of Mary II.—Great seal broken—News of her death carried to St. Germains, by a priest—Conduct of her father, and his remarks on her death—Letter she left for her husband—Duke of Devonshire's verses on her death—Burnet's eulogy—Lord Cutts' elegy, &c.—Jacobite epigrams on the queen—Sermons, funeral, and wax statue in Westminster Abbey—Anecdotes in her praise—Burnet's panegyrical epitaph.

THE new prime minister, destined to be president of the queen's council when she again reigned alone, was Charles Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been permitted to take his seat as premier earl of England, on a very doubtful renunciation of the Roman-catholic religion, in which he had been educated. Scandal feigned that he was the object of queen Mary's passionate affection. This gossip arose from the reports of "one Jack Howe," her dismissed vice-chamberlain, who was, in 1693-94, purveyor of scandal to

the princess Anne's inimical little court. Lord-chamberlains and vice-chamberlains have always been very formidable personages, as connected with slander in regard to queens, either as the subjects of gossip tales, or the inventors of them. There is a story afloat concerning the successor of this Jack Howe. Queen Mary did not often indulge in badinage or playfulness; once, however, she forgot her caution, and gave rise to an anecdote, the tradition of which was handed down to Horace Walpole. One day the queen asked her ladies, "What was meant by a squeeze of the hand?" They answered, "Love." "Then," said the queen, laughing, "vice-chamberlain Smith must be in love with me, for he squeezes my hand very hard."

Among many other circumstances, which contradict the report that queen Mary bestowed any undue partiality on lord Shrewsbury, is the undoubted fact, that the vacillations of that nobleman regarding his acceptation of office, were settled by the negotiations of her husband's female favourite, and Mrs. Lundee, a woman dishonourably connected with Shrewsbury.[1] Thus was the appointment of a prime minister of England arranged in a manner equally disgraceful to king William and to himself. Shrewsbury's political intrigues with a woman deservedly abhorred by the queen, were not likely to recommend him to her majesty. Neither is the description of lord Shrewsbury as "a charming man wanting one eye," very attractive.

The young heir of England, at this period, began to occupy the attention of his aunt the queen, in a greater degree than heretofore. The princess Anne continued to reside at Berkeley House, as her town residence, while her boy usually inhabited Campden House, close to Kensington Palace. The princess had suites of apartments at Campden House for her own use, therefore it is evident that she

[1] Coxe's Correspondence of the duke of Shrewsbury. See the Letters to and from Mrs. Villiers and Mrs. Lundee, p. 18 to 30.

occasionally resided with her son,[1] although the entrée at Kensington Palace, open to him, was for ever barred to her. All the provisions for his table were sent daily from Berkeley House; these consisted of plain joints of meat, to which an apple-pie was added as dessert, but he was never permitted to eat confectionary. The predilection all young children take for the glitter and clatter of military movements, was eagerly fostered by his attendants, as an early indication of love of war, and to cultivate this virtuous propensity to the height, he was indulged with warlike toys in profusion, miniature cannon, swords, and trumpets, and, more than all, with a little regiment of urchins about his own age.

The princess Anne, finding her son afflicted with the ague in 1694, sent for Mr. Sentiman, an apothecary, and required him "to give her a prescription approved of by her uncle Charles II.," for her royal highness said, "it cured every kind of ague." Mr. Sentiman had the recipe for the nostrum, which was a mixture of brandy and saffron; it made the poor child excessively ill, but did not cure him. Her royal highness had a great ambition to have her young son elected a knight of the garter, and soon afterwards sent him to visit the queen and king William with a blue band passed over his shoulder, to put them in mind that there was a blue ribbon vacant by the death of the duke of Hamilton. Queen Mary received her young visitor, but did not take the hint respecting the coveted garter, which she gave the duke of Shrewsbury as a reward for having, after much political coquetry, agreed to become her secretary of state. The queen bestowed on her little

[1] This is gathered from the tract full of puerilities written by Lewis Jenkins, a Welsh usher to the little duke's chamber. The usher's memoir has, however, thrown light on the residence and daily life of queen Mary and her sister, for which it is vain to search biography or history. The localities of this narrative of small facts are often quoted, as in the bed-chamber, cabinet, or sitting-room of the princess Anne, at Campden House; likewise, that she resided at Berkeley House, until she took possession of St. James's Palace.

nephew a gift much more consonant to his years; this was a beautiful bird, but it appears that the child had been rendered, either by his mother or his governess, expectant and ambitious of the blue ribbon; he therefore rejected the bird, and very calmly said, "that he would not rob her majesty of it."

The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, a complaint that often carries to the grave whole families of promising infants. Such was, no doubt, the disease that desolated the nursery of the princess Anne; very little was known regarding it by the faculty at that period. The symptoms are clearly traced, by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, "The duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, insomuch that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke;" a peruke for an infant born in July, 1689!—it was then only Easter, 1694! The unfortunate child with this enormous head, is nevertheless described in glowing terms by his flattering attendant. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, because the doctors kept a blister in the nape of his neck, he continues,[1] "The face of the young duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour, his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full, his legs proportionable to his body, made him appear very charming; turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down." How any child could be active and lively, in such a pitiable state, passes the comprehension of every one but Lewis Jenkins? "People concluded it was occasioned by the over care of the ladies. The prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured pleasant man, would often rally them

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 12.

about it; and Dr. Ratcliffe, in his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewin, his sub-governess, about it."

The young prince was chiefly managed by his governess, lady Fitzharding, lord Fitzharding, master of the horse to the princess his mother, and Mrs. Lewen. The Kingston quakeress, his wet-nurse, had likewise great authority in his household. Mr. Pratt, one of the chaplains of the princess, was his preceptor. "After due consultation with the prince, her husband, the princess Anne considered that it was time that their heir should assume his masculine attire, seeing how active he was, and that his *stiff-bodied coats* were very troublesome to him in his military amusements (for nothing but battles, sieges, drums, and warlike tales afforded him recreation); the princess and prince of Denmark therefore ordered my lady Fitzharding, his governess, to put him into male habiliments, which was accordingly done on Easter-day." Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain, on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet, with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waistcoat, which hurt him—no wonder! Whereupon Mr. Hughes, the little duke's tailor, was sent for, and the duke of Gloucester ordered a band of urchins from the boys' regiment, which he termed his horse-guards, to punish the tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden House,[1] this horse being placed there for the torment of military offenders. Now, tailor Hughes had never been at Campden House, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small imps in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welchman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last, Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explana-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 11.

tion was then entered into, and the Welch tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness.

The young duke had a mighty fancy to be prince of Wales, and often asked Jenkins, "Why he was not so?" The question was perplexing, since the princess Anne had solemnly charged lady Fitzharding, and all her son's attendants, never to make any allusion to his grandfather, king James II., or to the unfortunate prince of Wales, her brother; her child was not to know that they existed. Lewis Jenkins told him, "It was not impossible but that, one day, he might be prince of Wales; and if he ever were, he hoped he would make him his Welch interpreter."[1] It seems always to have been a custom in the royal family of England, since the era of Edward I., to propitiate the principality, by appointing some Welsh persons as servants of the princes of Wales, and by employing Welsh tradesmen for their households. These little observances conciliate and please, when national differences of language sometimes occasion mutiny and discontent.

One day, just before his uncle's departure for the campaign in 1694, the little duke had a grand field-day in Kensington Gardens, king William condescending to look on. The infant Gloucester very affectionately promised him the assistance of himself and his whole troop of urchins for his Flemish war; then turning to queen Mary eagerly, he said, "My mamma once had guards as well as you; why has she not them now?" The queen's surprise was evident and painful. King William presented the young duke's drummer, on the spot, with two guineas as a reward for the loudness of his music, which proved a seasonable diversion to the awkward question of his young commander. The child must have heard the matter discussed in his household, or between his parents, since he was but a few months old when his mother was deprived of her guards. Queen Mary received a visit from her nephew on her birth-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 10.

day, April 30, 1694. After he had wished her joy, he began, as usual, to prate. There were carpenters at work in the queen's gallery at Kensington, the room in which her majesty stood with the king. The young duke asked the queen, "what they were about?" "Mending the gallery," said queen Mary, "or it will fall." "Let it fall, let it fall," said the young duke, "and then you must be off to London." A true indication that he had not been taught to consider their royal vicinity as any great advantage to Campden House.

William III. went to visit his infant nephew at Campden House, the following Sunday. It was in vain that lady Fitzharding lectured her charge, and advised him to make the military salute to his royal uncle; not a word would the boy say on that subject until he had demanded leave of his majesty to fire off his train of miniature artillery. The king was rather charmed with this military mania, so well according with his own. Three cannons were fired off, and a deep lamentation made by the little duke that the fourth was broken. King William promised to send him a new one, but forgot it. The child then, of his own accord, thanked him for coming to see him, and added, "My dear king, you shall have both my companies, with myself, to serve you in Flanders"—meaning the urchins who formed what he called his regiments; these boy-soldiers were no slight annoyance to Kensington, for on their return homewards from drill, presuming on being the duke of Gloucester's *men*, they used to enter the houses on the road to London, and help themselves to whatever they liked;[1] a proceeding in complete coincidence with the times, since it appears that this was only an imitation of the practices of soldiers quartered in the environs of London at the same era.

Whether queen Mary approved of the new administration, it would be extremely difficult to discover. Her consort, who best knew her mind, once warned her minister "not to take it for granted that the queen was of his opinion

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 15.

every time she did not contradict him." A hint illustrative of the diplomatic reserve of her character. Her letters prove that command of countenance was her systematic study, and that she likewise anticipated the political deductions that those around her drew from the fluctuations of her spirits. Few women ever lived in such an atmosphere of bodily and mental restraint, or so sedulously calculated the effect of her words, looks, or manners, as Mary of England. Her ancestor, James I., made a remarkable clatter about an art that he fancied he had invented, called by him *king-craft*, which his extreme loquacity and sociability prevented him from practising; but queen Mary, if we may judge by her own written admissions, had silently reduced queen-craft to a system, and acted thereon to the last moment of her existence. The abstinence from contradiction into which she had been schooled, from girlhood, by the waspishness of her partner, caused her to be given credit for a host of virtues to which she had small claims. Among others, she had led her chamberlain, lord Nottingham, to imagine that, in case of widowhood, it was her intention to restore her father to his throne.[1] It is startling indeed, that so dutiful a spouse should have suffered her thoughts to stray towards the independent state of widowhood, to which, however, though much younger than William, she never attained. Whether the queen wished some filial affection to be attributed to her by lord Shrewsbury and lord Nottingham, whom she had reason to believe were in secret attached to her father, or whether her taste was justly offended by the indelicacy of the conduct of lord Halifax, it is difficult to decide. Nevertheless, king William thought proper to warn his ministry not to offend the queen as lord Halifax had done, who had infinitely disgusted her by breaking his rude jests on her father in her presence. "And on this account," added king William, "the queen at last could not endure the sight of lord Halifax."[2] This singular warn-

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. [2] Ibid.

ing appears to have been given by the king just before his departure to Flanders, which took place May 6, that year, by way of Margate.[1]

A report has arisen that queen Mary was accustomed to supply her father with money in his exile; this has solely sprung from a false statement of Voltaire. We have found that the unfortunate king sent a fruitless request to Whitehall even for his clothes;[2] we have found that his indignant subjects recognised trifling property that had belonged to him, or to his queen, in the possession of his daughter; we have found the greedy inquisition that daughter made about the beds and toilets at Whitehall, assuredly to see whether the basons and ewers, and other furniture of solid silver, had been removed;[3] but we cannot find a single trace, or even an offer of any restitution from his private estates.[4]

[1] King William was passing through Canterbury to go to Holland, when his approach excited the loyalty of a ne'er-do-well lad called Matthew Bishop, a resident there, but on the point of running away, and seeking his fortune by sea, in the manner of Robinson Crusoe. This worthy seems never to have wholly digested the dry manner in which his Dutch majesty received his zealous homage. "I gathered," he said, in his autobiography, "all the flowers out of our own garden and several more, to adorn the High-street, as he came along, and then, with some others [*boys*], ran by the side of his coach from College-yard, almost two miles, buzzaing and crying at the top of our voices, 'God bless king William!' till his majesty put his hand upon the glass and looking upon us, said, with the most disgusting dryness, 'It is enough.'" King William could not well say less, yet contrived to offend his admirer so implacably, that he declares the news of the king's death when it occurred gave him sensible satisfaction. Thus were the people of England weaned from their close and familiar approximation with royalty, in which they had heretofore both delighted, and given delight. The monarchs of England had formerly lived in the presence of their commonalty—the chivalric Plantagenet, the powerful Tudor, the graceful Stuart, enjoyed no high festival, no gorgeous triumph, without their people for audience.

[2] Evelyn.

[3] They were afterwards coined into half-crowns by king William.

[4] The pretence on which Voltaire has hung his falsehood, was the chicanery (to use the very term of secretary Williamson, who practised it) regarding the 50,000*l.*, which had been granted by the English parliament in payment of the dower of the queen of James II., at the peace of Ryswick, and was

The summer of 1694 brought its usual anxieties to the heart of the queen, in the shape of lost naval battles and fruitless expeditions. Time has unveiled the mystery of these failures. The defeat of the expedition against Brest took place in June; general Tollemache and sixteen hundred men were left dead on the French coast they had been sent to invade. There is some excuse to be offered for the utter abhorrence in which queen Mary held lord Marlborough, when it is found, from the most incontestable documentary evidence,[1] that this person betrayed his countrymen to their slaughter, by sending information to France of the projected attack, with many base protestations of the truth of his intelligence, and some reproaches that his former master, king James, had never on any other occasion, availed himself of his information. The present intelligence cost Tollemache his life, for to that general Marlborough had peculiar malice; it likewise caused the destruction of many hundreds of unfortunate soldiers, who had given him no offence. Thus the earnest desire of queen Mary to separate the Marlboroughs from her sister, was a mere act of self-defence. Yet the course she pursued towards her sister

supposed, both by the people of France and Great Britain, to have been paid to the unfortunate queen; but when the parliamentary inquiry took place, in 1699, into the peculations of Somers' ministry, it was proved that the queen's dowry never found its way further than into king William's pocket. From that moment, the supply was stopped, amidst vituperations of the House of Commons that nearly amounted to execrations. So shallow an historian as Voltaire, took it for granted that the dower *had* been paid, and that James II. subsisted on it, because the charge was in the budget of supply, but he dived not into the whole of the incidents, and was mistaken in the chronology, or he would never have attributed such payments to "Mary the daughter." There does not appear a circumstance besides this grant of the Commons (which was *never* paid), on which Voltaire, and the English historians who have echoed him, can found the assertion they have made.

[1] Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. Coxe, the apologist for Marlborough, is obliged to own his hero guilty of this infamous act. His excuses for him seem to add to the guilt. Likewise Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, where the reader may consult overpowering evidence of these treasons, and read Marlborough's letter. Vol. ii. pp. 44, 45.

excites contempt, on account of the series of low-minded petty attacks upon her, in which the spitefulness in regard to trifles strongly brings to mind the line:

"Willing to wound, but yet to strike afraid."

One of queen Anne's historians affirms that the queen caused the name of her sister to be omitted in the Common Prayer-book; but against this assertion we beg to offer our own particular evidence, since we well remember, at six years old, in the innocence of our hearts, and without any papistical intentions, praying at church for king William, queen Mary, princess Anne, and the duke of Gloucester, out of old family prayer-books printed in that reign.

When the news arrived in the household of the princess Anne, of the disastrous defeat of Tollemache, the word went that he and his troops had been betrayed to death. "I was in waiting at Campden House," says Lewis Jenkins, "when told the news, that there had been an attempt to land men in Camaret Bay, which was ill-advised; for the French had had notice of our design, and general Tollemache and a great number of brave soldiers were killed or wounded; for the enemy were strongly entrenched near the bay, the king of France having posted his *arrière ban*[1] everywhere near Brest. We, who were in waiting, were talking of it to one another before the little duke of Gloucester. We thought he was busy at play, and did not attend to what passed; but when my lady-governess Fitzharding came in the afternoon, and began to tell the young duke the sad news, he stopped her, by repeating the story as exactly as if he had been taught it." From the same source, it is found, that at the period of this disaster, the princess Anne was on a visit with the guilty persons, the earl of Marlborough and his wife, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to which seat, belonging to lady Marlborough, she often retired for some days.

It has been mentioned, that the gossips of the circle at

[1] Feudal militia.

Berkeley House, by the assistance of their ally, "Jack Howe," had thought proper to promulgate the fiction, that the one-eyed prime-minister, Shrewsbury, was the object of queen Mary's secret preference. They actually went so far as to affirm, that if king William died, the queen would have given her hand to Shrewsbury. Such tales certainly invest the despatches that premier wrote to king William in his absence with an interest they would not otherwise possess. The sole foundation for this report is, that whenever lord Shrewsbury entered the presence of queen Mary, she was observed to tremble and turn pale—no very certain criterion of the nature of the passion that agitated the queen, which might be fear or hope concerning the tidings, of weal or woe, he was likely to bring her on matters of high import.

Assuredly, lord Shrewsbury himself had heard of these scandals; for he expresses himself with a certain degree of prudish stiffness, when he mentions the queen in his despatches to her absent consort, dated August, 1694. The question was, whether the fleet, commanded by Russell, should winter at Cadiz, or return to England. The privy-council were not united in their opinions, and the vacillation of Shrewsbury was almost proverbial.

"When they," he writes to king William,[1] "were so diffident, you may be sure I was much more so of *my own single*, and therefore I had not presumed to say any more to your majesty upon this subject, but that the queen did me the honour to send for me, and *chid me*, saying, 'that in so important and nice a point, I ought not only to give your majesty an account of my own thoughts, but as near as I could collect, the thoughts of the whole committee.' It is, therefore, in obedience to *her* commands, and no presumption of my own, that I venture to report to your majesty, that everybody agreed the decision should be left to admiral Russell."

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 66.

These words give no very brilliant idea of the abilities of Mary's assistant in government; but they illustrate some of her difficulties, in eliciting the opinions of her council, and bringing them to a unanimous decision. Could queen Mary have examined their private escritoires, and opened the autograph letters, which we have opened, her spirit must have failed in utter despair, at witnessing their complicated treachery! And whether the intent of these double-dealing men was to betray her or her father, the disgust excited by their conduct is equal. A majority among the great body of the people, backed by the system of formidable standing armies, supported her, and the queen again steered the vessel of the state safely through all dangers; but the more the separate treasons are considered, the higher ought her abilities in government to be rated.

The queen expedited the legal completion of her best good work, the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, a few days before the return of her husband. The letters patent for this foundation are dated October 25th, 1694. It was destined for the use of those seamen of her royal navy who, by age, wounds, or other accidents, should be disabled from further service at sea. There was afterwards established a liberal naval school for their children. The legal instrument sets forth, "that the king and queen granted to sir John Somers, lord keeper, and other great officers of state, eight acres of their manor of Greenwich, and that capital messuage, lately built by their royal uncle, king Charles II., and still remaining unfinished, commonly called the Palace of Greenwich, and several other edifices and buildings standing upon part of the aforesaid ground bounded by the Thames, and by admeasurement along that river 673 feet, to the east end of an edifice, called 'the Vestry,' southward on the 'old Tilt-yard' and the 'Queen's-garden,'[1] and westward on the

[1] One of the landing-places at Greenwich is still called Garden Stairs. These names are almost the only vestiges that remain of the ancient palace and convent there.

'Friar's-road,' and bounded by other lands belonging to the crown."[1]

In the subsequent confirmation of this grant by William III. in 1695, the king mentions the foundation "as a particular wish of the queen;" thus the conversion of this unfinished palace (which remained a national reproach) into an institution which is one of its glories, originated with Mary II., who, nevertheless, contributed nothing towards the endowment or support of the charity from her own purse. Something, perhaps, she meant to give; yet that part called by her name remained unfinished as late as 1752, for want of funds. And when king William endowed the hospital with the sum of 8000*l.*, in 1695, that sum was taken out of the civil list, and thus was entirely the charity of the English nation.[2] No doubt, the queen would have been better pleased if she had been suffered to endow her hospital with her family spoils, than to have had the grief and shame of seeing them dispensed where they were.[3]

This explanation is needful to show wherefore queen Mary, with every good will to become a most munificent foundress, was forced to limit her benefactions to the grant of a deserted palace, and the simple permission of existence to this great charity. Nevertheless, there was no little in-

[1] Halsted's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 22.

[2] An equal sum was collected from the munificence of private individuals in London. A scheme was afterwards arranged for the support of the hospital, by the deduction of sixpence a month from the wages of the seamen, a plan probably not intended by queen Mary.

[3] It is a fact, scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that her husband seized upon the ancient inheritance in Ireland, her father's private property, possessions derived from Elizabeth de Burgh, by her descendants, through his ancestors the Mortimers, and endowed with them the infamous Elizabeth Villiers. To this woman he had granted 95,649 acres of land, the private estate of king James, valued at 25,995*l.* per annum. It is a satisfaction to find that the House of Commons, some years afterwards, in the lifetime of king William, enraged at this appropriation, forced this woman to give up her spoils, and likewise tore enormous estates from the Dutch favourites, Bentinck, Ginkle, and Keppel, and ordained their restitution, with all the income pertaining to them since the 13th of February, 1687. (Toone's Chronology.)

tellect in the act of projecting and instituting such an establishment as Greenwich Hospital, and appropriating a palace, in which her husband delighted not to dwell, to so noble and beneficent a purpose.

England, perhaps, owed the firm establishment of her naval power to the delight which her sovereigns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries took in their residence at Greenwich Palace, where they loved to dwell, with all their mighty navy anchored around them. The Tudors, and especially the Stuarts, then felt themselves monarchs of the ocean, and exulted in every gallant ship added to their navy, as the cavalier rejoices in a new battle-steed. These vessels being thus completely under the eyes of their sovereign, he and all his race took pleasure in, and became judges of those marine and colonial statistics, with which the true interests of this empire are vitally connected. The navy of England, likewise the mighty colonies founded in the intervals of peace in the seventeenth century, declined miserably for upwards of fifty years after the reigning sovereign had given up the naval palace of Greenwich.

The queen, in 1694, was required by *some* persons (who were, it is supposed, king William and his Dutch favourites) to demolish all the royal structures appertaining to Greenwich palace, before she commenced the Naval Hospital; but her majesty had enough regard for the place to resist this proposal. "I mean," she said, "to retain the wing, builded by my uncle, Charles II., as a royal reception-palace, on the landing of foreign princes or ambassadors; likewise the water-stairs, and approach to the same." The beautiful structure in the lower park, (to this day called "the Queen's House,") which was built by Charles I. for his queen, Henrietta Maria, it was the intention of queen Mary still to retain, as a royal villa, for her own occasional retirement, telling sir Christopher Wren, "that she meant him to add the four pavilions at the corners, as originally designed by

Inigo;[1] with this resolution, her majesty ordered to be left a 'head-road' from the landing-place leading to the small palace." Thus Mary had planned to dwell occasionally at Greenwich, perhaps for the purpose of watching, in the true spirit of a foundress, over the noble hospital she had designed to raise around. Such was "her majesty's absolute determination," to quote the words of her surveyor,[2]—such were her plans when looking forward to a long vista of years, not knowing how few weeks were really to be her own.

For several months, the queen had been in imminent danger from the machinations of a knot of dark conspirators among her guards, of whom the chief plotter, sir George Barclay, was lieutenant-general. He had been a violent revolutionist, and on some affront connected himself with the Jacobite interest. By means of his coadjutor, captain Williamson, of the same corps, he had, under feigned names, sounded king James regarding an assassination of William III. This scheme the exiled king forbade with detestation. Sir George Barclay then affected to adopt in his own name another plan. He wrote, "that he and sir John Friend hoped, by a stratagem, to seize 'the prince and princess of Orange,' and *bring them* to his majesty, their father, at St. Germains."[3] As this plot was formed by noted revolutionists, employed in guarding her person, there actually existed a possibility that the daughter might have

[1] Life of sir Christopher Wren. Hawksmoor's Account of Greenwich Hospital, 1728. He was deputy-surveyor. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] State Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. p. 467, and Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, p. 74: this very clause must acquit James II. of all desire of assassinating his nephew. Two years afterwards, this strange scheme was matured by these men into an assassination plot against William III., then a widower, who was to have been murdered when returning from hunting, at Richmond. No less than ten gentlemen were put to death for this plot, called in history, "Sir John Friend's Conspiracy." It is worthy of remark, that the leaders or executors of all the assassination plots, in this reign and the next, had been revolutionists, or officers from William's own band of French refugees, as Granval and Guiscard; the latter, however, is supposed not to have joined the refugee corps till after the king's death.

been dragged across the seas into the presence of her father. Nothing, after the success of two revolutions in one century, seemed, in fact, too wild or perilous to be undertaken by English political adventurers.

Queen Mary condescended to encourage a spy and tale-bearer in the family of the princess, her sister, who was one of the most influential persons in it, being the quaker-nurse of her nephew. When the duke was weaned, the wet-nurse was given the offices of breakfast-woman and dry-nurse. Nothing, however, could please her; she would be mistress over everybody, and would complain of every individual to the lady-governess (Fitzharding), who was heard to say, "that if the quakeress Pack was a year longer at court, she would be too much for all there." Lady Fitzharding had found out that this woman had insinuated herself into favour with the queen, and particularly with the ladies who were not on friendly terms with the princess Anne, and busied herself with carrying tales out of the establishment at Campden and Berkeley Houses to her majesty—an inconvenience to lady Fitzharding, who had the same office to perform, but thought it safest to play a double game. The queen, at last, gave Mrs. Pack's husband a place in the Custom House. The quakeress-nurse, finding that her practices were suspected, requested to retire, under plea of ill-health. The princess consented, and gave her an annuity of 40*l.* per annum. Scarcely had the nurse retired from the healthy air of Kensington to Deptford, when she caught the small-pox. Whilst she remained very ill, the duke of Gloucester sent every day to hear how she was. No one among her fellow-servants at Campden House had the least idea of her danger. One morning, the duke of Gloucester was asked, "Whether he should send, as usual, to know how his nurse was?" "No," he said, "for she is dead." "How do you know, sir," asked his attendant. "That is no matter," replied the young duke; "but I am sure she is dead." Mrs. Wanley, one of his women, then observed,

"that the young duke had told her yesterday, that he knew Pack would die next day." The child was right; his nurse actually died about the time that the discussion took place. This coincidence occasioned no little consternation in his household; for they said it was physically impossible that the child, or any one else, could have been informed of the fact by natural means. The young duke was taken to visit his aunt, queen Mary, next day. Perhaps, her majesty had heard this marvellous tale; for she led the way to it, by asking him, "If he were sorry to hear that his nurse was dead?" The child replied, "No, madam." And this most unsatisfactory reply was all the queen could elicit from her little nephew on the subject. Mrs. Atkinson succeeded the quakeress-nurse in her offices. "She was," says Lewis Jenkins, "niece to my good countrywoman, Mrs. Butt,[1] who had the honour to see how the princess Anne was fed when a child."

The issue of a new coinage engaged the attention of the queen's government in this summer. So much had the coin been debased in her reign, that good guineas passed for thirty shillings cash. The circulation in England was greatly injured by base guineas, coined in Holland. The heads of the two regnant-sovereigns were impressed on the new coins—not like Philip and Mary looking into each other's faces, but in the more elegant manner of one profile appearing beyond the other. Philip Rotier, one of the artists patronised by James II., had positively refused to work for William and Mary. His son, Norbert Rotier, was not so scrupulous. In 1694, he was employed in designing some dies for the copper coinage, and a medal, charged with the double profile, and Britannia on the reverse, when it was discovered that William's head bore an impertinent likeness to that of a satyr; and this circumstance made a

[1] This is, perhaps, the same name as *Buss*, who is mentioned, in the Clarendon Diary, as nurse to the princess Anne. According to Lewis Jenkins, she had the office of keeper of the privy-purse to the princess.

great noise, and was followed by the report, that James II. was concealed in his house in the Tower. Norbert Rotier, finding himself an object of suspicion, retired to France.[1]

The queen had anxiously expected her husband from Holland, throughout the latter part of October and the beginning of November; he was detained by the French fleet. He arrived, however, at Margate on the 12th of November; his queen met him at Rochester, and they travelled safely to Kensington.[2] The king opened his parliament next day. After voting thanks to the queen for her courage, and firm administration, the parliament proceeded to impeach her favourite prime-minister, then duke of Leeds, for the infamous corruption of his government; likewise sir John Trevor, the late speaker, for receiving bribes himself, and for distributing them in the house of commons. In the course of these inquiries the names of her majesty's immediate attendants, if not her own, were compromised. The following passage on this head is abstracted from the scanty details preserved in the journals of the house of lords. Sir Thomas Cooke, the chairman, had sent a bribe on the part of the East India company to the lord-president of queen Mary's cabinet-council, (the marquis of Carmarthen,)[3] by sir Basil Firebrass, which gentleman further deposed, "That they found great stops in the charters, which they apprehended proceeded, sometimes from my lord Nottingham, the queen's lord-chamberlain, and sometimes from others. That colonel Fitzpatrick received one thousand guineas on the same terms as the others, if the charter passed: That he pre-

[1] Where he designed several medals for the chevalier St. George. He was succeeded in his office by Harris, the player, an unworthy favourite of the duchess of Cleveland, who was ignorant of the art. (Fine Arts of Great Britain, by Taylor.)

[2] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 535.

[3] Formerly lord Danby, afterwards marquis of Carmarthen, then duke of Leeds. The passage is from Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739. Vol. iii. p. 23.

tended great interest with lord Nottingham, and that he could get information from the lady Derby [*mistress of the robes*] how the queen's pleasure was?"[1] Lord Nottingham, the same deponent declared, "rejected a bribe of five thousand guineas indignantly." It is found colonel Fitzpatrick died soon after the queen; no one, therefore, could ascertain whether he had been calumniated, or whether he had himself insinuated calumnies on her majesty and her mistress of the robes. All that need be said on this head is, that queen Mary, in her letters, displays no tendency to any unrighteous acquisition of the public money. The fatal illness under which her majesty succumbed immediately after the parliamentary inquiries on this head—which commenced in the house of commons, on the king's return—at once interrupted the examination, and spared the queen the confusion of finding proved the foul deeds of which her ministers were capable. The long disputed bill, limiting parliaments to three years' duration, was brought in the same autumn; it did not seem more palatable to the elective king and queen, than to their predecessors.

Whilst these troubles and disgraces were impending, a disaster occurred, which greatly agitated and distressed queen Mary. She was at Whitehall-chapel, November 24, when the service suddenly ceased; archbishop Tillotson, who was officiating before her majesty, was silenced with a stroke of paralysis; he never spoke again, but died a few days afterwards. Archbishop Tillotson had grown excessively fat and corpulent at the time of his death. His friends considered that his life had been shortened by the sorrow and troubles his elevation had brought on him. Like the Psalmist, when he spoke of peace, the furious parties around him "made themselves ready for battle."[2] Just as

[1] Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739, vol. iii. p. 23.

[2] Life of Tillotson. There were found, in the possession of archbishop Tillotson, numerous letters, containing the most furious threats against his life, and revilings of his character; he had endorsed these words on the packets,

archbishop Tillotson expired, a lady came into the apartment where her majesty was sitting, and said, she believed "that all the dignified clergy had come to court that day to show themselves." The queen replied, "There is one I am sure is absent, which is the dean of Canterbury." Some of the company observed, "that not one was missing." A lady of the queen's household, who knew dean Hooper, went out to see; she returned and said, "He is not there." "No," replied the queen, "I can answer for him; I knew he was not there."

All trifles make a strong impression, when connected with unexpected death—superstition is at such times very active; it will be remembered, that Dr. Hooper had declared to queen Mary, that the great walnut-tree which kept the people from seeing her when she sojourned at his deanery at Canterbury, should be cut down; by a curious accident, it was felled at the very moment of Tillotson's death, who, as the story goes, had planted it with his own hand when he was dean of Canterbury.[1]

Again was queen Mary made responsible in the eyes of all England, for the choice of the primate of the English church; once more it fell on a man who had not been educated in its creed; this was Dr. Tennison, who was soon after raised to the archbishopric of Canterbury. This nomination did not please all queen Mary's courtiers, among others lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers; he reminded her majesty "that Dr. Tennison had been much contemned for preaching a funeral sermon, and at the same time, pronouncing a high panegyric over a woman so infamous as Nell Gwyn, for the lucre of fifty pounds, which that person had provided for the purpose in her will."

"I have read these letters, I thank God, calmly, and may the writers forgive themselves as easily as I forgive them."

[1] Hooper MS.; but a walnut-tree of thirty or thirty-three years' growth could not have been a large one.

Queen Mary showed more discomposure of countenance at this remonstrance, than she ever betrayed before on any occasion: "What, then!" she replied, after a pause of great confusion; "no doubt the poor woman was severely penitent, or I am sure by the good doctor's looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."[1]

Queen Mary might have defended Dr. Tennison far better, by mentioning his conduct of Christian heroism in Cambridge, during the horrors of the plague, when he acted both as physician and clergyman. She knew it not, or she would have urged so noble a plea; her wishes really were that Dr. Stillingfleet should be promoted to the primacy.[2] King William's nomination of Dr. Tennison was induced by his controversial sermons against the Roman-catholics. He had been bred as a physician, and practised as such in the time of Cromwell.

The queen, for many days, could not mention Tillotson without tears; the king was likewise much affected by his death. Indeed, since her majesty had witnessed the primate's mortal stroke, she had neither appeared well, nor in spirits. The royal pair were residing at Kensington Palace, with the intent to pass the Christmas in retirement, when the queen became seriously indisposed, on the 19th of December. She took some slight remedies, and declared herself well the next day. Her illness returned in the course of a few hours. "I was above half an hour with the queen the day she first felt herself ill, but nothing of it appeared," wrote Burnet.[3] "The next day, which was the 20th of December, she went abroad, but could not disguise being ill." How truly the queen anticipated the

[1] Bio. Brit. Mistress Nelly was in the enjoyment of 1500*l.* per annum which had been secured to her by James II. (Clarendon Diary, Appendix, p. 654.) It is said that out of gratitude she turned papist, but recanted when times changed, or queen Mary would not have entered on her defence; Nelly had left fifty pounds for her funeral sermon. Dr. Tennison's panegyric, when earning this sum, caused no little scandal on the clerical character.

[2] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection, 6584. [3] Ibid.

result, may be found from her conduct and employment. She sat up nearly all that night in her cabinet, burning and destroying papers, on which she did not wish the public, at any future time, to pass judgment. Burnet praises this action, as one of great consideration towards "people whom these papers would have committed, if seen after she was no more."[1] Queen Mary was certainly anxious that these documents should not commit her memory, and took a sure way of depriving biographers of them. Yet by those which remain, dark mysterious surmises are raised regarding the portentous nature of those destroyed. What state secrets were those which could induce her to keep a solitary vigil in her closet at Kensington, in a December night, and, with death in her veins, devote herself to the task, at once agitating and fatiguing, of examining and destroying important papers? What thoughts, what feelings, must have passed through the brain of queen Mary, on that awful night, thus alone—with her past life, and with approaching death? Strange contrast between an unfortunate father, and a fortunate daughter: James II. preserved every document which could cast light on his conduct, valuing their preservation before life itself;[2] Mary II. destroyed all in her power which could give the stamp of certainty to her personal history. The queen finished her remarkable occupations on that night, by writing a letter to her husband on the subject of Elizabeth Villiers, which she endorsed, "Not to be delivered excepting in case of my death," and locked it in an ebony cabinet in which she usually kept papers of consequence.

As might have been anticipated, queen Mary was ex-

[1] This curious remark is in Burnet's first folio edition; it has been withdrawn in that of 1823. It is in neither of his three manuscript versions of Mary's death. Harleian, 6584.

[2] There can be little doubt that the box which James risked his life to preserve, when the Gloucester was sinking, contained his memoirs as far as they were written, and the vouchers on which they were founded.

ceedingly indisposed, on the day succeeding these agitating vigils. Her disorder was, however, supposed to be only the measles, some two or three days afterwards, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the identity of her malady her physicians could not agree; Dr. Radcliffe declaring that she would have the measles, and Dr. Millington the small-pox.[1] Burnet affirms, that the fatal turn of her malady was owing to Dr. Radcliffe, in remarkable words, which are not to be found in his printed history, as follows: "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my own profession," says Burnet's MS., "and so will say no more of the physician's part, but that it was universally condemned, so that the queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician, but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared but too evidently his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called, when it was too late; all symptoms were bad, yet still the queen felt herself well."[2] Radcliffe's mistake was taking the small-pox for the measles; but this is an idle charge, since the proper treatment for the one eruptive disease would by no means render the other mortal. The truth was, the queen was full and large in person, somewhat addicted to good living, both in regard to food and wine; she likewise drank rich chocolate at bed-time. Small-pox, and even measles, are dangerous visitations to patients of thirty-two, with similar habits. Nor is Dr. Radcliffe answerable for the queen's high-fed condition and luxurious habits, as he was not her household physician,[3] and there-

[1] Ralph's History, p. 539.

[2] So written. Burnet's MS., Harleian, 6524.

[3] Dr. Radcliffe was considered the most skilful physician of his day. He really was a Jacobite; he attended the revolutionary sovereigns very unwil-

fore not bound by his duties to give advice in regard to dietary temperance. The domestic physicians were the traitors, who had failed to counsel the queen on the regulation of her appetites.

While this desperate malady was dealing with the queen, her sister, the princess Anne, and her ambitious favourite, lady Marlborough, were startled from the torpor they had long suffered at Berkeley House, into a state of feverish expectation of the sudden importance which would accrue to them if her majesty's illness proved fatal. The princess Anne was then in a dubious state of health herself, for dropsical maladies impaired her constitution. She flattered herself with hopes of an increase to her family; in consequence, she confined herself to the house, and passed the day constantly reclining on a couch.[1] Thus the princess was prevented by the infirmity of her health from visiting the sick-bed of her sister, from whose chamber there is every reason to believe she would have been repulsed. Although queen Mary was in a very doubtful state on the morning of the 22nd of December, king William left Kensington, and gave his royal assent in the house of lords to the important bill for passing triennial parliaments. It is supposed his foresight led him to this measure; since, in the case of the queen's death, and the consequent weakening of his title to the crown, he could not have yielded this concession with equal dignity.[2]

No regular intercourse took place between the palace at Kensington and Berkeley House; and all the intelligence of whatever passed in either household, was conveyed by the ex-official tattling of servants of the lower grade.

lingly, and studied to plague them with vexatious repartees. Nevertheless, they all insisted on receiving his medical assistance. He has been separately blamed for killing queen Mary, king William, the duke of Gloucester, and queen Anne, either by his attendance or his non-attendance.

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 105.

[2] Ralph's History, p. 535.

Laundresses questioned nurses, or ushers carried the tales thus gathered. All was in the dark at the princess's establishment, as late as Christmas-day, O. S., respecting the malady of the queen, when Lewis Jenkins was sent to obtain information of Mrs. Worthington, the queen's laundress, regarding how her majesty really was. The news thus gained was, however, by no means correct.

"As I loved the queen much," says Lewis Jenkins, "I was transported with hearing she had rested well that night, and that she had not the small-pox, but the measles. The queen was much beloved; she had found the means of pleasing the people by her obliging deportment, and had, besides, the command of plenty of money to give away, which proved a powerful persuasive with many for loving her. I went into the duke of Gloucester's bedchamber, where I threw up my hat, and said, 'O be joyful!' The ladies asked me, 'What I meant?' I then related the good news; and the little duke said, 'I am glad of it, with all my heart!' But the next day, when I went to inquire at the palace after the queen, I was informed 'that, in consequence of being let blood, the small-pox had turned black, and that her majesty's death drew near, for nature was prevented from working her course.' I was this day in waiting, and talking over the ill news with Mrs. Wanley, one of the little duke of Gloucester's women, in a low tone, imagining that the child could not hear our conversation, as he was playing with George Wanley. His highness suddenly exclaimed, 'O be joyful!' I hearing this, asked him, 'Where he learnt that expression?' 'Lewis, *you* know,' said his highness. 'Sir,' said I, 'yesterday I cried, O be joyful!' 'Yes,' rejoined the queen's nephew; 'and now, to-day, you may sing, O be doleful!' which I wondered to hear."[1]

The danger of the queen being thus matter of notoriety throughout the corridors and servants' offices of Campden and Berkeley Houses, the princess Anne thought it time

[1] Lewis Jenkins' History. Tracts. Brit. Museum.

to send a lady of her bed-chamber with a message, entreating her majesty "to believe that she was extremely concerned for her illness; and that if her majesty would allow her the happiness of waiting on her, she would, notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard for her satisfaction." This message was delivered to the queen's first lady, being lady Derby, who went into the royal bed-chamber and delivered it to her majesty. A consultation took place; and after some time, lady Derby came out again, and replied to the messenger of the princess Anne, "that the king would send an answer the next day."

Had the queen wished to be reconciled to her sister, there was thus time and opportunity, for this message was sent some time before her death. No kind familiar answer was returned from the dying queen to her sister, but the following formal court notation from the first lady of her majesty to the lady of the princess:

"Madam,[1]

"I am commanded by the king and queen to tell you they desire you would let the princess know they both thank her for sending and desiring to come, but it being thought so necessary to keep the queen as quiet as possible, hope she will defer it. I am, madam, your ladyship's most humble servant,

"E. Derby."

"P.S.—Pray, madam, present my humble duty to the princess."

The unusual civility of the postscript astonished the little court at Berkeley House; the deductions drawn from it were prophetical of the fatal termination of the queen's illness, but not a single expression indicative of human feeling, or yearning kindness towards the sufferer, is recorded by lady Marlborough as falling from the princess Anne, whether such were the case or not. The politeness of lady Derby's postscript, who had been previously remarked for her insolence to the princess, "made us conclude," observes lady Marlborough, "more than if the whole college of physicians had pronounced it, that her disease was mortal."

Many persons, and even some individuals belonging to

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

the household of the princess, were allowed to see the queen in her sick-chamber; therefore it was concluded, that deferring the proposed visit of the princess was only to leave room for continuing the quarrel, in case the queen should chance to recover, while, at the same time, it left a possibility of a political reconciliation with the king, in case of her majesty's death.[1]

Such were the surmises and proceedings at Berkeley House, while death, every hour, approached nearer to queen Mary. The king certainly despaired of his consort's life; "for the next day (December 26)," says Burnet, "he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to the most tender passion; he burst into tears, and cried out aloud, 'That from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth;' adding, 'that during their whole wedlock, he had never known one single fault in his queen; there was, besides, a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, though *I* (Burnet) might know as much of her as any other person did.'"

As the queen's illness fluctuated, the princess Anne and lady Marlborough became ungovernably agitated with their hopes and fears; and as they could obtain no intelligence which they could trust, they at last resolved to despatch lady Fitzharding to Kensington Palace, where she undertook to see the queen and speak to her. Accordingly, charged with a dutiful message to her majesty, the lady Fitzharding "broke in," whether the queen's attendants "would or not," and approaching the bed where her majesty was, made her speech, to express "in how much concern the princess Anne was." The dying Mary gasped out, "Thanks," and the lady went back to her princess with a report that her kind message had been very coldly received.[2] Lady Fitzharding had means of knowing the private feelings of the queen towards the princess, because her majesty

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 106.
[2] Ibid., p. 107.

was surrounded by the brothers and sisters of that lady. The real tendency of the mind of the king, as well as that of the queen, was likewise known to lady Fitzharding, through the communication of her sister Elizabeth, his mistress; and if we may credit the testimony of the Marlborough, she reported that her majesty was most inimical to the princess Anne to her last gasp. Without giving too much belief to a witness of lady Marlborough's disposition, it may be observed that the whole bearings of the case tend to the same conclusion. Another contemporary lady of the household affirms that the queen "was sinking fast into unconsciousness when lady Fitzharding forced herself into her bed-chamber, and that the single word she spoke was indeed all she was able to utter."

The face of the queen was covered with the most violent erysipelas the Friday before her death. When this frightful symptom appeared, her physicians declared to her husband that there remained no hopes of her life. He received the intelligence with every symptom of despair. He ordered his camp-bed to be brought into the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night and day, while she struggled between life and death. It is possible that he was desirous of preventing anything she might say respecting the events of her past life. Our authority, however, declares that his demeanour was most affectionate; and that, "although greatly addicted to the pleasures of eating, he never tasted food during three successive dreadful days."[1]

"When the desperate condition of her majesty," says Burnet, "became evident to all around her, archbishop Tennison told the king that he could not do his duty faithfully, without he acquainted her with her danger. The king approved of it, and said, 'that whatever effect it might

[1] Inedited MS., in the Bibliothêque du Roi, in French—of which the above is a translation. (No. 1715.)

have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter.' The queen anticipated the communication of the archbishop, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said 'she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour; she had nothing then to do but to look up to God, and submit to his will.' She said 'that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king;' and she gave orders to look carefully for a small scrutoire that she made use of, which was in her closet, which was to be delivered to the king. Having despatched that care, she avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both." When it is remembered that the casket the queen was thus careful to have put into his hands, contained the letter of complaint and reproof written by her, at the time of her memorable vigil in her cabinet at Kensington, it is difficult to consider that Mary died on friendly terms with her husband, or that her refusal to bid him farewell proceeded from tenderness. "The day before she died," continues Burnet, "she received the sacrament; all the bishops who were attending were permitted to receive it with her. God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth."[1] "The queen, after receiving the sacrament, composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said that she was not refreshed by it, and that nothing did her good but prayer. She tried once or twice to say something

[1] Burnet's History of his Own Times. This writer (or his interpolator) slurs over the circumstance of the queen's departure, without reconciliation with her sister. Sarah of Marlborough's testimony is, we think, better deserving belief, because her words are supported by circumstantial detail and documents. She asserts "that queen Mary departed in enmity to her sister, that *no message was sent to the princess.*" Moreover, in three several versions of the queen's death among Burnet's MSS., Harleian Collection, Brit. Museum, the passage does not occur; neither is the name of the princess mentioned in the course of them.

to the king, but could not go through with it. She laid silent for some hours, and then some words came from her, which showed that her thoughts began to break."[1] The queen's mind, in fact, wandered very wildly the day before she expired. The hallucinations with which she was disturbed were dreary, and the nature of them certainly indicates that somewhat remained on her mind, of which she had not spoken. Her majesty mysteriously required to be left alone with archbishop Tennison, as she had something to tell him, and her chamber was cleared in consequence. The archbishop breathlessly expected some extraordinary communication. The dying queen said, "I wish you to look behind that screen, for Dr. Radcliffe has put a popish nurse upon me, and that woman is always listening to what I want to say; she lurks behind that screen; make her go away; that woman is a great disturbance to me."[2]

The popish nurse, which the queen fancied that her Jacobite physician, Dr. Radcliffe, had "put upon her," was but an unreal phantom, the coinage of her wandering brain. Her father's friends, who were more numerous in her palace than she was aware, fancied that, instead of describing this spectre to archbishop Tennison, she was confessing her filial sins to him. A contemporary of queen Mary uses these remarkable words, when mentioning the interview: "But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennison, and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressures, which, in these weak unguarded moments, might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret unto the last day.[3] The story, however, of the phantom-nurse that perplexed queen Mary's last moments, was told by Tennison himself to the historian, bishop White Kennet."

It was supposed, on the Sunday evening, that the queen

[1] Burnet. [2] Ralph, vol. ii. p. 540.

[3] MS. in the Bibliothêque du Roi, Paris, (No. 1715.)

was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half an hour; that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first.[1] Queen Mary breathed her last between night and morning, on the 28th of December, 1694,[2] in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. The moment the breath left her body, the lord-chancellor commanded the great seal to be broken, and another made, on which the figure of William III. was impressed *solus*.[3]

The great seal of William and Mary represents them enthroned, sitting with an altar between them, upon it is placed the globe of sovereignty, on which they each place a hand. In the reverse, London is represented in the background, but it is *old* London before the fire, for old St. Paul's is very clearly represented, and, to make the matter stranger, the monument is introduced. Mary and William are equestrian figures uncrowned; he is like a Roman emperor in profile, while the queen turns her face full on him; her hair is dressed high in front, and streams over the shoulder before her; she is represented wholly without ornament.

A Roman-catholic priest,[4] who was a spy of the Jacobites, had been roaming round Kensington, watching for intelligence during the awful three days while Mary II. struggled between life and death. He had the opportunity of receiving the earliest news of her demise, probably from lord Jersey, who was secretly of his religion. The priest departed before dawn on the night of the queen's death; he meant to take his speediest course to St. Germains, but he fell ill of a violent fever at Abbeville, probably the result of his nocturnal perambulations in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, in December. This intelligencer of Mary's demise himself

[1] MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, (No. 1715.)
[2] This is old style. The French date her death January 7, 1695.
[3] MS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi.
[4] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

remained between life and death for three days. At last, he recovered sufficiently to despatch a messenger to James II. at St. Germains, who sent, forthwith, one of his gentlemen to hear his tidings.[1]

The report of the illness of Mary II. had been current in France for several days; but, in the absence of authentic intelligence, all sorts of rumours prevailed—among others, "that she had recovered, and that William III. was dead." The right version of the tidings spread over France when king James's messenger returned from the priest's sick-bed at Abbeville, January 13th, N. S. Madame de Sévigné mentions these circumstances in her letters, and she gives Mary II. as an instance of the transitory nature of all mundane glories. "She was," says her illustrious contemporary, "but thirty-three; she was beautiful, she was a reigning queen, and she is dead in three days. But the great news is that the prince of Orange (William III.) is assuredly very ill; for though the malady of his wife was contagious, he never quitted her, and it is the will of God that he will not quit her long." William III., however, bore on his face marks which entirely secured him from any danger respecting the contagious malady of which his queen died, and if he was very ill at the time of her death, his malady did not arise from the small-pox. When the news was confirmed of the death of Mary, her father shut himself up in his apartments, and refused all visits; he observed the mourning of solitude, tears, and groans, but he would not wear black for her death.[2]

James II. likewise sent to Louis XIV. to request him not to wear mourning for his daughter, and not to order a court-mourning. Otherwise, as she was so nearly allied to the king of France, being the grand-daughter of his aunt, this order would have appeared, although it would have

[1] An inedited MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French, marked (1745.)
[2] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

been a great absurdity, considering the deadly war subsisting, which seemed more personal than national, between the families of Orange, Stuart, and Bourbon. Some of the old nobility of France claimed kindred with the house of Orange; among others, were the dukes de Bouillon and Duras, who thought fit to assume mourning; they were sternly commanded by Louis XIV. "to put it off."[1] The duke de St. Simon blames the royal order, as a petty vengeance. This acute observer is among the few writers who do justice to the great abilities of Mary in government; at the same time he, bears the testimony of a contemporary, "that she was much more bitter against her father, than was her husband." The conduct of James II. was influenced by the horror which he felt at ascertaining that his once beloved child had expired, without any message or expression of sorrow and regret at the sufferings which she had been the means of causing him. He observes, "that many of his partisans fancied that her death would pave the way for his restoration;" but he made no additional efforts on that account; indeed, he says, "the event only caused him the additional affliction of seeing a child whom he loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to find her extolled for crimes as if they were the highest virtues, by the mercenary flatterers around her."

"Even archbishop Tennison reckoned among her virtues," adds king James, "that she had got the better of all duty to her parent, in consideration of her religion and her country, and that even if she had done aught blameworthy, she had acted by the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were answerable for it, not she."[2] When king James heard this reported speech, he cried out, "Oh, miserable way of arguing—fatal to the

[1] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512, and St. Simon, vol. i. p. 255.

[2] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.

deceiver and to the deceived! Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension." He declared himself "much afflicted at her death, and more at her manner of dying," and affirmed, "that both his children had lost all bowels of compassion for him; for the princess of Denmark, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, now appeared to be satisfied with the prince of Orange (William III.); though he had used her ill, and usurped her right, yet she preferred that he should remain, rather than her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored."[1]

Archbishop Tennison delivered to the king the deceased queen's posthumous letter, together with a reproving message she had confided to him. At the same time, he took the liberty of adding a severe lecture to his majesty, on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard to Elizabeth Villiers. The king took this freedom in good part, and solemnly promised the archbishop to break off all intimacy with her. The queen's letter expressed to her husband the great pain which his connexion with her rival had always given her.[2] True to the personal forbearance which is a remarkable feature in her conjugal life, she never complained, or told the pangs she suffered from jealousy, till after her own death had taken place. But whether she could be considered to expire in perfect peace and forgiveness to her husband when she left written reproaches, exposing him at the same time to the schooling of a stranger of rude manners, on so delicate a subject, is matter for consideration.

It ought to be reckoned among the other pains and penalties of William III., that he was subjected to the admonitions and exhortations of the dissenting-bred clergy, whom he had placed in the wealthiest church preferments, he having avowedly not the best opinion of their disinterested-

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.
[2] Shrewsbury MSS., edited by Coxe.

ness of conversion. For Burnet, he always manifested loathing, which was uncontrollable—a feeling, in which we have seen, by her letters, his lost queen fully participated. Burnet, nevertheless, was among the most active of his lecturers on the subject of future good behaviour, and, with infinite self-satisfaction, notes the result. "King William began then the custom, which he has observed ever since very exactly, of going to prayers twice a day; he entered upon very solemn and serious resolutions of becoming, in all things, an exact Christian, and of breaking off all bad practices whatsoever. He expressed a particular regard to all the queen's inclinations and intentions. He resolved to keep up her family."[1] Such declaration need not excite astonishment—the *family* Burnet means consisted, not of the queen's near relatives of the exiled royal house, but merely of her household-servants; and if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, the king afterwards grumbled excessively at paying them the pensions he had promised, in the height of these his well-behaved resolutions.

"I confess," pursues Burnet, "that my hopes are so sunk with the queen's death, that I do not flatter myself with further expectations. If things can be kept in tolerable order, so that we have peace and quiet in our days, I dare look for no more. So black a scene of Providence as is now upon us, gives me many dismal apprehensions."[2]

As to any reconciliation of the princess Anne with the queen, it is improbable that Burnet believed it took place, since the Harleian contains three different copies of the queen's death, from the bishop's pen; and although he speaks as an eye-witness from beginning to end, he mentions not the name of the princess therein. Indeed, the odd and maladroit manner in which that assertion is introduced into the printed history, many pages after its natural date, gives the whole incident a very suspicious aspect. The words

[1] Harleian MS., 6584.
[2] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection.

are thrust among the current events far into the year 1695; they are apropos to nothing connected with chronological order, and are as follows: "The queen, when she was dying, had received a kind message from, and had sent a reconciling message to, the princess, so that breach was made up. 'Tis true, the sisters did not meet; 'twas thought that might throw the queen into too great a commotion."[1]

While preparations were making for the queen's funeral, a great number of elegies and odes were written in praise of her majesty. But poetic talent, excepting in the line of lampoons, was very scarce among the revolutionary party, and as the elegies excited either laughter or contempt, the public press of the day indulged in furious abuse of Dryden, because no panegyric on the queen appeared from his pen. "It is difficult," observes sir Walter Scott,[2] "to conceive in what manner the deprived poet-laureate of the unfortunate James could have treated the memory of his master's daughter." He granted her, at least on that occasion, the mercy of his silence. Dryden was, however, appealed to, in order to decide "which of the numerous effusions to the memory of queen Mary was the best?" "Bad was the best," was the very natural answer of one of the immortal authors of England; but being pressed to pronounce a more distinctive verdict, he said, "that the ode by the duke of Devonshire[3] was the best."

[1] Burnet's Own Times, edition 1823, with Dartmouth's, Onslow's, and Hardwick's Notes, vol. iv. p. 157.

[2] Life of Dryden.

[3] "Its memory," says Sir Walter, "only survives in an almost equally obscure funeral poem to the memory of William, duke of Devonshire, in which these lines occur.

"'Twas so when the destroyer's dreadful dart
Once pierced through ours to fair Maria's heart;
From his state helm, then some short hours he stole,
T' indulge his melting eyes and bleeding soul;
Whilst his bent knees to those remains divine,
Paid their last offering to that royal shrine."

No wonder that sir Walter Scott suspected the merits of the Devonshire

Among the royal elegies, were included some perpetrations in the pathetic line, by the hard, sarcastic profligates, Prior, Congreve, and Swift.[1] Sir Walter Scott suspects, that the ducal strains were in reality the worst, but they eluded his research. They exist at length in the Harleian Collection, and prove that Dryden spoke as an honest critic, for they are far superior to the professional poetry published on the occasion; they preserve withal some historical allusions; thus the queen is given the credit of tears, she either shed, or feigned to shed, at her coronation; although other witnesses have recorded dark words, which escaped her on that occasion, against her father's life:—

ODE BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.

"Long our divided state,
Hung in the balance of a doubtful fate;
When one bright nymph, the gathering clouds dispelled,
And all the griefs of Albion healed—
Her the united land obeyed;
She knew her task, and nicely understood,
To what intention kings are made,
Not for their own, but for their people's good.
'Twas that prevailing argument alone,
Determined her to fill the vacant throne;
And with sadness she beheld,
A crown devolving on her head—
By the excesses of a prince misled,
When by her royal birth compelled,
To what her God, and what her country claimed;
Though by a servile faction blamed,
How graceful were the tears she shed!

"When waiting only for a wind,
Against our isle the power of France was armed;
Her ruling arts in their true lustre shined
The winds themselves were by her influence charmed;

tribute after quoting this abstract of its contents, from some writer of less talent than his grace. The duke of Devonshire was, at that time, one of the state-ministers, and had always formed one among the council of nine.

[1] Swift was at that time an expectant of place and profit from William III., under the patronage of sir William Temple.

"Secure and undisturbed the scene
Of Albion seemed, and like her eyes serene.

Fatal to the fair and young,
Accursed disease! how long
Have wretched mothers mourned thy rage?
Robbed of the hope, and comfort of their age;
From the unhappy lover's side,
How often hast thou torn the blooming bride?
Common disasters sorrow raise,
But Heaven's severer frowns amaze
The queen, a word, a sound!
Of nations once the hope and firm support.
That name becomes unutterable now,
The crowds in that dejected court,
Where languishing Maria lay,
Want power to ask the news they come to know:
Silent their drooping heads they bow,
Silence itself proclaims the universal woe.
Even Maria's latest care,[1]
Whom winter's seasons, nor contending Jove,
Nor watchful fleets,[2] could from his glorious purpose move,
Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty weight,
The hero to the man gives way."[3]

Swift's Pindaric Ode on the queen of his supposed patron exists in the Athenian Oracle; it cannot be worse. In the Life of Sir William Temple, supposed to be written by Swift, it is asserted "that lady Temple died within a month of her majesty out of sheer grief for her loss." A great compliment to the queen, but a doubtful one to sir William Temple, who survived his lady.

The queen's memory was illustrated by an historical

[1] William III.

[2] This historical allusion is to the circumstances of that king's last voyage from Holland, which are not very creditable to the once triumphant navy of Great Britain, especially when joined to the Dutch marine force. November, Tuesday 16, 1694. "The prince of Orange, (William III.) embarked to go to England; the wind beat him back twice, but he persevered and finally sailed with a fine day. His squadron was strongly reinforced, as he had been told that Jean Bart was watching for him." Memoirs of Dangeau. William had been waiting all the month for a passage, lest Jean Bart should intercept him.

[3] The elegy would extend over many pages; the necessity for brevity obliges us to present only an abstract, including all the personal allusions possible.

sermon or oration, preached on occasion of her death, by Burnet. These pages cannot, however, be illumined from it by words that glow and burn, such as flowed from the lips of the gifted son of the herdsman of Meaux, the eloquent Bossuet, when the character and misfortunes of Henrietta Maria were given him for his theme.

Burnet's obituary memorial on Henrietta Maria's granddaughter scarcely rises to the level of quaintness, and his distress for facts on which to hang his excessive praises makes him degenerate into queerness; for after lauding to the utmost the love of queen Mary II. for sermons (being perfectly ignorant of the bitter contempt she had expressed for his own), he falls into the following comical commendations:—

"She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and *gardenage*. She had a richness of invention, with a happiness of contrivance that had airs in it that were *freer* and *nobler than what was more stiff*, though it might be more regular. She knew that this drew an expense after it; she had no inclinations besides this to any diversions that were expenceful, and since this employed many hands, she was pleased to say 'that she hoped it would be forgiven her;' yet she was uneasy when she felt the weight of the charge that lay upon it."

"The gardenage" that had airs in it "freer than those that were more stiff," was, at the close of the seventeenth century, completely on a par with the Dutch architecture perpetrated by Mary and her spouse. Neither were worth placing in the list of a queen-regnant's virtues. Perhaps the following eulogy may seem not greatly adapted for funeral oratory, yet it has the advantage of giving a biographer an insight into the routine of the pretty behaviour and neat sampler way of life, that Mary II. mistook for high Christian virtues. "When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, she *found out* the amusement of work." It was no doubt a great discovery, on the part of her majesty; but her bad eyes had nothing to do with it, for needle-work, point-stitch, tent-stitch, tapestry-stitch, and all the other stitches—to say nothing of matching

shades of silks and threading needles—require better eyesight than reading.

"In all those hours that were not given to better employment, she wrought with her own hands; and, sometimes, with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing and *looked like a sight*, to see a queen work so many hours a day. She looked on idleness as the great corruption of human nature, and believed that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought that anything that might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg and ill impressions behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours which were not claimed by devotion or business. Her example soon wrought on not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town to follow it, so that it became as much the fashion to work, as it had been formerly to be idle. In this, which seemed a nothing, and was turned by some to be the subject of raillery, a greater step was made, than perhaps every one was aware of, towards the bettering of the age. While she diverted herself thus with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honour of working with her—one was appointed to read to the rest, the choice was suited to the time of day, and to the employment—some book or poem that was lively, as well as instructing.

"Few of her sex—not to say of her rank—gave ever less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts *which required more patience were not given up entirely to it.*"

This sentence is somewhat enigmatical; indeed, the whole sermon would prove a useful collection of sentences for those grammarians who teach a clear style, by the means of exposing faulty instances of involved composition. The truth is, that the man's conscience was at war with his words—therefore, those words became tortuous and contradictory. He has dared to praise Mary II. for "filial piety," knowing, as he must have done better than any one else, how differently she had conducted herself as a daughter. He himself has recorded, and blamed her disgusting conduct at her arrival at Whitehall. But whether it is true, that Mary sat complacently to hear this very man grossly calumniate her mother, rests on the word of lord Dartmouth. There is one circumstance, which would naturally invalidate the accusation, which is, that it was thoroughly against her own interest—a point which Mary never lost sight of; for if Anne Hyde was a faithless

wife, what reason had her daughter to suppose that she was a more genuine successor to the British crown than the unfortunate brother, whose birth she had stigmatized? Nevertheless, the same strain of reasoning holds good against her encouragement of the libellous attacks of the Dutch polemical writer, Jurieu, on Mary queen of Scots. The hatred which her revolutionary policy caused her to express for her unfortunate ancestress, seems the more unnatural, on account of the resemblance nature had impressed on both, insomuch that the portrait of Mary queen of Scots, at Dalkeith, bears as strong a likeness to her descendant, Mary II., in features, when the latter princess was about eighteen, as if she had assumed the costume of the sixteenth century, and sat to the painter. The similarity of the autographs of signature between the two Mary Stuart queens, is likewise very remarkable.

Perhaps the following odd passage, in the Burnet panegyric, means to affirm, that queen Mary II. was unwilling to be praised in public addresses:—

"Here arises an unexampled *piece of a character* which may be well begun with; for I am afraid it both begun and will end with her. In most persons, even those of the truest merit, a studied management will, perhaps, appear with a little too much varnish; like a nocturnal piece that has a light cast through even the most shaded parts, some disposition to *set oneself out*, and some satisfaction at being commended, will, at some time or other, show itself more or less. Here we may appeal to great multitudes: to all who had the honour to approach her, and particularly to those who were admitted to the greatest nearness, if at any one time anything of this sort did ever discover itself. When due acknowledgments were made, or *decent things* said upon occasions that had well deserved them, (God knows how frequent these were!) these seemed scarce to be heard, they were so little desired, that they were presently passed over, without so much as an answer that might seem to entertain the discourse even while it checked it."

Among other of queen Mary's merits, are reckoned her constant apprehensions, "that the secret sins of those around her drew down many judgments on her administration and government," a theme on which she very piously dilates in her letters to her husband. Assuredly, an unnatural

daughter, and a cruel sister, needed not to have wasted her time in fixing judgments on the secret sins of other people.

Amidst this mass of affectation and contradiction, some traits are preserved, in regard to the queen's personal amiability in her last illness, which redound far more to her credit than any instance that Burnet has previously quoted; they have, moreover, the advantage of being confirmed by a person more worthy of belief than himself. This is archbishop Tennison, who says, "As soon as the nature of the distemper was known, the earliest care of this charitable mistress was for the removing of such immediate servants as might, by distance, be preserved in health. She fixed the times for prayer, in her own chamber, some days before her illness attained its height; she ordered to be read to her, more than once, a sermon by a good man, now with God, (probably archbishop Tillotson,) on this text: 'What, shall we receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?'"[1] Burnet adds, "Besides suffering none of her servants to stay about her, when their attendance might endanger their own health, she was so tender of them, when they fell under that justly-dreaded illness, that she would not permit them to be removed, though they happened to be lodged very near herself." Such conduct comprehended not only the high merit of humanity, but the still more difficult duty of the self-sacrifice of personal convenience.

It does not appear from Burnet's narrative, that any part of the Greenwich or Virginian endowments were bequeathed by the queen from her personal economy—a circumstance very needful to ascertain, when estimating the degree of virtue appertaining to royal charity. The funds came from the means of the miserable and over-taxed people, then groaning under the weight of government expenditure, increased, at least, thirty-fold, partly by the profligate corruption of the triumphant oligarchy, and partly by her hus-

[1] Narrative of the death of queen Mary, by Dr. Tennison. Printed in White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 673. The sermon is by Tillotson.

band's Flemish campaigns. Yet, as a legislatress, Mary deserves great praise for the projects of such institutions, since she occasioned a portion of the public money to be directed to virtuous uses, which would have been applied to the above worthless purposes. From Burnet's narrative, it is plain, that the Virginian College was indebted to her as legislatress, and not as foundress:

"The last great project," says Burnet,[1] "that her thoughts were working on, with relation to a noble and royal provision for maimed and decayed seamen was particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God. Every new hint that way was entertained by her with a lively joy; she had some discourse on that head the very day before she was taken ill. She took particular pains to be well informed of the state of our plantations, and of those colonies that we have among infidels; but it was no small grief to her to hear that they were but too generally a reproach to the religion by which they were named, (I do not say which they professed, for many of them seem scarce to profess it.) She gave a willing ear to a proposition which was made for erecting schools, and the founding of a college among them [*the Virginian foundation*]. She considered the whole scheme of it, and the endowment which was desired for it; it was a noble one, *and was to rise out of some branches of the revenue,*[2] *which made it liable to objections,* but she took care to consider the whole thing so well, that she herself answered all objections, and espoused the matter with so affectionate a concern, that she prepared it for the king to settle at his coming over."

Burnet thinks proper to assert, that William III. had "great liking for good things," meaning religious and charitable foundations; and adds, with more veracity, "that the queen always took care to give him the largest share of the honour of those effected by her means."

The public papers notified, with great solemnity, the circumstance, that upon the queen's first indisposition, the greatest and eldest lion in the Tower, who had been there about

[1] Discourse on the Memory of the late Queen, by Gilbert Burnet, lord bishop of Sarum.

[2] This assertion proves that the queen herself was not the foundress, as her income and property would have been at her own disposal. When the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens founded colleges and hospitals, they required their consort's consent to appropriate the fruits of their *own* economy for these purposes, not the public revenue.

twenty years, and was commonly called "King Charles II.'s Lion," sickened with her, and died on the Wednesday night, forty-eight hours before her, "which was ominous," continues our authority, "affording us so much the more matter of curiosity, because the like happened at the death of Charles II., when another of these royal beasts made the same exit[1] with the prince." Such coincidences occur frequently enough in English history to raise the idea, that the wardens of the wild beasts at the Tower considered it a point of etiquette, privately and discreetly, to sacrifice a lion to the manes of royalty on the decease of any sovereign.

One of the most extraordinary of the contemporary elegies, written to the memory of the queen, commences thus:[2]—

> "The great Inexorable seals his ears,
> Deaf to our cries, unmelted by our tears;
> The irrevocable *posting* mandate flies,
> Torn from three kingdoms' grasping arms, she dies!"

After upbraiding Providence, with some profane rant, an allusion to the queen's tastes occurs in an apostrophe to her favourite garden at Whitehall, which, a notification explains, led to the privy-stairs, or private entrance, into the royal apartments of that ancient palace. As the name Privy Gardens is still retained in the vicinity of the Banqueting House, this locality may be ascertained:—

> "And you once royal plants, her little grove,
> 'Twixt heaven's and William's dear divided love;
> Her contemplative walk, close by whose side,
> Did the pleased Thames his silver current glide!
> * * * * *
> No opening, no unhallowed hand may draw
> The widowed curtains of her loved Nassau.
> Despair, death, horror! Oh, be strong, great heart!
> Thou'st now to play thy mightiest hero's part;
> Yes, great Nassau, the parting call was given,
> Too dire divorce, thy happier rival, Heaven;
> T' its own embrace has snatch'd that darling fair,
> Translated to immortal spousals there."

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[1] Life of Mary II., 1695. [2] Ibid.

The reader is spared some rather popish apostrophes to St. Peter, the patron saint of Westminster Abbey, and the great civility he is expected to show to her defunct majesty's remains, in opening, with his own hand, the portals of the holy fane, to allow the sumptuous velvet hearse to pass in, and the still greater alacrity and joy with which he had admitted her beautiful spirit at the narrow gate. An imaginary monument, of the most costly and enduring marble, is also addressed, under the supposition, that William would pay that tribute of respect to the memory of his queen.

Lord Cutts, whose headlong valour was infinitely esteemed by king William, turned poet on the solemn occasion of Mary's death. Poetry from lord Cutts was as great a miracle as "honey from the stony rock," since his qualifications have descended to posterity, in a terse line of Dryden or Parnell, describing him,

"As brave and brainless as the sword he wears."

King William professed the utmost esteem for the headlong valour of the poetical martialist, whose elegy is here presented in abstract.[1] There are some good lines in it; but, unfortunately, it is scarcely possible to read it with elegiac gravity, on account of the intrusion of absurd epithets:—

"She's gone—the beauty of our isle is fled,
Our joy cut off, the great Maria dead;
Tears are too mean for her, our grief should be,
Dumb as the grave, and black as destiny.

"Ye fields and gardens, where our sovereign walked,
Serenely smiled and *profitably talked;*
Be gay no more, but wild and barren lie,
That all your blooming sweets with hers may die,—
Sweets that crowned love, and softened majesty.
* * * * *

"Nor was this angel lodged in common earth,
Her form proclaimed her mind as well as birth;
So graceful and so lovely ne'er was seen,
A finer woman, and more awful queen."

[1] Harleian MSS.

Lord Cutts breaks into strains of tender sympathy with the queen's mourning maids of honour, all dressed in the deepest sable.

"Ye gentle nymphs, that on her throne did wait,
And helped to fill the brightness of her state;
Whilst all in shining gold, and purple placed,
Your beauties in the fairest light were placed."

The king is then panegyrized in very droll strains:—

"See where the glorious Nassau fainting lies,
The mighty Atlas falls—the conqueror dies!
O sir, revive, to England's help return,
Command your grief, and like a hero mourn."

But when reading these eulogiums, it is requisite to call to mind, that such sentiments were not felt by all the English nation; for Mary had governed a divided people—half of whom were only kept down by terror of a standing army, ruled by the lash, and by the nearly perpetual suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Numbers of opponents took pleasure in circulating, not elegies, but epigrams on her memory. The following have been preserved in manuscript, and were handed about in coffee-houses, where the literary lions of the day congregated; every person of decided genius, from Dryden to the marvellous boy, Alexander Pope, being adverse to her cause:—

JACOBITE EPITAPH ON MARY II.[1]

"Here ends, notwithstanding, her specious pretences,
The undutiful child of the kindest of princes;
Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows,
What it is such a father and king to depose;
Between vice and virtue, she parted her life,
She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife."

The observations preserved in the pages of Dangeau and of madame Sévigné, relative to the expectation that William III. would die of grief for the loss of his partner, are alluded to in the second of these epigram epitaphs:—[2]

[1] Coles' MSS. Collections, vol. xxi. p. 65. [2] Ibid.

"Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?
I'm sorry he is left alone;
Oh, blundering Death, I do thee ban,
That took the wife and left the man!
Come Atropos, come with thy knife,
And take the man to his good wife;
And when thou'st rid us of the knave,
A thousand thanks then thou shalt have."

When the news arrived at Bristol that the queen was dead, many gentlemen gathered together in the taverns, and passed the night in dancing and singing Jacobite songs, while a large mob assembled at the doors, shouting, "No foreigners, no taxes!" These turbulent scenes were repeated at Norwich, in Warwickshire, and in Suffolk.[1]

Political malice likewise showed itself in another spiteful epigram:

ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.[2]

"The queen deceased, the king so grieved,
As if the hero died, the woman lived;
Alas, we erred i'the choice of our commanders,
He should have knotted and she gone to Flanders."

Dr. Kenn, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, who was formerly chaplain to queen Mary in the first years of her marriage, when she was in Holland, roused himself from his peaceful retirement, to write an indignant remonstrance to Dr. Tennison on his conduct at the queen's death-bed. Kenn charged the archbishop with compromising the high functions of a primate of the English church, by omitting "to call queen Mary to repent, on her death-bed, of her sins towards her father." Kenn reminds Tennison, in forcible terms, "of the horror that primate had expressed to him of *some circumstances in the conduct of the queen* at the era of the revolution," which he does not fully explain; but whatsoever they were, he affirms that "they

[1] Inedited MS. Bibliothèque du Roi; likewise Warwickshire News Letter, January 10, 1694-5.

[2] State Poems.

would compromise her salvation without individual and complete repentance."[1]

And here it is not irrelevant to interpolate, that a few weeks before the death of queen Mary, her political jealousy had been greatly excited by the fact that Kenn, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, was regarded by the reformed catholic church of England as their primate, on account of the recent demise of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury. Mary had, therefore, molested her old pastor and almoner—nay, it may be said personal protector, in her Orange court,—with a privy council warrant, and dragged him to be questioned before her council. Kenn made his appearance in patched gaberdine; notwithstanding his pale face and thin grey hairs, he was animated by moral courage of a high tone, and the queen and council heard what they did not like. For want of other crimes, our church-of-England bishop was charged with the offence of soliciting the charity of the public, by a petition in behalf of the starving families of the nonjuring clergy. "My lord," said he, "in king James's time, there were about a thousand or more imprisoned in my diocese, who were engaged in the rebellion of the duke of Monmouth, and many of them were such as I had reason to believe to be ill men, and void of all religion; and yet, for all that, I thought it my duty to relieve them. It is well known to the diocese that I visited them night and day; and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself as far as I could, and encouraged others to do the same; and yet king James, far from punishing me, *thanked* me for so doing."[2]

The dreadful eruptive disease of which the queen died did not prevent the usual process of embalming, the account of which is extant in MS. dated 29th December, 1694.

[1] The pamphlet printed at the time may be seen among the collections at the British Museum.

[2] Kenn's own Minutes of his Examination before the privy Council, April 28, 1696. See Hawkin's Life of Kenn, edited by J. J. Round.

THE BILL FOR THE *Embalment* OF THE BODY OF HER MAJESTY, BY DR. HAREL, HER MAJESTY'S APOTHECARY.

"For perfumed Sparadrape, to make Cerecloath, to wrap the Body in, and to Line the Coffin; for Rich Gummes and Spices, to stuff the body; for Compound dryinge powders perfumed to lay in the Coffin Under the Body, and to fill up the Urne [*where the heart or viscera were enclosed*]; for Indian Balsam, Rectifyed Spirrits of Wine Tinctured with Gummes and Spices, and a stronge Aromatized Lixivium to wash the Body with; for Rich Damask Powder to fill the Coffin and for all other Materialls for Embalminge the Body of the High and Mighty Princes, Mary, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

"As alsoo for the Spices and Damask Powders to be putt between the twoo Coffines with the perfumes for the Cambers [*chambers*]; altogether 200lb. 00s. 00*d*.[1]

" JO. HUTTON."

The mourning for queen Mary was deep and general, it is alluded to in the following MS. of the times, which gives at the same time a remarkable specimen of the style of writing the English language at this period of retrograded civilization—

"The greatest p^t^ of this Town are p^re^pareing for Mourning for y^e^ Queen, who died y^e^ 27th instant ab^t^ 2 Afternoon; some say not till 2 fryday morning; the King is extreamly grieved and has sowned away once or twice; yesterday y^e^ Parliament resolved *nemine Contradisente* y^t^ an humble address bee drawn and Presented to his Ma^tie^ to condole y^e^ death of y^e^ Q., and y^t^ likewise they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes ag^t^ all enemies at home and abroad."[2]

It will be observed from this MS. that the addresses of the houses of parliament were prepared within a few hours of the queen's decease. Deputations from the dissenters went up with condoling addresses to king William, to whom, almost as early as the houses of parliament, an oration was pronounced on the occasion, by their great speaker Dr. Bates, who, it may be remembered, was the deputy who proposed a union between the dissenters and the church of England, at the time of queen Mary's landing and proclamation. "I well remember," says Dr. Calamy, "that upon occasion of the

[1] Add. MSS., 5751, Fol. 52 B.
[2] Add. MSS., 6681, p. 602.

speech of Dr. Bates, on the loss of the queen, I saw tears trickle down the cheeks of that great prince, her consort, who so often appeared on the field of battle. I was one that endeavoured to improve that melancholy providence at Blackfriars, [*the place of his meeting-house,*] and was pressed to print my sermon, but refused because of the number of sermons printed on that occasion."[1]

There was a contest respecting the propriety of the parliament being dissolved, according to the old custom at the death of the sovereign; but this was overruled, and all the members of the House of Commons were invited to follow as mourners at her funeral, which took place, March 5th, at Westminster Abbey.

The bells in every parish church throughout England tolled on the day of Mary II.'s burial, and service was celebrated, and a funeral sermon preached generally in her praise at every parish church, but not universally, for a Jacobite clergyman had the audacity to take for his text the verse, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." The same insult, if our memory holds good, had been offered to Mary queen of Scots, the ancestress of Mary II., by a puritan—so nearly do extremes in politics meet.

The funeral procession of queen Mary was chiefly remarkable on account of the attendance of the members of the House of Commons, a circumstance which it is improbable will ever take place again. A wax effigy of the queen was placed over her coffin, dressed in robes of state, and coloured to resemble life. After her funeral, it was deposited in Westminster Abbey; and in due time that of her husband, William III., after being in like manner carried on his coffin at his funeral, arrived to inhabit the same glass case. These funeral effigies, in general, were thus preserved to assist sculptors, if a monumental portrait was designed, with the costume, proportions, and appearance of the deceased.

[1] Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 356.

There is little doubt but that, "when the wax-chandlers did their office about the royal dead," part of that office was to take a cast of the bust for the waxen effigy. No other monument than these figures was raised to the memories of William and Mary. They left no children, and died at enmity with all their near relatives.

It is singular that William III. did not take the opportunity of raising a monument to the wife he appeared to lament deeply, but sovereigns who are for ever at war are always impoverished; and all the funeral memorials of Mary and her spouse are contained in the said glass case, which is now shut up, in dust and desolation, from the view of the public. The perpetual gibes which were made at these waxen moulds of the royal dead, by those who knew not for what purpose they were designed, have occasioned their seclusion from the public eye. They are, however, as authentic memorials of historical customs and usages as anything within or without the abbey; they are connecting links of the antique mode of bearing the "dead barefaced on the bier," like the son of the widow of Nain, and as they are, to this day, carried to the grave in Italy.

In all probability, centuries elapsed before the populace—"the simple folk," as our chroniclers called them—believed that the waxen effigy, in its "parell and array," was otherwise than the veritable corpse of their liege lord or lady. It was meant to be so taken; for the ancient enamelled statues of wood or stone, coloured to the life on the monuments at Fontevraud and elsewhere, exactly resembled in costume the royal dead in the tombs below. The wax effigy formed the grand point of interest in a state funeral, to which all the attendant pomp ostensibly pertained. So difficult was it to divorce this chief object from public funerals, that one of the wax effigies in the abbey actually pertained to the present century.[1] There were other figures in the West-

[1] That of lord Nelson, who is dressed in his exact costume; he is represented with only one arm; the sleeve of his admiral's coat looped to the breast

minster Abbey collection in the preceding age, as we learn from the lines on the wax effigy of Charles II.:

> "I saw him shown for twopence in a chest,
> Like Monk, *Old Harry*, *Mary*,[1] and the rest;
> And if the figure answered its intent,
> In ten more years 'twould buy a monument."

At the extreme ends of a large box, glazed in front, are seen the effigies of queen Mary and king William. They seem to be standing as far as possible from each other; the sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close together, nearly touching, but at arms' length, over a small altar. The effigy of the queen is nearly six feet in height; her husband looks diminutive in comparison to her; and such was really the case, when, as tradition says, he used to take her arm as they walked together.

Queen Mary's wax-effigy represents a well proportioned, but very large woman. The reports of the angry Jacobites regarding her devotion to the table, are rather confirmed by this representation of her person at the time of her death; for thirty-two is too early a time of life for a lady to be embellished with a double chin. The costume of the queen nearly assimilates to the court dress of the present day. Her large but well-turned waist is compressed in a tight velvet bodice of royal purple velvet, cut not only as long as the natural waist will allow, but about an inch encroaching on the hips; thus the skirt and girdle are put on somewhat lower than the waist—a very graceful fashion, when not too much exaggerated. The waist is not pointed, but rounded, in front. The bodice is formed with a triangular stomacher, inserted into the dress, made of white miniver, three graduated clusters of diamonds, long ovals in shape,

as he wore it; whether his effigy was thus laid on his coffin, and borne on the grand car, is another question? Lord Chatham's wax effigy, in the costume of his day, had, in all probability, been carried at his public funeral.

[1] Henry VIII. and his daughter, Mary I.

stud this stomacher from the chest to the waist. Clusters of rubies and diamonds surround the bust; and a royal mantle of purple velvet hangs from the back of the bodice. The bosom is surrounded with guipure, and large double ruffles of guipure, or parchment-lace, depend from the straight sleeves to the wrist. The sleeves are trimmed lengthways, with strips of miniver and emerald brooches. The skirt of the robe is of purple velvet; it forms a graceful train bordered with ermine, and trimmed at an inch distance with broad gold lace, like the bands of footmen's hats, only the gold is beautiful and finely worked. The skirt of the dress is open, and the ermine-trimming is graduated to meet the ermine stomacher very elegantly; the opening of the robe shows an under-dress of very beautiful shaded lutestring, the ground of which is white, but it is enriched with shades and brocadings of every possible colour. The whole dress is very long, and falls round the feet. The throat necklace, *à la Sévigné*, is of large pearls, and the earrings of large pear pearls. The head-dress is not in good preservation; the hair is dressed high off the face, in the style of the portrait of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice of Modena; three tiers of curls are raised one over the other, and the Fontange is said to have been twisted among them, but there is not a vestige of it now, only a few pearls; two frizzed curls rest on the bosom, and the hair looks as if it had originally been powdered with brown powder. The sceptre of sovereignty surmounted by a fleur-de-lis and cross, is in one hand, and the regnal globe in the other; there are no gloves. On the little pillar-shaped altar, which separates her from her husband, is the sovereign crown, a small one with four arches.

Many medals were struck on the occasion of Mary's death; they chiefly represent her as very fat and full in the bust, with a prodigious amplitude of double chin. The hair is stuck up in front some inches higher than the crown of the head, as if the queen had just pulled off her high cornette cap;

the hair thus is depicted as standing on end, very high on the forehead, and very low behind, a fashion which gives an ugly outline to the head. On the reverse of one of her medals is represented her monument as in Westminster Abbey; there never was one, excepting it might be a hearse and *chapelle-ardente*, which, indeed, it seems to be by the design. The queen's costume is nearly the same as that of her fine portrait, by Kneller, in St. George's Hall, Windsor.

On the death of any sovereign of Great Britain, the theatres were closed for six weeks; such was the case at the death of queen Mary,[1] whose demise at the period of sports and carnival was a serious blow to the players.

More than one benefaction is mentioned in history as bequeathed by Mary; yet we can find no indications of a testamentary document any way connected with her papers. A sum of 500*l.* per annum was paid to the pastors of the primitive church of the Vaudois, as a legacy of queen Mary II. This sum was divided between the pastors of Vaudois, in Piedmont, and the German Waldenses, in her name, until the close of the last century,[2] when the Vaudois became the subjects of France. What fund was appropriated by Mary for the supply of this annuity, is not ascertained. But it seems to have been paid through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—a good work, originally founded under the auspices of this queen.

The natural inclinations of Mary were evidently bountiful; like her ancestors, she strove sedulously to become a foundress of good institutions. The hard nature of her consort, to whose memory no anecdote in any way connected with a gift pertains, impeded her efforts. Queen Mary founded an institution at the Hague for young ladies, whose birth was beyond their means; it was endowed with

[1] Colley Cibber's Life and Apology, 425.

[2] Narrative of an Excursion to Piedmont, by the Rev. W. S. Gilly, p. 277.

lands in England, which made the charity, however kind to Holland, not very benevolent to this country, and we think contrary to English law.

All terms of praise and eulogy were exhausted to exalt the memory of Mary II. beyond every queen that had ever existed. In an obscure history, two facts are adduced in support of a flood of wordy commendation. They are as follows: the first is quoted in illustration of "her bright spirit of devotion;" either it does not possess any very great merit, or the merit has evaporated with the change of dinner-hours. "A lady of quality coming to pay her majesty a visit, on a Saturday in the afternoon, she was told that the queen was retired from all company, and kept a fast in preparation for receiving the sacrament the next day. The great lady, however, stayed till *five o'clock in the afternoon*, when queen Mary made her appearance, and forthwith ate but a slender *supper*, "it being incongruous," as she piously observed, "to conclude a fast with a feast."[1] Strange, indeed, that so pharisaical an anecdote is the best illustration of queen Mary's piety. The whole is little in unison with the scriptural precepts respecting fasting. The other anecdote is in illustration of her charity. "Her charity's celestial grace was like the sun, nothing within its circuit was hid from its refreshing heat. A lord proposed to her a very good work that was chargeable. She ordered a hundred pounds to be paid. The cash was not forthcoming. The nobleman waited upon her, and renewed the subject, telling her, that interest was due for long delay, upon which the queen ordered fifty pounds to be added to her former benefaction;" but whether either sum was actually paid, cannot be ascertained. The anecdote proves that the queen was willing to give, if she had had wherewithal. Her means of charity were, however, fired away in battles and sieges in Flanders.

[1] Barnard's History of England, p. 534.

Bishop Burnet probably intended the following inimitable composition as an epitaph on queen Mary. For many years, it was all that the public knew concerning her, excepting the two dubious anecdotes previously quoted:—

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY II. BY BISHOP BURNET.

"To the state a prudent ruler,
To the church a nursing mother,
To the king a constant lover,
To the people the best example.
Orthodox in religion,
Moderate in opinion;
Sincere in profession,
Constant in devotion;
Ardent in affection.
A preserver of liberty,
A deliverer from popery;
A preserver from tyranny,
A preventer of slavery;
A promoter of piety,
A suppressor of immorality;
A pattern of industry.
High in the world,
Low esteem of the world,
Above fear of death,
Sure of eternal life.
What was great, good, desired in a queen,
In her late majesty was to be seen;
Thoughts to conceive, it cannot be expressed
What was contained in her royal breast."

Such was the last poetic tribute devoted to the memory of the queen, who was so "sure of eternal life!"

ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Life, as princess, under the reign of William III.—Retrospect of her proceedings, immediately before her sister queen Mary's death—Princess Anne fears infection for her son—Removes him from the vicinity of Kensington—Influx of courtiers to visit her, Christmas-day, 1694—Emotion at hearing of her sister's death—Seeks reconciliation with her brother-in-law, William III.—Her letter of condolence to him—Course of the negotiation—Interview at Kensington-palace—Alliance between the princess Anne and the king—Anecdote of her levees—Court honours permitted to her—Alteration of her correspondence with her father—His observations concerning her—Departure of William III.—Recovery of the princess—Her baths—Her hunting—Her embarrassments regarding etiquette—Incidents concerning her home life and the education of her son the duke of Gloucester—Her maternal anxieties—Residence of the princess and her son at Twickenham—Returns with her son to Campden House—Goes to an oculist in Bloomsbury—Morning interviews with her son at her toilet—Dialogues with him—Forbids his Welsh usher to give him desultory instruction—Other occurrences in her domestic routine—The princess writes a congratulatory letter to king William—His contemptuous neglect of it—The princess's son visited by the king—Princess receives studied marks of disrespect from the king—She instigates parliamentary inquiry on his granting away the appanages of the princes of Wales—Disregard shown by the king to her rank—Princess is neglected in his drawing-room—Her part taken by the people.

THE events of the life of the queen-regnant, Mary II., would have been utterly inexplicable, if the contemporary portion of those of her younger sister had not been blended in the narrative. Although the parliamentary change in the laws of the succession to the crowns of Great Britain did not permit the princess Anne to occupy her place for years as the natural heiress of her childless sister, still the death of that queen drew the princess insensibly into a

more ostensible position, and rendered her public life more important, notwithstanding her habitual feebleness of purpose, arising from infirm health and bad education.

It has been shown, in the preceding chapters, that the princess Anne lived like a private person, from 1692 in Berkeley House, hired by herself, her sole distinction being derived from her only child, who was recognised by parliament as heir-presumptive to the throne, after Mary II., William III., and herself. The princess, despite of her sister's remonstrances, pertinaciously continued to lavish favour on the lady Marlborough, and on lord Marlborough, for her sake. Anne likewise continued to write letters professing duty and loyalty to her father, who, having suffered much from her previous conduct in the Revolution, was dubious regarding her sincerity.

In her domestic conduct there is much to commend in this princess. Anne was a fond mother and a tender wife, perfect in all her conjugal duties, and sacrificing even her personal ease to nurse and attend on her husband and son, when either were suffering from ill health. She was likewise a gentle and indulgent mistress to her dependants in her household, even to those whom she did not view with any particular favour. It is true that no evidence exists of her kindness or benevolence, in the early period of her life, or the least trait of feminine tenderness or sympathy, towards any living creature not included in the narrow circle of her home, neither is a single instance of charity quoted. But as such virtues appeared indisputably, directly she emerged from under the overpowering dominion of the Marlboroughs, no doubt can exist that the imperious favourite kept the good qualities of her mistress as much in the shade, as she brought out her evil ones in strong relief.

It has been likewise shown, that at the close of 1694, the princess Anne was residing with her son at Campden-house, close to the back gate of Kensington Palace, in a state of health that precluded, not only invigorating exercise, but progression of any kind; she could only move as

she was carried. When it was declared on Christmas day, 1694, that her sister, queen Mary II., was dying of the small-pox, the first care of the princess Anne was to remove her child from the infected vicinity of Kensington-palace, where many of the royal household were suffering from the same pestilence of small-pox, which threatened to be fatal to her sister queen Mary. At that period, this pest had neither been abated by the discovery of inoculation nor vaccination; there was no escape from its terrors but in flight. The princess Anne, therefore, had her son conveyed to Berkeley-House, directly she ascertained the nature of the queen's malady. The princess herself was secure from danger, having, in her youth, experienced the disease, during the marriage of her sister[1] with the prince of Orange, at the close of the year 1677.

At the fatal crisis when the recovery of queen Mary was declared utterly hopeless, vast crowds of the nobility and gentry, then resident in London, in consequence of this report, took the opportunity of its being Christmas-day, to pay their compliments of the season at Berkeley-House, and at the same time to make their court to the princess Anne.[2] Most of these flatterers had passed her by with utter neglect, during the sway of her sister and brother-in-law; they now, by swarming round her, indicated infallibly the sudden improvement in her prospects, owing to the mortal danger of her royal sister. Queen Mary's courtiers had previously affected to consider the probabilities of the prospects of Anne and her boy to the succession, as very remote indeed; they had calculated, that according to all human chances, the sickly life of William III. would be but a short one, that his royal widow would marry again, and then it was possible that very great changes might happen regarding the heirs to the crown.

It will be remembered, that queen Elizabeth was beset with a similar influx of visitors, who besieged her retreat at

[1] Life of Mary II., Vol. x. chap. 1.
[2] Inedited MSS., Bibliothêque du Roi, Paris.

Hatfield when her sister queen Mary was at her last gasp; she always mentioned the circumstance with irrepressible horror. Such movements seem to have been customary in English court routine; and courtiers had not improved in delicacy, or disinterested attachment, at the close of the seventeenth century.

Three days subsequent to this extraordinary influx of courtiers, the princess Anne received the tidings of her sister's death. Her ungrateful favourite, Sarah of Marlborough, was certainly present when the news came, and she, when impelled by pique, asserted, that the heart of the princess was hard, and that she never saw her shed a tear, or manifest an emotion of tenderness, on that or any other occasion. A witness of humbler degree,[1] however, declares, that the princess was deeply affected by the loss of her sister, and that she felt grief very bitterly. He says, that her tears were flowing fast, when she sent for her little son the duke of Gloucester, and communicated to him the demise of his royal aunt. On this occasion, Lewis Jenkins, who was the young duke's attendant in waiting at Berkeley House, owns, that he was much disappointed at the utter want of sympathy manifested by the child, whose insensibility to the loss of queen Mary, with whom he had been familiar, as a frequent visitor and petted plaything, greatly scandalized all his mother's ladies;[2] but such is often the case when similar communications are made to young children. "What should they know of death?" as Wordsworth pathetically asks. All they can be aware of is, that the person they have been used to meet, returns no more; yet if they actually witness mortal suffering, and the demise of one they have been accustomed to see, such grief and terror is more than their tender natures can bear; therefore, this insensibility to tidings of death is a merciful dispensation of Providence in favour of children, and they ought not to be blamed for their usual indifference to facts of which they cannot form an abstract idea, neither do they understand, that "to affect a sorrow though

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester. [2] Ibid.

they feel it not," is a conventional decency that is expected from them. The young heir of England was, at this time, little more than five years old, and all that ought to be said, is, that he received the important intelligence which agitated every adult in the kingdom to which he was the reversionary successor, like every other infant of his age.

The personal aversion which William III. had ever displayed towards his sister-in-law, it was well known was met by equal loathing on her part; yet the dispensations of Providence had rendered the king in some degree dependent on the forbearance of her who was very lately the object, not only of his contempt, but of actual persecution. The princess was, however, in the most pitiable state of health, rendered still more painful by muscular infirmity. Premature old age had fallen upon her, she was moreover suffering grief for the deplorable death of her sister—perhaps, not the less because Mary had departed in a state of enmity to her. The royal sisters had loved each other fondly, as well in early womanhood as in infancy, and every one knows that when such has been the case, if the grave closes over an object once loved and irrevocably lost, all the involuntary affections awake, and melt the soul into natural grief. Although but one simple-minded menial mentions the sorrow of Anne, yet his testimony may be implicitly believed, because it is in full accordance with her actions and with the movements of the human heart. The desperate grief of William III. for the loss of his devoted wife was touching even to one whom he had hated and persecuted, because he mourned for her on whose account the heart of the princess was sore and sad.

It is certain that she took the first step in the reconciliation that ensued between herself and her brother-in-law, and it is as certain that it was wholly against the will and wishes of her imperious ruler, Sarah of Marlborough, who thus spoke her mind on the subject: "I confess, for my own part, that in point of respect to the king, (and to the queen when living,) I thought the princess did a great deal

too much, and it often made me very uneasy."[1] This testimony is of some value in regard to the private character of the princess Anne, since it proves that she had always to strive against domestic tempters, whensoever she was desirous of doing her duty, if not to the king and queen, at least to the people of Great Britain, whose sufferings would have been infinitely aggravated by court factions flaming out into civil war.

William obstinately remained at Kensington palace,[2] instead of following the usual royal etiquette of leaving the abode where death was triumphant, to the defunct, and the attendants presiding over the funereal ceremonials. No person, even those most familiar, dared break on his mental agony, which was not soothed by the idea that he had not only lost in Mary the most devoted wife and friend, but an indefatigable agent and able regal ruler, whose study it was to adorn him with all the praise and credit due to her own great talents, and with all this he had lost the only shadow of hereditary right that pertained to his sceptre. Henceforth he felt that he should hold no higher rank in Great Britain than he had done in Holland—that of a mere elective magistrate "whom a breath had made, and a breath could unmake."

Such was the mood in which, on the day of his dreadful bereavement, the king was sitting at the end of his closet at Kensington-Palace, absorbed in an agony of grief more acute than could have been expected from his disposition. Lord Somers, whose private and personal interests were deeply connected with the support of William's regality, entered the room, but the king took not the least notice of him. Somers plunged at once into the cause of his intrusion, by proposing to terminate the hostility that the court had for years maintained against the princess Anne.

"My lord, do what you will, I can think of no business, was the reply of the king."[3]

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 112.

[2] Ibid., p. 110.

[3] Letter of Mrs. Burnet to the duchess of Marlborough, quoted p. 58, vol. i. of Coxe's Life of Marlborough. We have vainly searched for the original.

Lord Somers took this sufferance for consent; he negotiated the reconciliation with the old treacherous courtier lord Sunderland, once, as we have seen, the object of the hatred of Anne;[1] he was now in a sort of incognito, prime minister of William III., and the agent of the political armistice she concluded at once with the English government, and with her inimical brother-in-law.

By advice of lord Sunderland, the princess Anne wrote to king William the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM III.[2]

"SIR,—I beg your majesty's favourable acceptance of my sincere and hearty sorrow for your great affliction in the loss of the queen. And I do assure your majesty, I am as sensibly touched with this sad misfortune, as if I had never been so unhappy as to have fallen into her displeasure.

"It is my earnest desire your majesty would give me leave to wait upon you as soon as it can be, without inconveniency to you, and without danger of increasing your affliction, that I may have the opportunity myself, not only of repeating this, but of assuring your majesty of my real intentions to omit no occasion of giving you constant proofs of my sincere respect and concern for your person and interest, as becomes, Sir,

"Your majesty's affectionate sister and servant, "ANNE."

This formal and rather polished missive brings internal evidence that Queen Mary actually died at enmity with her sister. For it was a mere piece of state machinery conducive to the coalition of two political parties; in all probability, it was very different to the letter the princess herself would have written had she held an unbiassed pen.

The favourable reception of her royal highness's condolence was negotiated by archbishop Tennison, who probably presented it to the king, as from this time that prelate took an active part in this treaty of amnesty. The circumstance of the deceased queen having confided to the charge of archbishop Tennison, the casket that contained her letter of remonstrance to the king concerning the anguish that his preference of her maid, Elizabeth Villiers had given her during the whole of her married life,[3] caused that prelate to exercise extraordinary power over William III. at this crisis,

[1] See her letters of extreme aversion regarding Sunderland and his wife, addressed to her sister Mary, quoted Chapter ii. of this biography, vol. x.

[2] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 108.

[3] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence.

and indeed for the rest of his life. Irritable and impracticable as the king was in regard to all remonstrance, or even implied contradiction, he permitted henceforth the archbishop to take great liberties in lecturing him.

The letter of the queen has hitherto eluded research. The only historian[1] who ever read it did not deem it *proper* for publication, neither could he comprehend the allusions the queen made to persons unknown. Had her majesty been less reserved in her lifetime, it is possible that her husband would have altered his conduct, especially after their establishment in England, since, in deference to Dr. Tennison's remonstrance, he actually broke his *public* intimacy with Elizabeth Villiers, and about a twelvemonth afterwards gave her in marriage to a nobleman base enough to take her.[2] It is said, in the course of the same year, that

[1] Sir John Dalrymple.

[2] Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by Coxe. Elizabeth Villiers married lord George Hamilton, fifth son of the duke of Hamilton. William III. created him earl of Orkney, the worthy pair being enriched by the spoils the wife had gathered from her royal paramour. All that is known regarding the personal qualifications of this woman, is left by the graphic pen of lady Mary Wortley Montague: "Mrs. Villiers had no beauty, but she contrived to thaw the phlegmatic heart of William III., and make him very bountiful, by granting her the private estates in Ireland belonging to his uncle, James II. After the death of her royal lover, she became a high Tory, if not a Jacobite, and was very busy with Harley and Swift in expelling the Whigs." Swift calls her "the wisest woman he ever knew," and leaves her portrait as a legacy in his will. We presume it did not exactly correspond with that sketched by lady Mary, whose wit was equalled, if possible, by her malice. She describes her walking at George II.'s coronation: "She that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably lady Orkney; she displayed a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and no little corpulence. Add to this the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual." So far lady Mary; but she does not finish the most noted portion of the lady Orkney's adventures at the accession of George II., but left it to a wit wickeder than herself, Horace Walpole—who affirms that lady Orkney thought fit to present herself in queen Caroline's drawing-room, which succeeded the coronation, with two ladies, her equals in an evil notoriety, being the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, then in extreme old age, and Catharine Sedley, countess of Dorchester. As was natural, the virtuous matronage of England left these women to their own society, and they found themselves forming a triangular group, and standing by themselves. Their isolation was noted, by the coarse audacity of Catharine Sedley, with a loud laugh, and an exclamation, in her own shameless phraseology, at the odd chance that had brought three women of their character all together in the same room. Lady Mary does not mention that lady Orkney squinted, but Swift declares, in the Journal to

the lady expressed herself greatly surprised why she never saw the king after the death of the queen.[1] As her majesty had endured her wrongs silently while in life, it seems nearly inexplicable why she should make her complaints known not only to her unfaithful husband, when remedy was impossible, but to Tennison, to whom they were both almost personal strangers. There can be but one explanation to this enigma—the queen must have dreaded lest her husband should marry her rival, and took this means of preventing it. In the course of a few months after the marriage of Elizabeth to Orkney, the king was as intimate with her as ever, and she was as busy in public affairs;[2] but to prevent the animadversions of archbishop Tennison and the English court, the lady took the trouble of meeting his majesty at Loo.

Archbishop Tennison did not confine his exertions to the reproof and conviction of the sin, which her late majesty had commissioned him to bring home to her husband during the first consternation occasioned by her loss, for bishop Kennet informs us that "His grace, the new archbishop of Canterbury, on this favourable opportunity to reconcile the royal family, represented to his majesty the prudent and loyal conduct of her royal highness and the prince of Denmark during their recess from court; that they had been so far from giving any obstruction to his majesty's affairs, that they were always in the same public measures with him, and that those members of either house of parliament who had places had always appeared forward in promoting his majesty's interest." All this the king knew to be mere factless verbiage, although archbishop Tennison might be-

Stella, that "she squinted like a dragon." He saw her when the wear and tear of many years had passed over her. Elizabeth Villiers perhaps did not squint when she won from the princess Mary the heart of her Orange bridegroom, in 1677, although she might "squint like a dragon" in 1713. Lady Orkney's remarkable rencontre with the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Dorchester, in queen Caroline's coronation drawing-room, seems the last public act of her eventful life.

[1] Devonshire MSS., Letters of Lady Halifax, 1695.

[2] Bibl. Birch, vol. 4245, p. 108.

lieve it to be true. King William was as well aware as those who have read our transcripts of Anne's letters and those of her confidant, Marlborough, to St. Germains, what was the real nature of their devotion to his interest. His majesty, however, with his usual sagacious appreciation of minds of their cast, placed surer reliance on their fidelity to their own interests, which were at this juncture inextricably linked with his own. The archbishop therefore offered the foregoing reasons, "as comment on the letter of the princess," not only without interruption, "but worked so effectually on the heart of the king that, as a mark of his favour and affection, he did immediately present her royal highness with most of the late queen's jewels, and his sorrow for the loss of so good a wife was, in some measure alleviated, by the reconcilement of so kind a sister."[1] The bishop of Peterborough, who records this remarkable pacification, lived too near the time to view events in their true light. According to an inedited authority of some importance,[2] the interview took place the day *before* the king received the condolences of parliament on the death of the queen.

Whensoever the interview between the princess Anne and king William took place, it was appointed through the intervention of archbishop Tennison.[3] The princess came to Campden House, and from thence was carried in a sedan chair to Kensington Palace; it was impossible for her to walk a step; her sedan and bearers, therefore, brought her into the presence-chamber at Kensington, and into the very presence of the royal widower. Lewis Jenkins was in waiting at that time; according to his duty, he walked by the side of the sedan of her royal highness, and as she could not move without assistance, he was perforce witness to the first meeting of these kindred enemies. "When the princess waited on the king at Kensington Palace," says Lewis,

[1] White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough, p. 674, vol. iii. He does not mention either the date of the visit of Anne, or the visit itself.

[2] Jacobite Portfolio, Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

[3] Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum.

"her royal highness was forced to be carried up stairs in her chair to the presence-chamber. I, as was my duty, opened the door of her chair, and, upon her entering, the king came and saluted her. She told his majesty in faltering accents, that 'she was truly sorry for his loss.' The king replied, that 'he was much concerned for hers.' Both were deeply affected, and could not refrain from tears, or speak distinctly. The king then handed the princess *in*, who stayed with him three quarters of an hour."[1] The interview of the bereaved sister and husband probably took place in the king's private sitting-room, or closet, since it was strictly private; had it proceeded in the presence-chamber, many eyes and ears would have been on lawful duty; and the whole conference would have been matter of history, instead of which, no particulars further than the simple detail of the usher, Lewis, have ever transpired. But the commonest capacity can divine that then and there the widower king and his sister-cousin came to an understanding, that the island crowns could never be transmitted to the duke of Gloucester, without his majesty and her royal highness stifled and suppressed all memory of the mutual injuries and disgusts which each felt against the other, and combined their personal and political interests once more against James II. and his son. King William was even reduced to submit to an amnesty with the object of his moral contempt and loathing, the earl of Marlborough, who was undoubtedly in diplomatic co-operation with his old ally, Sunderland, throughout the whole movement, although he durst not appear ostensibly in it, because his imperious wife had set her face against it.

There is no inconsistency in attributing to William III. the contempt he never attempted to conceal, for such deeds as led Marlborough and his wife to the ascent of the ladder of wealth and ambition. Whether the royal diplomatist ever scanned his own conduct with equal severity, is another question. But it was among the peculiarities of

[1] Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum.

his singular character to be minutely fastidious regarding honour, fidelity, truth, high spirit, and integrity in man, as well as of virtue, beauty, grace, and fine temper in woman. Perhaps it was part of the punishment of the crowned politician to see himself, before he left this world, deprived of or deserted by the few he loved or esteemed, and allied with all he despised and abhorred. The faithful friend of his youth, Bentinck lord Portland, for some mysterious reasons withdrew himself from all possible communication with his once beloved master, and after the peace of Ryswick seldom visited him, excepting on formal business. History tells us, that Bentinck was out of favour with William III.; but the true sources and well-springs of biography will show, in the course of a few pages,—thanks to the candour and liberality of one of England's greatest nobles, who has thrown open to us those in his keeping,—that William III. was out of favour with Bentinck, and that no courting, no solicitation, could win this only surviving friend back to his former habits of confidential affection, although, when urged, he sometimes held conferences with him. Bentinck was, at this juncture, consulted officially regarding his opinion of the pacification between his king and the princess Anne and her partisans: his response was an earnest warning against any trust being put in the professions of either the princess or the Marlboroughs.

The prime minister of England (the duke of Shrewsbury) thus identifies the fact; that lord Marlborough was one of the high contracting powers of this political armistice, which is proved by one of the duke's letters to admiral Russell. "Since," he says, "the death of queen Mary and the reconciliation between the princess Anne and king William,[1] the court of the latter is as much

[1] The duchess of Marlborough says the interview took place quickly after the queen's death. Macpherson does not mention it; neither does White Kennet describe or date the interview. Barnard relates it before he quotes the addresses, on which he bestows no date. Lewis Jenkins seems to imply that the interview between the king and princess took place within a few hours of the queen's death. The inedited paper in the Jacobite Portfolio, found for us by the kind exertion of M. Champollion, Bib. du Roi, Paris, says it took place the day *before*

crowded as it was before deserted. She has omitted no opportunity to show her zeal for his majesty and his government; and our friend Marlborough, who has no small credit with her, seems very resolved to contribute to the continuance of this union: he has not yet kissed the king's hand."[1] It was not probable, that king William, oppressed as he was with personal grief and political care, could endure the intrusion of the man for whom his scorn and dislike had hitherto proved uncontrollable. And if William III. had heretofore abhorred Marlborough before he had received aught but benefit from him, purely for his treachery to James II., what could have been his feelings towards him after he had betrayed Tollemache and his troops to slaughter at Camaret Bay? However, time was given to the king to stifle the indignation which his own line of conduct scarcely justified him in manifesting; and the change of his affairs, by the death of his queen, obliged his majesty to be, subsequently, not only tolerant to lord Marlborough, but, if we may trust printed history, courteous and caressing.

The house of peers went in a body to Kensington Palace, on Monday, 31st of December, and presented his majesty with an address deploring the death of the queen:[2]

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, do, with inexpressible grief, humbly assure your majesty of the deep sense we have of the loss your majesty and the whole kingdom doth sustain by the death of that excellent princess, our late sovereign lady the queen, most humbly beseeching your majesty that you would not indulge your grief on this sad occasion to the prejudice of the health of your royal person, in whose preservation not only the welfare of your own subjects, but all Europe, is so much concerned."

To this address his majesty was pleased to give this "decent answer:"—

"I heartily thank you for your kindness to me, but much more for the sense you show of our great loss, which is above what I can express."

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the parliamentary addresses; and the natural current of circumstances leads us to believe that this is the truth, and as such we have followed it in our inferences. In general history, the date is not mentioned. Burnet slurs over the whole fact.

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Papers.

[2] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 674.

The house of commons arrived in person the same afternoon at Kensington, with an address similar to that of the lords, but longer and more laudatory in regard to the queen, and recommending attention to his own preservation with greater earnestness. To which the royal widower was pleased to reply:—

"Gentlemen, I take very kindly your care of me, especially at this time when I am able to think of nothing but our great loss."[1]

January passed on, but the royal widower remained still inconsolable, for his pitying prime minister, while bewailing his own complication of personal maladies, wrote again to admiral Russell:

"You will excuse me not writing to you with my own hand, which I can scarcely do at present. Certainly there never was any one more really and universally lamented, than the queen, but the king particularly has been dejected, beyond what could be imagined; but I hope he begins to recover out of his great disorder, and that a little time will restore him to his former application to business."[2]

"The misfortunes of my own, joined with the affliction his majesty has been under, and still expresses to a passionate degree, has hindered me from making any steps towards what you commanded me in your late letters. I dare not yet be too bold in writing to him."[3]

The concourse of courtiers that flocked to Berkeley House, for the purpose of worshipping the rising fortunes of the princess Anne and her son, excited the derision of the party that had remained stanch to their interests, while their prospects were not so promising. A ludicrous incident occurred at one of these levees. Lord Caernarvon, a nobleman who was considered as half-witted, felt some jealous astonishment when he saw the crowds that filled the reception-rooms of the princess, which occasioned him to say aloud, as he stood close to her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember that I always came to wait on you, when none of this company did."[4] This speech caused a great deal of mirth, which was not decreased by the fact, that some of the time-servers appeared out of countenance.

[1] White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 674.

[2] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 218, 219. The perpetual grumblings discontent of admiral Russell, then stationed with the fleet off Cadiz, were the subjects of the required conferences with the royal widower.

[3] Ibid., p. 218.

[4] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

The pacification between the princess and the king had not occurred too soon; for the adversaries of the revolutionary government had already begun to moot the point, of whether Anne was not, at this period, queen of Great Britain and Ireland *de facto?* On this question, agitated by M. Renaud, French minister for Jacobite affairs, either James II. or Louis XIV. thus expressed themselves: "The *king*[1] finds your reflections on the death of the princess of Orange well founded; but it appears, that if the declaration of the lords and commons, assembled at Westminster February 13, 1689, are examined thoroughly, one cannot come to the same conclusion as you do—namely, 'that the princess Anne has been queen ever since the 6th of this month,[2] the day of the death of her sister, the *princess of Orange* (Mary II.), and that the prince of Orange, as a naturalized Englishman, is *her subject.*' Since it is said by this act, that the exercise of the royal power will be vested solely in his person, but in the names of both the prince and princess of Orange, and such was during their lives. We shall discuss this matter more at large when we come to Paris, which will be next week. I have the idea, as well as you, that there is somewhat to be done, for I cannot lose all hope of the good intentions of the English."

The people at large, in fact, testified many symptoms of what was called, by the king over the water, "good intentions;" wheresoever the terrors of the standing army did not extend, as in Norwich, Warwick, and many other distant provincial places, the populace were agitated with the convulsive throes of civil war. Lancashire was in open revolt. The Jacobites in St. Germains and Great Britain believed that the English would never practically suffer their sceptre to pass from the next protestant heir, to a king who was merely elective. The example of Poland, then tottering to its fall, was not an inviting one to any part of the people

[1] Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, inedited MS.

[2] New Style is here reckoned. According to the computation of time then used in England, Mary II. died December 28, Old Style; the despatch is dated January 21, 1695, N. S.

who were not likely to draw pecuniary profit from the liberty of electing kings. The preceding centuries had witnessed, in the Germanic empire, similar miseries to those which were even then desolating Poland.

These were motives which would have impelled many persons to join the party of the princess Anne, rather than suffer any precedent to exist for subjecting England to the frequent recurrence of the corrupting anarchy, which is the constant scourge of nations whose rulers are elective. Many of the Jacobites would have joined the party of the princess Anne, from a romantic idea that her first movement would have been, if placed on the throne, to resign in favour of her father and brother, since her letters to her father were generally known among the party. These considerations may serve to show how formidable was the crisis which passed favourably owing to the prompt pacification of king William and the daughter of James II. Arrests of the most active among the Jacobite agitators of the public peace promptly followed the stable settlement of the revolutionary government. Oglethorpe, the same leader of the party who had reviled queen Mary on the memorable night of the fire of Whitehall, was as busy among them as the petrel in a storm, and like that bird he still flew free from danger himself.

"Mr. Oglethorpe," writes the indefatigable Renaud,[1] "has almost entirely supported Crosby in prison, who has confided to him the letters [to the Jacobites] in England which have since been destroyed by that gentleman. Oglethorpe has since aided the escape of divers of our people—among others, of a young lady, a relative of *Mr. Jones*,[2] who has been employed in sundry political messages, seldom confided to persons of her sex; all this became known to the prince of Orange, (William III.,) who gave orders to arrest her, and she was thrown in prison."

The gazette now began to bear witness to the king's recognition of the rank of the princess Anne, by the insertion of such notices as the following, which were the visits of condolence for the death of her sister, queen Mary, paid her by all the foreign ministers resident in London:

[1] Inedited MS., Bib. du Roi, Paris, dated Jan. 19, 1695, N. S.

[2] *King James*, who is often thus designated in ciphered correspondence.

"January 31st, 1694. This evening, Count Aversberg, envoy-extraordinary from the emperor, had his first audience of her royal highness the princess of Denmark, as also of the prince, being introduced by sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies. And the viscount de Font Arcada, envoy-extraordinary from the king of Portugal, was conducted to his audience of their royal highnesses in the same manner."[1]

The only son of the princess Anne was considered by the world promising in person as well as intellect, and though the princess knew his health was fragile, yet she had seen too many transitions from pining infancy to robust adolescence wholly to despair of one day beholding the coronal of the principality circle the brow of her Gloucester. Such expectations once more hardened the heart of the princess Anne to its original temperature towards her father and the rival prince of Wales. Her penitent letters to her exiled parent having been merely instigated by revenge against William III., her actions now proved that she found it more profitable to be the friend than the foe of the monarch of the revolution. The princess, nevertheless, continued the correspondence with her father, and even continued to make promises which she intended not to fulfil. James II. was not deceived when this second alliance with his enemy took place, for he thus notes the circumstance in the journal of his life.[2]

[1] There are many other paragraphs, concerning audience to envoys, who waited on the princess on this occasion; it is thought not worth while to copy any more—the Spanish, Danish, Dutch, &c.

[2] Life of James II. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 244. It is desirable to mention that these notations, which described the deposed king's inmost thoughts and feelings, are of a more personal nature than the memoir of public events, edited by the Rev. Stanier Clarke, and published under the patronage of his late majesty, George IV. His faithful servant, Nairne, preserved the king's advice to his son Berwick, which is one of his best literary productions, and is totally free from any doctrinal bigotry. It is a solemn warning, "not to follow his example in sinning, but in repenting." Nairne appends, in explanation of the paper, "It was the constant practice of my royal master, James II., ever since he first appeared in the world, to write short notes from time to time of all that was remarkable in the affairs wherein he had any share; these memoirs of events, which occurred before his last escape out of England, have been happily preserved, although writ on loose papers, and they may possibly serve hereafter as materials for an authentic

"The princess Anne, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, appeared now to be more satisfied that the prince of Orange [*William III.*] should remain, though he had used her ill, and usurped on her rights, than that her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored. But his own children had lost all bowels of compassion and duty for him. He was much afflicted at the manner of his eldest daughter's death." He adds, "that he made no effort to disturb the revolutionary government when it took place."

The state funeral of the late queen did not occur until March 5, 1694-5. No part was taken in this high ceremonial by either the princess Anne, or even by her husband.[1] The duchess of Somerset filled the place of the former as chief mourner; this precedency devolved on the duchess as the wife of the duke of Somerset, surnamed "the Proud," who was first peer of the English blood royal, by descent from lady Katharine Grey. The princess Anne herself, had there been no other reasons, could not follow as chief mourner—she was actually unable to walk; being infirm and unwieldy in person from a complication of dropsical maladies; her sufferings were, however, supported by the hope, that she was once more likely to increase her family, in which she was finally deceived.[2] The reasons of the exclusion of prince George of Denmark from the precedence at the royal funeral, which his rank and affinity as a near kinsman of Mary II. demanded, (if their mutual descent from Frederic II. of Denmark[3] be only considered,) has never

and complete history of his life, they being safely kept by his majesty's order in the library of the Scotch College at Paris. But these writ by him since the revolution are of a different nature from the former. In the first he sets down what passed abroad in the world wherein he was concerned, in these he describes what passed within his own soul. It may be truly said that his own picture is to be seen in them drawn to the life, as it was in his later days."

[1] White Kennet, History, vol. iii. p. 682.

[2] Lewis Jenkins.

[3] Father of Anne of Denmark, and Mary II.'s great-grandmother, and of Christian IV., prince George's great-grandfather.

been explained. Among the banners carried round the royal defunct, which marked her alliance with the royal blood of Europe, that of Denmark seems to have been omitted.[1]

Although Mary survived archbishop Tillotson but a month, she had faithfully redeemed her promise to him, by settling a pension on his widow.[2] Mrs. Tillotson was left but in narrow circumstances, for the archbishop, her husband, had possessed his great preferment little more than three years; in the course of which short time the example of the great charity of his predecessors, Sheldon and Sancroft, had been followed as far as the actual maintenance of a wife and family would permit; therefore he left no fortunes for them from the goods of the church.

The king, who had no longer the partner of his throne to rely on as his faithful regent in his absence, was forced to submit to the loss of most of the power that the revolution had left to the royal functions; nevertheless, there was no intention manifested of giving the princess Anne any share in the government during the long absences of his majesty as general of the confederated armies of Spain and Germany against France. In fact, the English oligarchy, since the death of Mary II., had attained the object which the writings of Marvel, Shaftesbury, and many other of minor political pamphleteers, had long aimed at. The regal power was vested in a council of nine, after the model of the Venetian Council of Ten.

Among the governing junta of nine regents was included the archbishop of Canterbury. A long lapse of years had intervened since any prelate had shared in the government of this country. The step was probably taken in consideration of the deep veneration testified by the princess Anne for the church, and on the calculation

[1] White Kennet gives a minute account of the ceremonial, but makes no mention of the prince of Denmark, or of any alliance of the queen by blood with the Danish royal family, being manifested by banner or bannerol, vol. iii. p. 682.

[2] Ibid.

that her royal highness was not likely, during the king's absence, to unsettle, by the agency of her faction, any administration in which an archbishop of Canterbury was concerned. That influential class, the writers of doggerel lampoons, vented their spleen on this occasion by an abusive epigram to the following effect:

THE NINE KINGS.

Will's wafted to Holland on some state intrigue,
Desirous to visit his Hogans at Hague;
But lest in his absence his subjects repine,
He cantoned his kingdoms and left them to Nine—
Eight ignorant peers and a blockish divine.[1]

The princess Anne slowly recovered her health, and with it the use of her limbs, and power of progression without assistance. She made efforts to suppress, by the violent exercise of hunting, and by the practice of cold bathing, the tendency to corpulence which her habits of self-indulgence had brought upon her. Some traditionary traces still remain that such was the case.

A bath-house in a shabby old street between Soho-square and Long-acre, named "New Bolton-street," has lately been laid open in the course of the improvements in St. Giles's; it is called by tradition "Queen Anne's bath." The water is considered very salubrious, and is brought by pipes from Hampstead to a well-constructed bath in the aforesaid street, neatly finished with Dutch tiles, and retaining the traditional name of "Queen Anne's Bath" to this hour. It is nevertheless improbable that Anne resorted to this place when she was in possession of the palace of St. James and all its appurtenances, either before or after her disgrace with king William; it was most likely her occasional bath-room, at this period, when she resided at Berkeley House.

In regard to exercise, the princess Anne, whensoever the muscular infirmity occasioned by access of gout and dropsy did not incapacitate her, was as indefatigable a huntress as queen Elizabeth. Anne had, from an early

[1] MS. Harleian.

period of life, been accustomed to pursue this diversion with her father in the parks of Richmond and Windsor. After she had been barred, by the enmity of her brother-in-law and sister, from all approach to Windsor Castle and Park, she purchased a cottage lodge not far from the royal residence,[1] and every summer hunted the stag in Windsor Forest. There is a noble oak among its glades, which used to have a brass plate affixed to it, intimating that it was called "Queen Anne's oak," for beneath its branches she was accustomed to mount her horse for the chase, and view her officials and dogs assembled for the stag-hunt.[2] But these equestrian feats had been discontinued since the birth of the duke of Gloucester, after which her enormous increase of size precluded them. Anne, whether as queen or princess, after that period followed the chase in a light one-horse chair, constructed to hold only herself, and built with enormously high wheels.[3] In this extraordinary and dangerous hunting-equipage, she has been known to drive her fine strong hackney, forty or fifty miles on a summer's afternoon. It is well known, that Louis XIV. and his successors, during the last century, were accustomed to hunt in the forests of St. Germain and Fontainebleau in phaetons and cabriolets; how matters were arranged between them and the stag, in such cases, we leave those more learned in hunting than ourselves to decide. Notwithstanding the straight avenues in which the chases and forests of France are cut, likewise those of Hampton-court and Windsor to imitate them, the chaise-hunting of Anne, and the phaeton-hunting of the French kings and their courts, remain to us historical mysteries.

Whilst the king was absent (and he never remained a whole year in England), the case became rather embarrassing, how the council of regency were to conduct themselves if they happened to be by any chance altogether in

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's MSS. Coxe Papers, British Museum.
[2] Pyne's Palaces.
[3] Swift notes this practice only a few months before her death.

the presence of the princess Anne, and, as most of them were her particular friends, and held the great state offices, this was not unlikely. As the whole together represented the majesty of the English government and sovereignty, it was according to etiquette for them to sit, and the princess to stand in their presence. This dilemma was, however, successfully modified by observing that a quorum (or four members) of this body never entered collectively the presence of the princess, who was thus able to retain her seat at her own receptions, as three of the council of regency were not entitled to this homage.[1] Anne, who was herself the most rigorous observer of court etiquette, thanked the lord-keeper for this considerate arrangement.

It has been asserted, that when the princess paid her remarkable visit of condolence to the king, his majesty had formally invited her to take up her residence at St. James's-palace, the usual abode of the heir to the throne of Great Britain. Many months, nevertheless, intervened before she left Berkeley House, which was but her hired dwelling, to take possession of the ancient palace of her ancestors. Her son, the young duke of Gloucester, continued to reside at Campden House, on account of its salubrity and its bracing air, which was withal so mild, that in sheltered spots in the grounds the wild olive[2] was planted, and was seen growing vigorously, and enduring the severity of English winters and springs. The health of the young prince, who was the hope of protestant England, was of that very precarious nature, that it was desirable to keep him not only in the most salubrious locality, but as much retired as possible from the view of the people, whose attention had been since the death of queen Mary anxiously directed towards him.

The real cause of the little prince's ill health was water in the brain. "His head was extremely long and

[1] Roger Coke, 126, vol. iii.
[2] Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 1st edition. (Olea.)

large," says his biographer, "which made him very difficult to be fitted with a peruke! His hat, poor infant, at five years old, was large enough for most men! The terrific malady of hydrocephalus it was that prevented him from walking freely long after the time when children usually run alone. The complaint seems to have been little understood; because, when ever and anon, the suffering child craved the assistance of two persons to lead him on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as mere idle whim. Doubtless, the movement of the water, at such times, gave him vertigo; but the prince of Denmark was either advised to treat the child's caution of retaining assistance near him under his agonizing infirmity as an effeminate caprice, or he had worked his temper up to violence. The princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years: she led him into the middle of the room, and told him "to walk, as she was sure he could do so."[1] He obstinately refused to stir, without being led by, at least, one person. The princess then took a birch rod, and gave it to prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it, in vain; at last, by dint of severe strokes, the torture made him run alone.

The little invalid, who had never before felt the disgrace and pain of corporal punishment, ever after walked up and down stairs without requiring aid.[2] The whole circumstance was revolting; for the difficulty is in general to keep a child of such age from perpetually frisking, in the exuberance of his animal spirits. Great, indeed, must have been the agony and confusion of the young prince's head, before this natural vivacity could be extinguished; nor could the struggle, induced by cruelty, have been likely to strengthen him, but, on the contrary,

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester.
[2] Ibid.

it would have greatly inflamed and aggravated a malady like hydrocephalus.

The cruelty in that era, regarding education, was one of its most disgusting and demoralizing features, too much of which is still retained in public schools; but such discipline exercised towards children in health seems light indeed, when compared to the regimen prescribed and administered by the prince of Denmark to his infirm child, in his utter ignorance of the physiology of disease. The prince probably was stimulated by his dread of the lampoons and caricatures, which had become efficient weapons of party attack in England. Since the day when Shaftesbury promulgated an axiom worthy of him, "that ridicule is the test of truth," lampoons had become positively atrocious at the close of the eighteenth century. Every calamity that poor frail human nature is heir to was held up to public scorn, in the most loathsome language or coarsest limning, by hired party scrawlers, who, merciless as demons, were as active in calumny at that era as persons of the same fraternity were subsequently in the French revolution. We may be proud of the age we live in, when the tone of the periodical press of the present day is contrasted with the party strife in those centuries, which, in its malignant spirit of assault, spared no human suffering, and neither considered age nor sex, if it could excite that species of mirth which debases the human face far below the brutes, to whom laughter is denied. Prince George of Denmark knew that the worst of the Jacobites in England would retaliate on his child all the brutalities that were daily issued against "the young pretender," if his infirmity in walking became matter of public discussion.

The habits of life of the little duke of Gloucester had been strangely divided between the feminine cherishing and petting that the princess, his mother, and her ladies thought needful to preserve his fragile existence, and the rudeness and ferocity which the prince, his father, con-

sidered ought to be inculcated into the mind and manners of the heir of a kingdom, where the cry of war prevailed over every other sound, and where brute strength and animal bravery were valued far above wisdom, benevolence, and even that majestic attribute of royalty—moral courage. The father, it has been seen, sought to whip a dire disease out of the young prince; the princess, on the contrary, if she only saw him totter as he crossed the room, expressed, by the fading of her colour and the cold dew breaking on her brow, that her maternal fears amounted to agony.[1] During the spring and summer of the same year, when prince George had forced the unfortunate child to walk, and go up and down stairs without the support his sad malady craved, illness attacked him repeatedly, owing to his preternatural exertions to seem robust and rollicking, when pain and infirmity insisted on their due. His illnesses were attributed to every cause but the evident one; even the smell of some harmless leeks was supposed by the sapient establishment of the prince and princess to have given him a fever.

The princess Anne, as in old times, wore a leek on St. David's-day, and the little Gloucester, to whom a leek had been given to put in his hat, was curious regarding the why and wherefore. He was not content with his artificial court-leek of silk and silver, but insisted on seeing the plant. Jenkins, his Welsh usher, was charmed at having an opportunity of introducing the famous edible of the principality to the notice of the future prince of Wales. The child played with the bundle of leeks, by tying them round a toy-ship he had, which was large enough for his boys to climb the masts. He then being thoroughly tired, laid down and fell asleep. He awoke very ill, and the greatest alarm prevailed at Campden House[2] among the ladies, that the future prince of Wales had been poisoned by the smell of leeks, on St. David's-day. Doubtless, the Jacobites,

[1] Lewis Jenkins. [2] Ibid.

of whom there were more than one in the household, deemed it a judgment. Dr. Radcliffe was sent for, from Oxford, at fiery speed. The princess Anne was terrified; she was not then able to walk, but was carried up into the chamber of her sick son in her sedan-chair, with short poles. Dr. Radcliffe, when he came, declared that the young duke had a fever, but he recovered in nine days. The fever was, however, soon succeeded by a relapse, which again confined the child to his bed. The ladies sought to amuse the little invalid by presents of toys, while the male attendants, who, with his small soldiers, were permitted to surround his bed,—probably by the desire of the prince of Denmark, his father,—were of the hardening faction, and devised sports of a different nature. The boy-soldiers were posted as sentinels at his door; tattoos were flourished on the drum, and toy fortifications builded by his bed-side. So far, so well; but the zeal of the ladies of the princess, in seeking for him quieter amusements, produced a scene in opposition not remarkably edifying.

Mrs. Buss, the nurse of the princess his mother, who had previously purchased all his toys, (filling at that time the office of privy-purse in the household at Campden House,) thought proper to send him by Wetherby, one of his chairmen, an automaton, representing prince Louis of Baden fighting the Turks. As the young duke had given up toys since the preceding summer, his masculine attendants started the idea, that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces—an execution which was instantly performed by the sick duke's small soldiers. The next notion adopted was, that the messenger ought to receive condign punishment for the crime of bringing a doll to the hope of England. Wetherby, the chairman, however, taking warning by the ungracious reception of the present, had not waited for this determination, but decamped, and, rushing down Campden Hill, had taken

refuge in some hospitable nook in the depths of Kensington town. In the course of the afternoon, he was discovered and captured, and being detained all night in prison, the duke of Gloucester[1] ordered him to be brought into his presence next morning for sentence, which he pronounced — Wetherby was bound hand and foot, mounted on the wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. As four grown men, besides the small soldiers, were engaged in this execution, resistance was vain, and the victim received no mercy, because he had been the foremost in playing off similar practical jokes on others, for the amiable pastime of the heir to the British throne. When Wetherby was half drowned with his shower-baths, his executioners drew him on the horse into the bed-room of the duke of Gloucester, who exceedingly enjoyed the sight of the man's woeful condition.

The princess was extremely solicitous that her young son should never repeat any vulgar or profane expressions in his conversation: her precepts on which head, it may be supposed, were not much heeded while he witnessed similar amusements conducted by Robin Church and Dick Drury, the drunken and swearing coachmen, aided by the running footmen and chairmen of the palace, such functionaries being, in that era, many grades less civilized than their class at the present day. The fruits of this companionship soon were manifest by the conversation of the infant prince, which was garnished with expressions very startling to the ladies of the household of the princess. The duchess of Northumberland,[2] when one day visiting her royal highness, was greeted by the little duke, in return for her caresses, with some expletives, which were anything but appropriate to courtly circles. The princess Anne was roused by this incident into strict inquiry as to the persons that

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

[2] Wife of George Fitzroy, duke of Northumberland, Anne's illegitimate kinsman.

had corrupted the conversation of her little son. She was told that he learned his ill language by hearing his small soldiers "becall one another."[1] After the evil had taken root, the princess in vain exercised almost teasing vigilance respecting its recurrence, but coarse and profane language on the lips of a child, in those days, was considered to give hopeful promise of a warlike manhood. One day, her royal highness was receiving a visit at her toilet from her little son, when he informed her that he was "Confounded dry." "Who has taught you those words?" demanded the princess. "If I say Dick Drury,"[2] whispered the duke of Gloucester, to one of his mother's ladies, "he will be sent down stairs. Mamma," added he, aloud, "I invented them myself." Another time, at one of these toilet visits, the young prince made use of the expletive, "I vow." The princess, his mother, demanded, "who he had heard speak in that manner?" "Lewis," replied the duke. "Lewis Jenkins shall be turned out of waiting, then," said the princess Anne. "Oh, no, mamma," said the child, "it was I myself did invent that word, now I think of it."

Surrounded as the royal boy was with attendants, having a preceptor who was a clergyman, likewise a chaplain who called himself his own, he appears to have learned the first elements of the Christian religion by mere accident; prayers, it is true, were read every day at eleven o'clock, by his preceptor, Mr. Pratt, before he took his reading lesson; but to these the young duke positively refused to give his attention, simply because he could not understand what they meant. That no explanation had been given to him, satisfactory to his infant mind, is apparent by his docility when instructed by a person who was in earnest.

Change of air had been recommended by Dr. Radcliffe, in the summer of 1695. The princess inquired for houses at Epsom, Richmond, and Hampstead; at last,

[1] Lewis Jenkins. [2] The duke of Gloucester's coachman.

her own early reminiscences led her to prefer Twickenham; but she no longer had the command of the old palace where she was nursed. She was offered three adjacent houses for her son's household and her own. They belonged to Mrs. Davies, an ancient gentlewoman of Charles I.'s court, who was more than eighty years of age. She was aunt to the old earl of Berkeley, and consequently great aunt to the governor of the little prince, lord Fitzharding. She was devout, and lived an ascetic life on herbs and fruit, although a lady of family and property. Simple as were her habits, she enjoyed a healthy and cheerful old age. All the fields and hedgerows of her estate she had caused to be planted with beautiful fruit-trees. The cherries were richly ripe when the princess came to Twickenham, and the hospitable gentlewoman gave the individuals of the princess's household leave to gather as much fruit as they pleased, on the condition "that they were not to break or spoil her trees." When the princess had resided at this lady's seat for a month, she told sir Benjamin Bathurst to take a hundred guineas, and offer them to their aged hostess, in payment for rent and for trouble she and her people had given her, but the old lady positively declared she would receive nothing. Sir Benjamin, nevertheless, pressed the payment on her, and put the guineas in her lap, but the loyal gentlewoman persisted in her refusal, and rising up, let the gold she rejected roll to all corners of the room, and left the comptroller to gather it up as he might. The princess Anne was astonished at generosity she had been little accustomed to, declaring, "that although it would have been pleasure to have rewarded this loyal gentlewoman to the utmost of her power, yet they must abstain from the further tender of money since her delicacy was hurt by it."[1]

There certainly exists instinctive affection between children and aged persons who are devoted to the prac-

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

tice of benevolent piety. The ancient gentlewoman and the little duke of Gloucester soon became confidential friends. Many younger and fairer faces were around him, all full of flattery and indulgence, yet, peradventure, the princely infant saw expression beaming from her wrinkled brow, which was more attractive to his childish instinct. From the lips of this old recluse he learned the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and several prayers which were satisfactory to his intelligence. There can be no doubt but that the devout lady accompanied her tuition by explanation and instruction suitable to his infant mind, for he never omitted repeating the aspirations she had taught him, with great exactness, every night and morning,[1] although he still remained utterly obtuse to the prayers read by his preceptor. These facts are detailed by Lewis Jenkins without the slightest perception of the touching providence which led the young child to imbibe the knowledge of prayer from the lips of this benevolent recluse of the church of England. Her religious influence over the neglected mind of the wayward little prince who had manifested active hatred to every semblance of the worship of God, must have been effected by conversations of vital interest to Christian civilization.

The princess was, one Sunday, preparing to go to Twickenham-church, when her little son came to her, and preferred a request to go to church with her for the first time. When he received her permission, he ran to "my lady governess, Fitzharding, who was," observes Lewis, "as witty and pleasant a lady as any in England." The duke of Gloucester told her that he was going to Twickenham-church with his mamma. My lady Fitzharding asked him, "If when there, he would say the Psalms?" for he had made great resistance to this part of his religious exercises. "I will sing them," replied the little prince. He became, henceforth, somewhat obser-

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

vant and critical regarding the ecclesiastical establishment of the palace, and the tendency of his thoughts soon was apparent at his usual visits to his mother's toilet. "Mamma," said he, "why have you two chaplains and I but one?" "Pray," asked the princess Anne, by way of an answer, "what do you give your one chaplain?" Now it is well known that this office in the royal household is merely titular and honorary. The little duke must have heard that fact by his reply, though he was unconscious that it was a repartee. "Mamma," said he, "I give him—his liberty!" At which answer, the princess laughed heartily, and often repeated it as a good instance of royal patronage and benevolence to the church of England.[1]

When the household of the princess Anne left Twickenham, the duke of Gloucester was brought back to Campden House, and here he found all his small soldiers posted as sentinels on guard; they received him to his great pleasure with presented arms and the honours of war. Their exercises were now occasionally transferred to Wormwood Common, perhaps Lewis means the place called Wormwood Scrubs or Shrubs. Here the young prince was walking one morning for the air with "a pistol in his hand;" he fell down and hurt his forehead against it. When he returned to Campden House, the ladies were very full of pity regarding his hurt, he told them "that a bullet had grazed his forehead, but that as a soldier he could not cry when wounded." Again he was very earnest in his desire to be prince of Wales, but he was as usual "checked by his mother."

The princess, finding that her child about this time suffered with inflammation in the eyes, became alarmed lest he should be as much subject to this distressing complaint as she was, and her sister, queen Mary. The idea grieved her so much that she went in person to Bloomsbury, where lived old Dr. Richley, who was, in the language of our narrator, "famous for bad eyes."

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

It is to be feared that he was a quack doctor. He gave the princess a little bottle, and directed the liquid therein to be applied to the eyelids with a camel's hair brush. At that time, the duke of Gloucester's eyes were almost closed, so that he could not bear the light. He had been prescribed diet-drink, which he refused to take, until his father, prince George of Denmark had enforced obedience by another castigation; but when swallowed, "the diet-drink" did no good. The princess Anne, who had been harassed and vexed by these contentions, applied the nostrum of the oculist she had been to seek, which effected an immediate cure, upon which, her royal highness sent the Bloomsbury doctor a purse with fifty guineas, in token of gratitude.[1]

The faithful Welch usher of the young duke was anxious to acquire the elements of many sciences for the purpose of imparting them to his young master. According to his own account he gave him his first ideas of fencing, fortifications, geometry, and mathematics. The child ran to his mother every day to display his new acquisitions in her dressing-room, yet they brought neither thanks nor reward to the unfortunate Welchman, but reproofs for presumption from enemies on all sides, and advice from the princess "to mind his own business." Mr. Pratt, the tutor, considered his office was invaded, and "my lady governess, Fitzharding, was particularly enraged at the very idea of "the mathematics," which she evidently took for some species of conjuration. The following scene and dialogue, ruefully related by the poor Welchman, is simple matter of fact, and took place before Swift or Goldsmith had dashed at the same incident in their fictitious characters.

"One day, the young duke of Gloucester pulled a paper out of my pocket," says Lewis, "on which were some problems in geometry; he looked it over, and found some triangles. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I can make these.' 'No

[1] Lewis Jenkins.

question of that,' I replied, not much attending to what he said." It must have been this unlucky paper, carried off by the little prince to the toilet of the princess Anne, that excited the wrath of the fair Fitzharding. She possibly took the geometrical figures for magic. The same day, the lady Fitzharding having superintended the dinner of the young prince, her charge, sailed out of the room with Lewis Jenkins carrying her train; while they were proceeding thus down stairs, to the apartment of the princess, the courtly dame, turning her head over her shoulder, said disdainfully to the obsequious squire performing the office of her train-bearer, "Lewis, I find you pretend to give the duke notions of mathematics and *stuff!*"[1] Poor Lewis Jenkins answered widely enough from this accusation, by saying, meekly, "I only repeated stories from history, to divert and assist the young duke in his plays." Another angry askance over her shoulder was darted by the lady-governess on the hapless bearer of her train: "Pray," asked she, "where did you get your learning?" Such a question, it appears, was unanswerable; but the fair one's wrath was somewhat appeased by her lord, who told her, "that Lewis Jenkins was a good youth, had read much, and did not mean any harm." Lord Fitzharding, however, was commissioned by the princess Anne to hinder Lewis from teaching her son anything, "because it would injure him when he was learning fortification, geometry, and other sciences, according to the regular methods."

The princess had no sooner given this prohibition, than she saw her young son putting himself into fencing attitudes. "I thought I had forbidden your people to

[1] All the comic literature of that era was taken from life, and the above seems to be the original of Swift's satirical lines.

> "With their Ovids and Plutarchs, and Homers, and *stuff*:
> Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
> But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

Goldsmith has re-echoed it in his poem of "Retribution."

fence with you," observed her royal highness. "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the child, "but I hope you will give them leave to defend themselves when I attack them."

The poor little prince, although delicate, was, when relieved from the pressure of actual pain, high spirited and lively. Unlike his parents, he showed marked indifference to food; his nurse, Mrs. Wanley, was forced to sit by him at his meals, to remind him that it was needful to eat, and even to feed him occasionally; he would turn from the food she presented, and pick up crumbs, eating them in preference to solid nourishment. His tutor, Pratt, passed through the room, and said reprovingly, "You pick crumbs as if you were a chicken." "Yes," replied the child, "but I'm a chick o' the game, though!" The tutor seems to have been an object of the princely boy's aversion, whose dislike to hear him read prayers amounted to antipathy. He used to beg Mrs. Wanley to have the prayers shortened, yet he was quite willing to repeat those his old friend at Twickenham had taught him. The prohibitions which the princess Anne gave repeatedly to the historical narratives told by Lewis to her son, are attributed to the jealousy that Mr. Pratt manifested, because more than once, in conversation, the young prince his pupil discussed with him incidents from ancient history, which the tutor was fully aware had not been learned from himself. Mr. Pratt complained to lady Fitzharding, his patroness, who represented the circumstance to the princess Anne, so as to excite her displeasure.

The princess Anne enjoyed, during the summer, at least in the regard of the people, the dignity of first lady of England; but the return of the king, her brother-in-law, in October, 1695, did not increase her tranquillity or happiness. His majesty's arms were more successful than usual, but many symptoms betokened that the royal temper was in a painful state of exasperation. Namur, it is true, had fallen into his possession, gained

at an awful cost of blood and treasure; but no warrior was ever more ashamed of defeat than king William was at the flood of congratulatory addresses on this victory, which were poured on him from every town in England,—his gracious majesty distributed sarcasm on all sides by way of answers.

The princess Anne, considering herself eminently successful in her letter of condolence on the death of the queen, now penned her royal brother-in-law an adulatory epistle on his conquest of Namur;[1] to which his majesty had not the civility to return any answer. The mayor of Norwich, or of some other distant city, brought him up condolences for the death of queen Mary, and congratulations for the taking of Namur, and presented them with a speech which was rather smart and pithy for a civic address, saying, "I bring your majesty my hands full of joy and sorrow." "Put both in one hand, master mayor,"[2] interrupted the king, in a hoarse voice. The bystanders stood aghast, unable to tell whether his majesty meant to sneer or joke at the condolence for his queen; but William was tired at the expression of public sorrow so many months after date, and disgusted with being reminded of the tardy capture of Namur, which had cost him the lives of 12,000 men, and was indeed but a piece taken on the Flemish chess-board of war, where he and Louis XIV. had for many years amused themselves by playing away the blood, treasure, and commerce of their subjects. Among other victims of this dear-bought capture, was the deputy-governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Godfrey; he had waited on his majesty regarding money transactions from the bank, and being

[1] Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough. She gives the letter, which is mere verbiage, not worth quoting.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's History says it was the lord mayor of London; a mistake, for he had long before condoled on the queen's death; it was evidently some of the disaffected cities which had rejoiced at the death of the queen, and now, being alarmed at the king's success in Flanders, had remembered the omitted condolences.

persuaded by the king himself to go into the trenches, to witness the glory of the confederate armies, a cannon ball killed him by his majesty's side. An odd chance of war, which, taking the man of money, and leaving the man of battles, strengthened more than ever William III.'s belief in fatalism.

The king paid a state visit to the princess Anne, or rather to her son, at Campden House; the young duke received his majesty under arms, and saluted him with the pike, according to the mode then in vogue of paying military honours. King William, who was fond of children, seemed pleased, and began conversing with him by the question of, "Whether he had any horses yet?" "Yes," replied the little duke, "I have one live horse, and two dead ones." The king laughed at him for keeping *dead horses*; and in a manner which exceedingly aggravated the child, informed him, "that soldiers always buried their dead horses out of their sight." The little duke had designated his wooden horses as dead ones, in contradistinction to the Shetland pony "no bigger than a mastiff," which occasionally carried him. He took the words of king William in their literal sense, and insisted on burying his wooden horses out of his sight, directly the royal visit was concluded; this he did with great ceremony, and even composed some lines as epitaph, which though childish doggerel, contradict the assertion, gravely recorded in history as one of his juvenile virtues, "that he showed a marked aversion to verses and poetry;" instead of which, more than one other instance is preserved of his early propensity for rhyming.[1]

Hostility was, soon after this visit, renewed, on the part of king William, towards the princess Anne; the reason undoubtedly was, because he guessed that it was at her instigation that the house of Commons entered very severely into the subject of the vested rights of the princes of Wales, which the childless Dutch sovereign had

[1] Lewis Jenkins, Biographical Tracts, British Museum.

thought proper to grant to his countryman and favourite, Bentinck earl of Portland, and his heirs for ever. William had permitted the appanage belonging to the heir-apparent of England to rest in abeyance, while his queen was in existence, according to the hope her party continued to express while she lived, that she might one day have a son. At her death, he recklessly made a present of it to his friend, and for ever, too! The princess Anne and the country viewed the measure much as the people of the present century would have done, if his late majesty George IV. had given away the principality of Wales to one of his friends, after the death of his daughter.

Had lord Portland been put in as a mere *locum tenens*, the matter might have been endurable; but in the intense ignorance both of master and man on the subject of British history, they boldly seized on this unalienable property. The discussion in the house of commons would have covered them with disgrace, if the speeches pronounced therein had been reported to the public as they are at present. But this was liberty which the revolutionists had not dreamed of granting; pillory, loss of ears, and the lash, were castigations distributed by them with great liberality among the literati, who reported aught of the sayings and doings of the house of commons, or the house of peers, if in either a majority considered such reports to be breach of privilege. Even so late as the days of Dr. Johnson (the head and precursor of that mighty band of literary talent, the gentlemen reporters of the press) the most absurd subterfuges were resorted to, when information was given to the nation of the debates which took place in the house of commons; initials, and blanks of the members' names, with the cant name of "the parliament of Lilliput," took the places of the present regular reports.[1] Need we say, that

[1] In copies of magazines extant, printed about the middle of the last century, (Gentleman's Universal and European,) this subterfuge may be seen.

much general reform among all parties followed the light afforded by the publicity of debate, even before the measure actually called "Reform" took place.

The speech, however, of a learned native of the principality, Price,[1] the member for Denbigh, became matter of history, for he probably reported his own analyzation of the enormity committed by the Dutch king, in his gift to his favourite of the appanage England expected one day to see possessed by the son of her princess. When lord Portland endeavoured to obtain the revenues of this absurd grant, his demand was met by a petition against his possession, from the country gentlemen of Denbigh, presented by Price, whose speech on the occasion presents an abstract of the immunities of princes of Wales, as heirs to the English crown.

"Give me patience and pardon," said he, "and I will lay before you the true facts upon the petition, of the manner of the grant, and what is granted. The great lordships of Denbigh, Bromfeld, and Yale, have been for some centuries the revenues of the kings of England and princes of Wales, where upwards of fifteen hundred tenants pay rents, and other royal services; these lordships are four parts in five of the whole country, and thirty miles in extent; there are great and profitable wastes of several thousand acres, rich and valuable mines, besides other great advantages which a mighty favourite and great courtier might make. Nor was such grant for any short time to lord Portland, it being to him and his heirs for ever, having only a reservation of 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum to the king and his successors."

"When the long parliaments in the reign of Charles II., passed the act concerning his fee-farm rents, they excepted these within the principality of Wales, a plain intimation that parliament thought them not fitting to

[1] In the very history from which this speech is transcribed, the name of Price is indicated thus: P - - ce. Life of William III., printed 1705. See pp. 440, 441.

be aliened, but preserved for the support of the future princes of Wales. There is a great duty lies upon the freeholders of these lordships: on the creation of the prince of Wales, they pay him 800*l.* for *mizes*, [probably these were robes and apparel,] which is a duty that cannot be severed, and it will be very difficult to find how this tenure can be reconcilable with the lord Portland's grant."

"If we are to pay these *mizes* to this noble lord, then he is *quasi* prince of Wales, for such duty was never paid to any other; but if it is to be paid to the prince of Wales and this noble lord too, then are the Welsh doubly charged. But I suppose that the grant of the revenues of the principality is the forerunner of the honour too! The story goes, that we were brought to entertain the nominee of Edward I., by being recommended as one who knew not a word of the English tongue; how we were deceived is known. I suppose Bentinck, lord Portland, does not understand our language either, nor is it to be supposed he will come amongst us to learn it, nor shall we be fond of learning *his!*"

The sturdy ancient Briton then quoted, with considerable aptness, various historical passages relative to the indignation the English people had always manifested against greedy foreign favourites of royalty, and concluded the most remarkable historical speech of his era with these remarkable words:

"By the old law it was part of the coronation oath of our kings, not to alienate the ancient patrimony of the crown without the consent of parliament. But now, when God shall please to send us a prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him as a pope did to king John, made by his father, king of Ireland, surnamed *Sans Terre*,[1] or *Lackland*, the pope confirmed the grant, but gave him a crown of peacock's feathers, in consideration of his poverty."

[1] The English pale was of very narrow limits round Dublin, centuries afterwards.

"I would have you consider we are Englishmen, and must, like patriots, stand by our country, and not suffer it to be tributary to strangers, and rejoicing that we have beat out of this kingdom *popery* and slavery, and now with as great joy entertain *socinianism*[1] and poverty; yet do we see our rights given away, and our liberties will soon follow. The remedies of our forefathers are well known, yet I desire not punishment, but redress."

King William used all the influence of his person and party to prevent the revocation of his Denbigh grant to Bentinck, but the house of commons inexorably resumed it. Had the intentions of the hero of Nassau been carried out, the present hope of England would have received only an income of 6*s.* 8*d.* yearly from his fair principality of Wales.

The insult offered to Anne in regard to her neglected congratulations was not the only one she had to endure. When William found that he remained on the English throne, notwithstanding the death of his partner, he repented him of the concessions he had made to his sister-in-law, and treated her with less respect than if she had been the wife of a Dutch burgomaster.[2]

His majesty's regal jealousy of the princess Anne particularly manifested itself in matters connected with the church of England. All the chaplains and clergy, who preached before her, were still interdicted from making any bows to her before they began their sermons. These bows the princess (who, says our authority,[3] was remarkably civil,) used always to return, in a very dignified manner, even if the rank of the clergyman was the lowest. But Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Birch, rector of St. James's church, ever disregarded the prohibitions of the Dutch king, and paid her royal highness the same respect which she always received

[1] Alluding to the popular complaint that most of the archbishops and bishops appointed by William and Mary, leant to the royal creed.

[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. [3] Hooper MS.

at church by the command of her father, during his reign.

Since the death of queen Mary, William III. had become more gloomy and misanthropic than ever, and more addicted to drinking schnaps of Hollands gin in his solitary hours; these potations had not the effect of intoxicating his phlegmatic temperament, but made him very irritable, and in the succeeding mornings he was very apt to cane his inferior servants, if they infringed in the slightest manner on the severe order he established. A French servant, who had the care of his guns, and who attended him in his shooting excursions in Bushy Park, and the "Home Park" of Hampton Court, one day forgot to provide himself with shot, although it was his duty to load his majesty's fowling piece; he determined, if possible, to conceal his neglect, and therefore repeatedly charged the king's gun merely with powder, and kept his own counsel, exclaiming, when his royal master fired, "I did never, no never, see his majesty miss before!"[1] The Banqueting-house, on the strand of the Thames, a little to the left of the Trophy gateway at Hampton Court, was the favourite scene of the evening potations of the royal widower. There, away from the irksome restraint which ever attended his life in the state apartments of an English palace, he unbent his mind with his Dutchmen, and enjoyed, in that isolated retreat, all the freedom from courtly refinement which endeared his palace over the water, at Loo. The Banqueting-house at Hampton Court is said to have been built by William,[2] but in all probability he only altered it.

The orgies at the Hampton Court Banqueting-house,

[1] Pyne's Palaces, and Traditions of Hampton Court.

[2] An engraving at the British Museum, among the King's MSS., from an ancient painting representing the former state of Hampton Court in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts, before William III.'s alterations, shows the Banqueting-house just in the square form it is (and on the same spot) with Gothic windows, and a flat roof, but with a turret at the western corner, and the royal standard flying.

when thus converted by William III. into a royal gin temple, produced such remarkable irritation in his majesty's temper, that few or none but his lowest foreign menials chose to cross his path on the succeeding mornings;[1] for the persons on whom he was wont to inflict marks of his fractious humour were facetiously called, in the royal household, "king William's knights of the cane,"[2] a distinction by no means endurable to the proud Norman blood of the English aristocracy, who held state offices in his household. And here those who are interested in the historical statistics of civilization may observe, that the example of this monarch's manners made prevalent in England, throughout the last century, every species of castigation with scourges and sticks, not only by parliamentary licence in the English armies professionally, but by all sorts of amateur performances from the strong to the weak. The national usages of northern Europe, when emerging from barbarism, seem to have been imported by him into these islands. Moreover, his contemporary sovereigns of Germany, and the far north, it is notorious, wielded their canes with remarkable vigour, for the maintenance of the palace discipline they chose to be observed. The cudgellings bestowed by Czar Peter on all ranks and conditions of his loving Russians, without partiality with regard to age or sex, are matters of history. The canings of Frederic I. of Prussia, (who was cousin-german of William III., and to whom he wished to leave his empire,) it is well known refreshed not only his army and household, but his sons, daughters, and friends. Frederic the Great, whose kindred to the hero of Nassau was manifested by many points of resemblance in mind and person, did not forget, being brought up under his father's baton, to wield "the cane-sceptre of Prussia," as a French wit has aptly called

[1] Observations upon the late Revolution in England, in the Somers Tracts, vol. iv. p. 45.

[2] Life of his late majesty king William III.

it, at certain times and seasons, when he considered it peculiarly efficacious.

The studied marks of disrespect which the princess Anne received from her brother-in-law on the throne, in the autumn of 1695, began to excite the murmurs of the people; they saw that she continued to live in a hired house, although she had been promised, in the preceding spring, the occupation of the palace of St. James, and the king's conduct to her, on his birth-day, completed the public discontent.

It seems that all the English and Scotch nobility, who were particularly interested in the revolutionary government, hastened to London, at the end of October, or in the beginning of November, 1695, that they might pay their respects to king William, when he was to hold his lonely drawing-room, to receive congratulations on the anniversary, at once of his birth-day and of the English revolution of 1688. A letter of lady Drumlanrig,[1] (whose husband, as duke of Queensbury, afterwards played such a remarkable part in the Scottish union,) mentions the expectation of this drawing-room to her correspondent, lady Hartington, the daughter of the celebrated lady Russell, in a letter dated Oct. 27th, in which several curious traits of the costume of the times are comprised. As the father-in-law of the writer died the same year, the mourning reception she describes, as customary then in noble families on occasions of death, must have been on that account.[2]

"I am every day set out in form (to receive company) on a dismal black bed,[3] from which I intend to make my escape next week, and be of this world again. My

[1] Lady Mary Boyle, grand-daughter of the earl of Burlington, was a wife to James, 2nd duke of Queensbury, who succeeded to the title before the year of 1695 had expired.

[2] Although the lady had just become a duchess, she signs herself by her old familiar name of *M. Drumlanrig*. The letter is edited from the MS. in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire, by permission.

[3] This ceremony is mentioned in the life of Catherine of Braganza.

lady Hyde (*the first cousin of the princess Anne*) came up to town with very grave resolutions of not seeing a play, but by the instigations of the evil one, and the persuasions of some friends, she has *bin* at three within the week, and I hope to follow her example the next, for they act now in Covent Garden, and they say they are there very full. I hear nothing yet of Cockatoo and lady Betty, by which I suppose they are not come to town yet, but all our Bath acquaintance are almost as soon as myself. I was in hopes the birth-day would have brought your ladyship to town; if you are still at Woburn, I must beg leave to present my service to my lady Russell." The birth-day reception, for which the beaux and belles of the English nobility were thus flocking to town, was no pleasant ceremonial for the bereaved king, who probably had forgotten it, and withal did not know how to conduct himself, having always escaped, as much as possible, from the etiquette of such affairs, and left them to the able guidance of his regal partner and consort queen Mary.

Princesses of the royal family who were nearest to the throne, when there happened to be no queen-consort, had taken distinguished parts in such receptions in preceding reigns; the sisters of Edward VI., and the mother of Charles II., had received the female nobility, in the royal withdrawing room. The princess Anne, in addition to her birth-rank, (far higher than that of the king,) was withal the apparent successor to the British crown, and therefore she ought, according to all precedents, to have had a distinguished place near the throne of her brother-in-law, even if she had not been deputed by him to have received the female nobility as his nearest relative. But so far was the Dutch sovereign from according the usual marks of respect due to her as the heiress of the Britannic empire and as the sister of his late consort, that he outraged not only royal etiquette, but common

courtesy, by causing her to wait nearly two hours in his ante-chamber, without the slightest distinction between her and the wives of the aldermen and deputies of the common councilmen, who attended his court receptions at Kensington Palace.[1]

The princess was subject to similar insult every reception day, during the winter at least, until the murmurs of the people reminding the king that her royal highness was his superior by birth, were re-echoed by those of his own English officials, who had access to his person. Indeed, they were forced to convince him that he was showing more contempt to their princess than the nation at large would bear, and then his majesty found it necessary to alter his system. When the princess came for the future, lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain, was despatched to usher her in due form into the presence. Yet cause of complaint still existed, that no one was sent to receive her, when alighting, of higher rank than a court page—a grievance which is peculiarly noticed by lady Marlborough, who affirms that such neglect constituted the discourse of the town whenever it happened.

It is very evident that trial was made by his majesty, on his return from his successful campaign, of how far the English people would permit their princess to be treated with the species of contumely she formerly suffered during the life of the queen; but he found that such proceedings were not advisable, especially as he received some indications that conspiracies were organized against his person, by Jacobites among his own guards:—intelligence, which quickly produced amelioration of the royal manners towards the princess; likewise a very general pacification and reconciliation was extended to her party as well as to herself, of which the chief was considered to be the young duke of Ormond. The particulars are preserved in a letter of the daughter of the

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

illustrious Rachel, lady Russell, then lady Hartington, addressed to her husband,[1] with other amusing gossip of the close of the year 1695.

"The duke of Ormond is once more reconciled to the court, and all matters happily composed, and the king being willing to make peace on all sides, is going to Windsor, as some persons say, on purpose to visit lord Portland, seeing he would not be so gracious as to come to him. My lord Exeter[2] is gone out of town, though the match, I think, goes on, still most terrible disorders happen upon the account of Miss Al——,[3] for my lord Burleigh was so highly displeased at the character they had given him and his lady, that he was even provoked to speech, and that very harsh and rude. I suppose you have heard of the disorders that have lately happened between my lord Inchinquin and his lady [Mary Villiers]."

The singular influence which the family of Villiers had on the destiny of the royal sisters, Mary II. and Anne, makes any mention of them matter of curiosity. In the same series of letters, is noted the astonishment of Elizabeth Villiers, that she never saw the king after the death of queen Mary. But there exists documentary evidence that, although apparently estranged from him in England, yet, after the year 1696, she always spent the time in his majesty's company, which he passed at Loo.

The new year, 1696, was marked by a thorough change in the conduct of king William towards the princess Anne, in which change might be plainly seen that his worldly wisdom as diplomatist had successfully overcome the venom of his temper.

[1] Signed R. H., (Rachel Hartington.) Family correspondence of his grace the duke of Devonshire, transcribed by permission from the original MS.

[2] The kindred peers of the house of Cecil had, strange to say, both turned Roman catholics, out of affection to James II. From some passages in the dispatches of Christian Cole, it appears that lords Exeter and Salisbury were among the portion of the English nobility, who held themselves haughtily aloof from the courts, not only of William III., but of the princess Anne. Nevertheless, few years had elapsed since James II., his queen, and his daughter Anne, had been refused hospitality at Hatfield, although it was originally a demesne of the crown, and in such cases hospitality was always considered a condition of the tenure.

[3] This is, perhaps, Jane Allington, the Dorinda, to whom this lady, under the name of Sylvia, addressed historical letters, descriptive of the accession of William and Mary; she was second daughter to lord Allington; her mother was daughter to the first duke of Bedford, (Faulkner's Hammersmith.)

ANNE,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Princess Anne receives the conciliatory visit of William III.—She is invited by him to take possession of St. James's Palace—Her son invested with the Garter—The princess given account of his behaviour—Her prospects for the future—Princess permitted to reside at Windsor Castle—Goes there with her consort—Her domestic life in the summer of 1696—Particulars of her son's education and pastimes—Princess presides over high festivals at Windsor—Her wedding-day—Congratulated by her son—Visits and attentions to her by William III.—Revelations of sir John Fenwick concerning the favourites of the princess—Grand court-day held by the princess—Introduces her son to the English nobility—Dialogue between William III. and the princess—She receives great attention from him publicly—She is spitefully reviled by him in private—Princess receives marks of homage from foreign states—She goes to Tunbridge Wells—Takes her son there—Anecdotes of his education—Fears lest he should be taken from her for tuition—Her aversion to Dr. Burnet being appointed his preceptor—Princess wronged by the king of three parts of the grant for her son's education—Submits to all, rather than lose his company—She is annoyed regarding her son's household—The princess conciliated by the appointment of lord Marlborough as his governor—First introduction of Abigail Hill [*lady Masham*] in the princess's service—The princess's accouchement—Her infant dead—Burial—Anecdotes of the princess's life at St. James's—Leaves London for Windsor Castle, May 1700—Illness and death of her only child, the duke of Gloucester—Conduct of the princess—She rises from his death-bed to write to her father, (James II.)

The princess Anne was passing the Christmas recess with her husband and little son, at Campden House, Kensington, when they were surprised by a visit from king William, who was then residing at the adjacent palace. His majesty chose to make in person the gracious announcement that the princess and her house-

hold could take possession of the palace of St. James's whensoever it pleased her, and that, by the death of lord Strafford, a garter being at his disposal, he intended to bestow it on his nephew, the duke of Gloucester.[1] This was probably a new year's visit, for, on the 4th of January, Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, who was the prelate connected with the order of the Garter, came to announce to the princess that a chapter would be held on the 6th of January, for the admission of the young prince. The bishop asked the child if the thoughts of it did not make him glad. "I am gladder of the king's favour," was the discreet answer of the little prince.

The prince of Denmark took his son in state to Kensington Palace on the appointed day, when one of the grand objects of the princess's ambition in her son's behalf was duly accomplished; the proceedings are thus chronicled in the Gazette of that week:

"1695-6—Kensington, January 6th.—A chapter of the most noble Order of the Garter being held this evening, by the sovereign and eleven knights companions of the said Order, his highness the duke of Gloucester was elected into this most noble society; and, having been knighted by the sovereign, with the sword of state, was afterwards invested with the Garter and George, the two principal ensigns of the Order, with the usual ceremonies."

William III. buckled on the garter with his own hands, an office which is commonly performed by one of the knights' companions, at the mandate of the sovereign.[2]

"When the little duke came home to Campden House, he was not, says his faithful Welch chronicler, in the least puffed up with pride, neither did he give himself any consequential airs on account of his star and garter, which were from henceforward to be worn daily by him. When he had rested himself a short time in his mother's withdrawing-room, he went to his usual playing-place, the presence-chamber, in Campden House, where he found Harry Scull, one of his favourite boys, whose merit

[1] Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum. [2] Ibid.

consisted in beating the drum with unusual noise and vigour. "Now, Harry," said the duke, "your dream is out;" for Harry Scull had very recently thought proper to dream that he saw his young master adorned with a star and garter.

The marquis of Normanby (who was the same person as Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, the first lover of Anne) paid her royal highness a visit of congratulation the next day, on the installation of her son. His ostensible object seems to have been to give an account of the young child's behaviour at the ceremony, to the anxious mother, since he was himself one of the knights present. He told her "that the duke could not have conducted himself better if he had been thirty-six instead of six years old." The princess must have recommended her son to the friendly attention of her former lover, since this is not the only instance recorded of the warm interest taken by lord Normanby, in the well doing of this little prince, over whose education he watched with solicitude which was not prompted by any regard to king William, or the revolutionary government.

At this period, the princess had great hopes of seeing her child attain health and vigour. He was then six years of age and six months, he measured three feet, eight inches and a half, he was fresh coloured and lively, and as well shaped as was consistent with the unusual size of his head and brain. Like many other children remarkable for precocious abilities, as infant prodigies, the brain seems to have been stimulated by a tendency to hydrocephalus. The frequent interruptions to the regular education of the duke of Gloucester made it proceed in a somewhat desultory manner, but he could read well and write respectably for his age, and even read writing. These seem the principal attainments he derived from his tutor, but his stores of information were chiefly obtained from his Welch attendant; nevertheless, the wrath of the great lady governess, lady Fitz-

harding, on the memorable day of the train-bearing dialogue, had considerably abated the zeal of Lewis. Subsequently, the jealousy of the lady and of Mr. Pratt, the tutor, extorted a positive prohibition from the princess against any knowledge being imparted by the Welch usher, as contraband and irregular. But, as the princess had expressed formerly the utmost satisfaction that her son, when he was much younger, should be told by Lewis incidents from Plutarch and other historians, he was not a little astonished when her royal highness in person forbade him to relate to her son any historical narratives whatsoever. Perhaps the secret motive of the princess was connected with her oft repeated prohibition of her son ever hearing the names of her unfortunate father and brother, and she might suppose that Lewis would overpass the prescribed bounds in the warmth of narration when English history was discussed.

Notwithstanding the intimidation under which Lewis Jenkins laboured, the young duke of Gloucester was eager to extract from him all sorts of information, for the child possessed the early love of science for which the line of Stuart were remarkable, and he languished even at his tender years for intellectual communication. When he found that dread of his mother's anger restrained Lewis from giving him instruction, he craved for it under promise of secrecy. The child was puzzled to know why there are two round figures of the earth placed side by side on the map of the world. He showed Lewis a map, and requested to know "if the earth consisted of two globes placed in that position?" he wished Lewis to explain this difficulty to him, adding, "that if he would, nobody should know that he had done so." It is a geographical enigma, which has puzzled many an infant mind, nor did Lewis's explanation make the matter much plainer. "I could not refrain," says the faithful Welchman, "from telling him,

that if he looked on one of these globes delineated on paper, he could see that only, and not the other, at the same time; therefore, geographers had divided the representation of the world into two equal parts, and he saw in those parts the two hemispheres which really formed one globe."[1] The young duke expressed himself well pleased with this definition.

There can be no doubt but that the princess Anne, according to the gracious invitation of the king, took possession of St. James's-palace early in the spring of 1696; although no date of the actual circumstance occurs in the Gazette, or other newspapers, of the period, yet, that she was actually living there, is noticed by The Postman, a newspaper of the era.[2]

The spring and summer of the year 1696 proved to be the most hopeful and prosperous period of the existence of the princess Anne, if not the happiest. For the first time, she appeared to enjoy with prospect of permanence the fruits of her struggles against her father at the epoch of the revolution. The palace of her ancestors was now her residence; her rank was recognised by the king and his government, who dared no longer deprive her of her subsistence, as they did during the two years after her father's deposition, but, on the contrary, she was the mistress of an ample and regular income. Above all, the princess had reason to hope that her only surviving child would grow up, and add security to her final succession to the crowns of his ancestors, which would, in due time, be transmitted to him. Over this bright aspect of her fortunes a few specks appeared, arising from reports raised by the disappointed Jacobites, which were, that the king meant to bring home a High Dutch bride when he returned from his summer campaign, and that he intended in consequence to contest the clause in the settlement of the succession, by bringing a bill into par-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the duke of Gloucester.
[2] British Museum.

liament for making Anne's children give place to his possible issue by a second marriage.

While the princess Anne and her husband were enjoying all the homage and pleasures of their fully-attended courts at St. James's Palace, their son remained at Campden House, where some attention was now thought fit to be paid to his religious education. On Sunday evenings, the princess ordered that her son and the boys of his small regiment were to attend Mr. Pratt, the tutor, for the purpose of being catechised and examined respecting their knowledge of Scripture. The young duke of Gloucester was, on these occasions, exalted on a chair above the rest of the catechumens, with a desk before him; his boys were ranged on benches below; those of them who answered to the satisfaction of the tutor were rewarded with a new shilling, by way of medal. "At one of these lectures in my hearing," says Lewis Jenkins, who was then in waiting, "Mr. Pratt put the following question to the young duke: 'How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?' The princely catechumen answered, 'I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways.'"[1]

The possession of St. James's Palace did not constitute the only reward that the princess Anne received for her pacification with William III. The regal fortress of Windsor was appointed for her summer abode. One of the newspapers announced her departure from town soon after the king's arrival in Holland:

"May 26, 1696. The prince and princess of Denmark have left the palace of Saint James's, with a design to pass the summer, for the most part, at Windsor."[2]

The royal residences were thus shared between the princess and her brother-in-law. The king retained exclusive possession of Kensington Palace and Hampton

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, Biographical Tracts, Brit. Mus.

[2] British Museum.

Court. He had no palace in the metropolis, although his despatches retained the official date of Whitehall, some portion of which still remained on the site of Downing-street and about the Cockpit. St. James's Palace and Windsor Castle were allotted to the princess Anne and her son, and were certainly the best portion among the royal dwellings. Canonbury Palace at Islington,[1] and Hammersmith, with Somerset House, were the appanages of the absent queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza. They all fell to decay while in her occupation, or rather in that of her officials, and were disused as palatial residences ever after. Marybone Palace was still in existence, and its demesnes, park, and gardens (now Regent's-park), were public promenades and places of amusement.

The princess was permitted to take possession of Windsor Castle, as a preliminary step to the residence of her son being fixed at that ancient seat of English royalty while his education proceeded. Her royal highness went there in company with him and the prince, her husband. The young duke of Gloucester had never beheld Windsor before; his mother ordered him to be led to his own suite of apartments, where he looked about him, but complained that *his* presence-chamber was not large enough to exercise his soldiers in. It seems that the presence-chamber at Campden House, which is yet entire, with its carved oak-panelling, was larger than the third or fourth-rate suites of the royal fortress.

The housekeeper of the castle, Mrs. Randee, attended the young duke to show him the royal apartments in the castle, and give him the description of the pictures. He was pleased with the historical picture of the Triumph in St. George's-hall, and affirmed, that this noble apartment was fit to fight his battles in. The next day the

[1] See Letters of queen Mary II., vol. x., in which the queen discusses the probability of the queen-dowager going for the summer either to Islington or Hammersmith.

princess sent to Eton school for four boys, to be her son's companions: young lord Churchill, the only son of her favourites, lord and lady Marlborough, was one; he was a few years older than the young prince, and was mild and good-natured, with very pleasing manners; the other Eton scholars were two Bathursts and Peter Boscawen. The young duke, when these playfellows arrived, eagerly proposed that a battle should forthwith be fought in St. George's-hall, and sent for his collection of small pikes, muskets, and swords. The music-gallery and its stairs were to represent a castle, which he meant to besiege and take. Mrs. Atkinson and Lewis Jenkins were in waiting, and both were expected to take part in the fray. They begged young Boscawen to be the enemy, as he was a very discreet youth, and would take care not to hurt the duke with the pikes and other warlike implements. Peter Bathurst was not quite so considerate; for the sheath having slipped off his sword, he gave the duke of Gloucester a wound in the neck with it that bled. The child said nothing of the accident in the heat of the onslaught; and when Lewis stopped the battle to inquire whether the duke was hurt, he replied, "No," and continued to pursue the enemy up the stairs into their garrison, leaving the floor of St. George's-hall strewed with make-believe dying and dead. When all was over, he asked "ma'm Atkinson" if she had a surgeon at hand. "Oh, yes, sir," said she, as usual, for the dead were revived in the young prince's sham-fights by blowing wind into them. "Pray make no jest of it," said the young duke, "for Peter Bathurst has really wounded me in the battle!" There was no serious hurt inflicted by young Bathurst, but sufficient to have made a less high-spirited child of seven years old stop the whole sport. The young duke was taken in the afternoon to see the Round Tower; but he was not satisfied with it, because it had neither parapet nor bastion.

The young prince had the first sight of practical slaughter given him at Windsor Castle, in the usual mode of the hunter's mimic war, by the death of the deer. Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the ranger of Windsor-Park, gave his little highness a buck, to kill as he pleased; he would have had the animal hunted, but those about him did not consider that regular hunting was sufficiently convenient for his recreation; according to their management, the deer-slaughter became like murder, and a very disgusting scene it was for the tender boy to witness. The poor deer had no "fair play," which, we surmise, means chance of escape, for he was disabled and wounded before being turned out by the keeper; the duke followed the chase in his coach, and young Boscawen, mounted on horseback, managed to direct the bleeding deer and the hunt to the coach. Boscawen and the keeper then cut the poor animal's throat, in the young duke's presence, that he might have "say" on the first sight of the death of a buck. Mr. Massam (Masham),[1] his page, dipped his hand in the blood, and coming sideways besmeared the duke of Gloucester's face all over; at first he was surprised, but on the explanation that such was the usual custom at first seeing a deer slain, "he besmeared me," says his usher, Lewis Jenkins, "and afterwards all his boys." Then in high triumph he desired the whole hunting party to take the way home under the windows of his mother's apartments, and greeted her with the halloo of the chase; he was very anxious to give the "say" to those of her ladies who had not seen deer slaughter. They did not approve of such painting of their faces. The princess advised him to send presents of his venison, which he did, but unfortunately forgot his governess lady Fitzharding, who did not bear the slight without lively remonstrance.

[1] The name of this person after his marriage with Abigail Hill, the cousin-german of the duchess of Marlborough, took its place in history.

The princess Anne usually walked in Windsor-park with her husband, and the little prince her son, before the child went to his tutor for his reading and other lessons. On one of these occasions, the boy alarmed her, by insisting on rolling down the slope of the dry ditch of one of the castle fortifications, declaring that when he was engaged in battles and sieges, he must use himself to descend such places. His father, prince George, prevented the exploit, in consideration of the alarm of the princess, but permitted the child to divert himself by the performance of this gymnastic next day.[1] It was always the idea of the prince of Denmark, that by violent and hardening exercises, his child's tendency to invalidism (which he considered was nurtured by the over fondness of the princess, and the petting and spoiling of her ladies) might be overcome.

Two anniversary festivals awaited the princess, her husband, and child, which were to be celebrated, at Windsor Castle, that year with splendour that had never attended them on any previous occasion. The 24th of July, the duke of Gloucester's birth-day, when a chapter of the knights of the garter was to be held in St. George's Hall for the admission of the young duke at their feast and procession; and four days afterwards occurred the thirteenth anniversary of the wedding-day of "Anne of York," and "George of Denmark," which was likewise the name-day of the princess, the day of St. Anne. It was to be kept as high holiday at royal Windsor, from which the princess had been banished for years.

The princess was present at the feast in St. George's Hall, on her son's birth-day, and saw him walk in procession with the other knights, in his plumes and robes, from St. George's chapel to the hall, where the tables were spread for a grand banquet, which the king had ordered to be provided at his expense for the princess and her company; the dinner for the knights' com-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Tracts, Brit. Museum.

panions, was 'laid out in the king's guard-chamber.[1] The juvenile knight of the garter comported himself, during the whole ceremonial of being installed in his proper place in the chapel, at the service, and the procession, with exemplary gravity and dignity. His noble knights'-companions, were his own father, with the dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, Southampton, Shrewsbury, and Devonshire; and the earls of Dorset and Rochester; all the knights of the garter dined in their robes and full costume, and the little duke of Gloucester sat down among them. But after the child had sat at table a little while, and slightly partaken of the feast, he begged leave to be excused for retiring. His anxious mother then ordered him to be laid to repose, and when he had rested from his fatigues for two or three hours, she took him out for the air in her carriage.

In the evening, the princess received and entertained the nobility, many of whom came from a great distance to the magnificent ball she gave at the castle; the town of Windsor was illuminated, bells rang from all the adjacent steeples, and the country round the keep blazed with bonfires. There were fireworks on Windsor Terrace, in which the young duke of Gloucester particularly delighted, and the part of the entertainment witnessed by him, concluded with a new ode written in celebration of his birth-day, and set to music.

A few days afterwards, the other festival occurred of the celebration of the wedding-day of the princess. Her health had improved, or at least her powers of progression, within that year, for frequent mention is made of her walks in Windsor Park, and visits paid to her son, without being carried to his suite of apartments in her sedan. It was her custom to come to see him every morning when at Windsor, with his father. On the anniversary of their wedding-day, her royal highness

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Tracts, Brit. Museum.

came with her consort prince George, earlier than usual, and found their son very lively and full of spirits, superintending the firing of his little cannon in honour of the day. He had four pieces which had been made for him in the life-time of his aunt, queen Mary; one of these was defective, one had burst, the loss of which he had lamented to king William, who had promised him a new one, a promise which he never performed. Of course the king totally forgot the circumstance, but the child did not. At Windsor, however, there was found a beautiful little model cannon, which had been made by prince Rupert; of this, the young duke of Gloucester took possession, with infinite satisfaction. The princess was saluted by the discharge of these toy cannons when she entered the room, but as her son indulged her with three rounds, her maternal fears were greatly awakened by seeing so much gunpowder at his command, and she privately determined that the case should be altered for the future. When the firing was over, the young duke addressed his father and mother of his own accord, saying, "Papa, I wish you and mamma, unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but for ever." The princely pair were delighted with the vivacity of their darling, and looked forward to the future with livelier hope than ever. "You made a fine compliment to their royal highnesses to-day, sir," observed Lewis, who was in waiting in his apartment. "Lewis," replied the child, "it was no compliment; it was sincere."

"He now," adds Lewis, "though he had but completed his seventh year, began to be more wary in what he said, and would not talk and chatter just what came into his head, but now and then would utter shrewd expressions, with some archness."

The great satisfaction that the princess Anne enjoyed at this time, both as the recognised heiress-apparent of the British islands, and the mother of a child who began to be looked on with hope by all parties in the realm,

excepting the Roman catholics, suffered some counterbalance, by the revival of reports that William III. was actually betrothed to a High Dutch bride; the news certainly emanated from the Jacobites, who were in downright despair at the strength that the government of William III. had gained by his alliance, offensive and defensive, with Anne and her partisans. The enemy hoped to discompose the serenity of the princess by alarms, lest her settlement should be unsettled by any succeeding parliament strong in the interest of her brother-in-law, nor were rumours to that effect wanting; they were sufficiently prevalent in London, to cause the following mention of them by the duke of Shrewsbury, in a letter to lord Portland, the king's chief confidential adviser, though no longer his favourite.

"The town makes itself sure that the king will return, not only with peace, but a queen." To this remark, Portland wrote from Flanders, "We (that was William III. and himself) returned yesterday morning from Cleves, without any appearance of bringing back a queen, if it is from thence she is to come."[1] These letters occurred, September, 1696; but either the princesses, who were descended from the house of Cleves, looked on England as an ominous land for queens, or king William had no inclination for second nuptials; the reports of his wooing died away, yet it is certain they had been strong enough to induce queries from the prime minister.

Peace, the peace of Ryswick, actually was ratified, but no queen arrived. This pacification has been already discussed;[2] it was little more than a breathing time, while taxable people in England and France gathered together more money, and a few hundred thousand boys in either country reached the sage years of sixteen, when their blood was destined to enrich the fertile fields of Flanders

[1] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 140, 142.
[2] Vol. ix., Life of Mary Beatrice.

or Low Germany—the fighting grounds of the regimental sovereigns, William III. and Louis XIV.

The princess, with her spouse and son, left Windsor for Campden House in October. They received an early visit there from king William within a few days of his arrival from Flanders.

The continuation of Jacobite machinations and intrigues in England, obtained for the princess Anne a double portion of the favour of her astute brother-in-law; he even condescended to be present at balls and entertainments, became her guest at his own birth-day, and paid her all due attention on the anniversary of her own. The Gazette[1] told the London world of these unusual gaieties on the part of the hero of Nassau, and his English subjects could scarcely be persuaded that the disconsolate royal widower was not practising these unwonted urbanities to render himself acceptable to some second Anne of Cleves, according to the reports prevalent during the preceding summer and autumn.

His majesty's birth-day, November 4, 1696, was celebrated with great demonstrations of duty and affection for his royal person and government. In the evening the court was entertained at St. James's by the princess Anne, with a concert of music, vocal and instrumental. His majesty supped with their royal highnesses; and there was afterwards a ball at Whitehall. In London and Westminster, the night concluded with illuminations and bonfires, and other public rejoicings suitable to the occasion.

Simultaneously with the new year of 1697, the public attention was engaged with the attainder of sir John Fenwick, for a plot against the life of his majesty. The ramifications of this conspiracy were very wide. Sir John Fenwick found that the king was determined to take his life on account of old grudges, which first arose when that gentleman served in Holland in the English

[1] Gazette, Oct. 22 and Nov. 6, 1696.

troops furnished by Charles II. and James II., to keep William in the station of hereditary stadtholder; and, above all, on account of the bitter tirade he addressed to queen Mary in the park, when she fled from the fire at Whitehall.[1] When the prisoner ascertained that he was condemned by attainder, and that despite of the law established by the Bill of Rights at the revolution, without regular trial and without the requisite two witnesses for an act of overt-treason; he forthwith unfolded such evidence of the correspondence of the nobility (including most of William's ministers) with James II., that if half of them had been impeached, there would have been scarcely enough unconcerned in the treason to have "hanged or beheaded the rest." Marlborough was particularly aimed at, nor can there exist the slightest doubt that the princess Anne's former communications with her father formed prominent points of the Fenwick confessions. Of these, it had already been shown that the diplomatic king had had in the lifetime of his late consort, as full proof as could ever be afforded him by Fenwick; yet he very coolly continued to trust to the tender regard which the princess and her favourites had for their own interests in the reversionary advancement of the duke of Gloucester, to keep them, for the time to come, patriotic supporters of the glorious revolution, when the course of events rendered the future prospect of the succession of Anne and her son inevitable, if they survived the incumbent on the throne. Fenwick was accordingly doomed, and all his revelations treated by mutual consent as false and malicious. He was beheaded on Tower-hill,[2] January 28, 1696-7. King

[1] Sampson's Diary, MS., Brit. Museum, previously quoted in Life of Mary II., present volume.

[2] Every writer has considered that some mystery, never properly developed, rests under the conduct of William III. to Fenwick. The king was heard to say that Fenwick had once spoken to him in a manner, when he was in Holland, that "if he had been his equal he must have cut his throat." (Burnet, vol. iv. p. 324.) Perhaps this was when Fenwick resisted the temptation to betray his own sovereign, which his fellow-

William took possession of all the personal effects of sir John Fenwick, among others, in evil hour for himself, of a remarkable sorrel shooting-pony, which creature was connected with his future history.

Twelve gentlemen were executed at different times, the same year, for having plotted to waylay William III., and kill him in the midst of his guards on his return from hunting at Hampton, by the lane that leads from Brentford to Isleworth, in the bridge over a rushy brook, where four roads meet, well known to the numerous visitors of Hampton-Court in the present day; little alteration has taken place apparently, and the spot is even now as lonely as could be desired for a purpose of mischief. Sir George Barclay, who held a command in the guards of William III., and who had been, like Ferguson, Montgomery, and Ross, eager promoters of the revolution, was the leader of this conspiracy. He was leagued with sir John Fenwick, with colonel Oglethorpe, and many other persons of the most opposite principles, republicans as well as Jacobites, and, above all, with three spies and informers paid by the government, who were regular plot-makers for diplomatic purposes. The trials and executions of the various victims of these informers of course caused much excitement among all sorts and conditions of the people.

soldier, Captain Bernardi, (see his Memoirs,) declares the prince offered to all the officers in the English regiments lent him by his uncles; he says Fenwick saved the prince's life more than once in Holland.

Among other passages of false history, it has been asserted that William III., when prince of Orange, threw imputations on the courage of Fenwick when that officer was fighting for him. The utter falsehood of this assertion is proved by a very partial history of William III., printed by Tooke, Fleet-street, 1705. The behaviour of the three colonels fighting for William so late in the war as 1676, is thus mentioned in that part of the history which enters into facts—viz., before the prince came to the throne of Great Britain: "In the desperate storming of Maestricht, the English, under three colonels, Fenwick, Widdrington, and Ashby, desired their countrymen might be commanded apart, that if they behaved like valiant men, they might have the glory: if not, the shame. To this the prince agreed; colonel Fenwick, as the eldest colonel, took the command, and his brave and desperate attacks were remarkable while the siege lasted."

Associations were formed for the loyal protection of the king's person; pledges were taken, and addresses of all kinds signed and sent up from corporations, &c., to Kensington Palace. Among others, the young duke of Gloucester displayed his loyal breeding in the principles of the revolution, by causing one of his young soldiers to write out the following address to his majesty, to which he fixed his boyish signature:—

"I, your majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your majesty's cause than in any man's else, and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.

"GLOUCESTER."

Another address was likewise dictated by him, which he caused his boy-soldiers and all his household to sign:

"We, your majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood."

However puerile these proceedings might seem in the eyes of William III., they, at least, brought to him the conviction, that the princess was bringing up her son as his partisan, and without any romantic predilections or ideas of duty towards the former possessor of the throne.

The public attention was diverted from the illegal execution of sir John Fenwick, and all his mal-apropos revelations, by the great splendour and unwonted festivity which marked the preparations for celebrating the birth-day of the princess Anne, where her son, the parliamentary heir, was to be introduced to the court with the utmost magnificence.[1] It may be remembered that king William had presented the princess with the jewels of the late queen, her sister. Anne, who was always remarkable for her moderation regarding these sparkling baubles, did not choose to adorn her own person with them, but lavished the whole on that of her boy. The wisdom might be questioned, of exciting in the young prince "tastes for finery, which are still less becoming to men and boys than to women and girls." Howsoever, her royal highness amused herself by ordering and de-

[1] Gazette, Feb. 1696-7.

vising for her young son a most marvellous suit of clothes to appear in, at court, on her birth-day. The coat was azure blue velvet, then the colour of the mantle of the Garter.[1] All the button-holes of this garment were encrusted with diamonds, and the buttons were composed of great brilliants. The king himself had given his aid towards the magnificence of this grand costume. His majesty had, in honour of the princely boy's installation as knight of the Garter, presented him with a jewel of St. George on horseback, the order for which, to the royal jeweller, amounted to 800*l.*, and the intrinsic value was 700*l.* Thus ornamented, and equipped withal in a flowing white periwig, the prince of seven summers made his bow in his mother's circle at St. James's, to congratulate her on her birth-day, and receive, himself, the adorations of the sparkling crowd of peers and beauties who flocked to her royal highness's drawing-room.[2]

In such costume the young duke is depicted by Kneller, at Hampton-Court; notwithstanding the owlish periwig with which his little highness is oppressed, he is really pretty: his complexion is of pearly fairness, his eyes very blue, with that touching expression of reflectiveness, which often pertains to those destined to an early grave, and not long for this world. The features of the heir of the princess Anne were like those of her Stuart ancestors; he as nearly resembled his unfortunate uncle and rival, the exiled prince of Wales, as if he had been his brother, excepting that he had the blonde Danish complexion.

The ladies and courtiers of the princess Anne had scarcely finished admiring the splendid dress of her idolized boy, when king William himself arrived to offer his congratulations on her birth-night. When the cere-

[1] George I. changed it to a darker shade, that his knights of the Garter might not be confounded with those nominated by the titular king at St. Germains.

[2] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tract, Brit. Museum.

monial was concluded, the young duke of Gloucester was led by his proud mother to claim the attention of majesty. It does not seem that the king exactly approved of the display of jewels on the person of the child, for he said to him, with his usual sarcastic abruptness, "You are very fine."

"All the finer for you, sir," was the undignified reply of the princess, alluding to the present of the George that her son had received from the king, and the donation of queen Mary's jewels to herself, of the value of 40,000*l.*, with which the child stood loaded before them. The princess then urged the duke of Gloucester to return thanks to his majesty; but the boy, albeit so fluent on all other occasions, contented himself by making a low bow to the king, nor could his mother prevail on him to speak; "which," adds Lewis Jenkins,[1] "he probably would have done, if left to himself, without being prompted to it." It is more probable that the young prince had been disconcerted by the tone and expression of the king's above-quoted remark, and instinctively felt that the least said on the subject was the best way of proceeding.

The unusual attentions of the crowned diplomatist, by making visits to his "sister Anne," when the etiquette of birth-days and wedding-days demanded them, were, after all, but the fair seeming of the politician. Just at this time, the royal spleen and gall rose so irrepressibly against the princess, that he could not help expressing to his confidant and chamberlain (the brother of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers) how much he detested her, adding, "that if he had married the princess Anne, he should have been the most miserable man on earth."[2] Lord Villiers himself reported this agreeable remark to lord Dartmouth, nor could it be doubted that the king meant that it should meet the ear of Anne through his

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tract, Brit. Museum.
[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

chamberlain's other sister, lady Fitzharding, in order that mortification felt by her in private, might counterbalance the consideration with which inexorable destiny obliged him to treat her in public.

Notwithstanding her exclusion from political power in the government of England, the strong partiality of the people at large to their native princess still forced on William III. the necessity of treating Anne with the outward and visible signs of respect consonant with her station. Foreign states did not forget her rank; for instance, the doge and republic of Venice, however popular the model of their government might be among the English revolutionists, very ungratefully refused to own William III. as king until the peace of Ryswick was nearly public. They likewise refused to grant any requests of his ambassador before they received letters of compliment (in reply to some they had sent) from the princess Anne and her husband. These had to be sent for; and when they came, the English ambassador, lord Manchester, in his despatches, complains of his embarrassment, because these letters had been forwarded to him by the secretary of the princess, sealed up without any copies.[1] The incident throws some light on the difference of Anne's treatment by the king, after the death of her sister.

The princess passed the autumn at Tunbridge Wells, to which salubrious place she was accompanied by her son. Here the young duke, under the care of his clerical tutor, Pratt, studied fortification with great assiduity. The tutor had been given a doctor of divinity's degree at Oxford, wholly and solely, observes Lewis Jenkins, by the favour and influence of the princess Anne, the advancement not being due to his learning. Indeed, the employment of the duke of Gloucester's tutor at Tunbridge did not savour much of matters divine; for, by the leave of the princess, he

[1] State Papers of Christian Cole, pp. 20 to 23.

made a pentagon, with all the outworks according to the rules of fortification, in a wood near the Wells, for his princely pupil's improvement and entertainment, "which answered so well," adds Lewis Jenkins, "as to gain Dr. Pratt much credit, by doing, in fact, what did not properly belong to his cloth or his office, and thereby depriving another of being employed, who, from his long and faithful attention to the young duke's person, would have ventured his life in his service."

The princess and her son removed from Tunbridge to Windsor Castle till the king's return to England; at the same time, Lewis Jenkins, in high dudgeon at the aforesaid pentagon made in the wood at Tunbridge Wells by the bellicose divine, Dr. Pratt, and, "from some such like discouragements," resigned his appointment in the service of the princess. The place of his retreat was rather a suspicious one, being to Rouen, the very head quarters of the English Jacobites. He went, according to his own account, into trade there with a French merchant, "as it were," he pursues, "to begin the world again, having stronger inclinations for business than for a court life, which I could not leave without some regret, as I had the highest respect for the princess that I had the honour to serve, as well as friendship for some persons about the court of the princess, of which I took my final leave." Thus did the quaint and simple-minded narrator of domestic events in the royal family withdraw himself from his post, and at the same time shut out the view afforded to his readers of the palace-life of the princess and her son. Assuredly, the tuition of the young prince, according to his account, was in its outset conducted somewhat by the rules of contradiction. The doctor of divinity provided by her royal highness to inculcate devotional precepts, was only successful in imparting to him, not things divine, but matters militant. An old lady, whose concern with the princess was only to let her a house, instructed her child in all he prac-

tically knew of religion, while his door-keeper gave him notions of "history, mathematics, and stuff," according to the erudite classification of his governess, to which may be added, that from his mother's chairmen and his father's coachmen he imbibed the vulgar tongue, and they taught him withal to box. Such was the under current of affairs, while on the surface other statements have passed down the stream of history, as illustrative of the young duke's propensities and praiseworthy predilections to battles and sieges, while his aversion to poetry and to all the fine arts is lauded by right reverend historians[1] with as much unction as if sovereigns and their heirs, apparent or presumptive, were sent into the world for the sole purpose of slaughtering the human species.

It was the intention of the flatterers of William III. to make out that his successor would prove the very mirror and model of himself, and that the young duke of Gloucester would surpass that monarch in his hatred to poetry, music, painting, and dancing. The evidence of the child's dislike to the latter had no better foundation than the trifling fact, that when the princess Anne found him a little recovered from the woeful affliction in his head, which caused unsteadiness to his footsteps, she ordered him to be taught regularly to walk and dance, and appointed for this purpose Mr. Gorey, who, as he is designated as "an old rich dancing-master," had probably instructed her royal highness in her childhood; but with this aged dancing-master her little son fell out, and bestowed on him the epithet of "old dog," because he strained his limbs in some gymnastic or other. As for the dislike of the young duke to poetry, it is utterly contrary to truth, for he frequently endeavoured to make rhymes. The love of a child for the fine arts can only be shown by the interest he takes in picture-books and puppet-shows, and of these little Gloucester was

[1] In White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough's Perfect History, vol. iii.; likewise, Burnet's Own Times.

more than commonly fond. He demanded to see "cuts" or engravings of every historical tale he heard, moreover, the princess, his mother, established for him a puppet-theatre at Campden House; nor must this excite astonishment, since Steele and Addison devote many papers of their immortal Spectators to discussion of the puppet-shows, which were the favourite morning amusement of the belles and beaux years subsequently, when the princess was on the throne as queen Anne. As if everything asserted on the subject of this young prince's education, however trifling, was to prove the exact reverse of fact, it appears that the princess had had some little rhymes, hammered out between the child and his faithful Lewis, set to music, to indulge her son's tastes, by John Church, who was one of the choristers of the king's chapel and of Westminster-abbey, a pupil of the illustrious Henry Purcell. "The music of John Church gave very great satisfaction to the princess, and as for the duke of Gloucester, he was delighted with it." Such are the words of an eye-witness.[1] It is to be feared that, in the course of the princely child's subsequent education, all which was innocently amusing and civilising in the arts, the cultivation of which forms the glory of the most glorious of rulers, a great peace sovereign, was sedulously eradicated and discouraged, in compliance with the tastes of those in power.

While the princess Anne remained at Windsor in 1697, the marquis of Normanby[2] paid her another visit; it seems, that on account of his learning, accomplishments, and literary acquirements, he had been deputed by the junta of nine to examine into the mind and capacity of her son. The result was, that the marquis pronounced "the young duke of Gloucester capable of learning

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tracts. The notes and arrangement of John Church's music are printed and appended to Lewis Jenkins' Tracts. Brit. Museum.

[2] Her former lover, Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave.

anything."[1] From this time it was considered requisite that the education of the princely child should regularly commence, and that he should be taken out of the hands of his mother's ladies. The delicacy of his health and constitution, and the extreme anxiety of his mother, lest she should not be able to rear him, had caused the child to remain a nursling, cherished by female tenderness, until after his eighth birth-day—a year longer than any of his line had ever been. Even the princess herself now became desirous that his regular education should commence.

In one of the visits of the princess to London, the same autumn, she went with her husband to view the rising glories of the cathedral of St. Paul's, then approaching its completion. "They expressed themselves extremely pleased with that noble building, and gave money very liberally to the workmen."[2] There was another person to whom their liberality ought to have been extended, even to the venerable architect of this glorious masterpiece, sir Christopher Wren, who had been deprived, by William, of his modest stipend of 200*l.* per annum, under pretence that he had not finished the cathedral! Strange to say, the venerable sage lived to finish the mighty structure, and reclaimed the niggard bounty of his country in his ninety-second year. The unshaken attachment of sir Christopher Wren to his old masters occasioned his persecution by William.

The birth-day of the princess Anne was again duly observed by William III. According to the official announcement of the Gazette, his majesty was her morning visitor on that occasion: "Whitehall, 1698, February 6th.—This being the princess of Denmark's birth-day, his majesty came to visit her royal highness at St. James's, where there was a great appearance of the nobility and other persons of quality, to compliment her royal high

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tracts, Brit. Museum.
[2] Postman Newspaper, for Sept. 6, 1697.

ness on this occasion. In the evening, his highness the duke of Gloucester had a fire-work, and the court were entertained with a concert of music and a ball."

The education of the duke of Gloucester, was now a matter of great anxiety to his mother, and the whole of the spring of 1698 was spent in agitating expectations concerning it. The result of events proves, that the princess Anne was ready to submit to any pecuniary loss, rather than to have her child torn from her home and heart. The parliament had voted the magnificent sum of 50,000*l.* per annum, for the expenses of the education and establishment of the duke of Gloucester; but the king appears to have been given unlimited power in the disposal of the child.

All former precedents, both in England and Scotland, prove that royal children were given in charge to some great noble or ecclesiastic or other, during the period of their regular education; nor had the princess Anne any reason to suppose, that she should be suffered to keep her child near her any more than her ancestress Anne of Denmark had retained her sons or daughters during their tutelage. The children of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., as well as those of James I., Charles I, and James II., had been taken from the maternal superintendence, and brought up at a distance from their parents. Anne herself had been removed from her father, who, similar to herself, in 1698, then only occupied the station of a subject.

The princess felt that the king had much in his power to annoy her, if he took from her maternal care this delicate and sickly child, whom she had reared with extreme difficulty; fortunately for her, the king was only sedulous on two points; the first was, how little of the 50,000*l.* per annum allowed by the nation for the use of the duke of Gloucester, he need pay for his education and establishment; the other was, that the boy should have no other preceptor than Dr. Burnet, bishop of

Salisbury; this last was a bitter sorrow to Anne, who had the lowest opinion of that person's character and disposition; she earnestly entreated the king, and prince George of Denmark joined in the petition, that the instruction of her child might be consigned to Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury.[1]

The readers of the previous volume of this work are fully aware, that in whatsoever esteem Dr. Hooper might have been held by such sons of the church of England, as archbishops Sheldon, and Sancroft, Isaac Barrow, or Sherlock, or Kenn, he was not quite so much beloved by the Dutch king. In truth, Dr. Hooper, like Dr. Kenn, had shut up doors with him when only prince of Orange, and the horror they felt in the contemplation of his moral qualities, some contemporary letters regarding the one, and the diary of the other, have already shown.[2]

The princess Anne could not endure patiently the appointment of bishop Burnet as her son's preceptor. Her royal highness was heard to complain, "that she considered such appointment as the greatest hardship ever put upon her by the king, who well knew how she disliked Burnet, and that she was sure that the king made choice of him for that very reason."[3]

Burnet was himself conscious of the aversion of the princess, but the king insisted upon the measure;[4] the bishop was exceedingly out of humour at this time, "having been disappointed of the great see of Winchester," says lord Dartmouth, "which preferment the king had

[1] Hooper MS., printed in the Appendix to Trevor's William III.; likewise the life of that king printed 1705, and Bio. Britannica.

[2] In both instances edited by friends and partisans of William. Mr. Trevor's work is a panegyric on William, from the first word to the last; yet he is the editor of Dr. Hooper's Diary, in his Appendix. Sidney, earl of Romney, to whom William III. granted at one sweep the enormous bribe of 17,000*l.* per annum, is the informant of the moral horror Dr. Kenn had of that prince. If the friends of William left such documents for the instruction of biographers, what, may we ask, would enemies have done?

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

[4] Ibid.

put at the disposal of one of the lords of the treasury. To the sorrow of the princess Anne, he was given the education of the heir of the kingdom, in hopes of satisfying his discontent."[1]

The manner in which Burnet mentions his appointment, is remarkable, as well for the information, as for the composition; perhaps it is the most extraordinary specimen of egotism ever printed by any author in our language:[2] "I was named by the king to be the duke of Gloucester's preceptor. *I* used all possible endeavours to excuse myself. *I* had hitherto no share in the princess' favour or confidence. *I* had also become very uneasy at many things in the king's conduct. *I* considered him as a glorious instrument raised up by God, who had done great things by him. *I* had also such obligations to him, that *I* had resolved, on public as well as on private accounts, never to engage in any opposition to him, yet *I* could not help thinking he might have carried matters further than he did, and that he was giving his enemies handles to weaken his government. *I* had tried, but with little success, to use all due freedom with him; he did not love to be found fault with, and either discouraged *me* with silence, or answered in such general expressions, that they signified little." Lord

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

[2] If the mighty mind of Coleridge had made itself more familiar with what human beings actually did, rather than how they thought, he would have hit on this historical passage, as a thorough instance of practical egotism far more real, and nearly as concise, as the clever satire he has improved from the German. In his delineation of an egotist, he declares of his hero,

"A pronoun, verb-imperative, he shone!"—

and describes him thus holding forth:

"Here, on this market cross, aloud I cry,
I, I, I & I itself, I!
The form, the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside, the outside, the earth and the sky,
I, you, and he—and he, you, and I—
All souls and all bodies are I itself, I!
All, I, itself, I!"

Dartmouth, his contemporary, illustrates this passage by observing, that the king "had complained of bishop Burnet breaking in upon him, whether he would or no, and asking him questions, that he did not know how to answer, without trusting him more than he was willing to do, having a very bad opinion of his retentive faculties."[1] The bishop mentioned his own reluctance to undertake the office of preceptor to the young prince, and describes how it was finally arranged. "The young duke of Gloucester was to live at Windsor, because it was in the diocese of Salisbury, and the bishop was allowed ten weeks in the princely pupil's vacations, to attend to the rest of his episcopal duties." He affirms, that all his endeavours to decline this advancement were unavailing, for the king said, "he could only trust that care to him." It is certain that no other prelate was bound to identify himself so thoroughly with the revolutionary government, as Burnet, and that, as his fortune and station wholly depended on its stability, king William was as certain that Burnet would bring up the boy in as utter hatred to his grandfather James II., as the regent Murray was, when he placed Buchanan as tutor, that he would inculcate in the infant mind of king James every foul stigma against his mother, Mary queen of Scots. The motives of each appointment were similar.

It has been shown that the king had appropriated to his own use an enormous share of the 50,000*l.* per annum, added by parliament to the Civil List, for the purpose of the education of the duke of Gloucester. He had, indeed, retained the whole since the peace of Ryswick.[2] Nor could any entreaties of the princess induce his majesty to allow more than 15,000*l.*,[3] scarcely more than a quarter of the sum he received for the establishment of the heir to

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

[2] The addition voted by parliament was 100,000*l.*, half of which the English parliament had allotted for the payment of the dowry of James II.'s queen, the other moiety for the education of the duke of Gloucester.

[3] Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough.

the British empire. From this modicum, the princess solicited that a small part might be advanced, that she might purchase plate and furniture, needful for the extension of her son's establishment. But William III., whose character never appears less attractive, than when he is seen in history in the act of grasping some ill-gotten pelf or other, positively refused to advance her a doit;[1] yet the princess Anne was prepared to submit to all losses, so that her boy was not withdrawn from her personal society; besides, to smoothe the other hardships, the earl of Marlborough was appointed his chief governor. At the first view, this measure may appear rather extraordinary, when the indignities are remembered which had been heaped on the princess Anne, only for her private regard for Marlborough and his wife; but king William's power for injury had become weakened since the death of his wife. Most of the real kingly functions were executed by the junta of the oligarchy, resembling the Venetian Council of Ten. A majority of these persons were Marlborough's old colleagues, who had aided him in effecting the Revolution. The junta treated with him as a power, who had, among other advantages, possession of the mind and will of the princess Anne, the heiress of the crown.

If king William could draw from the English house of commons sufficient supplies, he cared little how the English junta arranged for the future. He had been heard to say, "Let all remain according to my wish, now, and those may have the crown who can catch it, when I am gone."

A cynic might have laughed, and doubtless many did, at the utter absence of all supposition by king William and the junta, that Marlborough and the princess Anne would act on their vowed contrition to king James. On the contrary, William calculated to a nicety that Marlborough would renounce and betray the distant lineal

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

heir, and cleave to the rival duke of Gloucester, over whose mind an empire would have been established, commenced in early youth. Such was the secret spring of a measure, which seems, at the first view, extremely inconsistent with the previous biographies of both the royal sisters, Mary and Anne.

The earl of Marlborough was permitted by king William to attend his levee, June 19, 1698, and kiss his hand,[1] on his appointment as governor to the duke of Gloucester. The king, who was certainly no composer of compliments in general, is said to have addressed to the object of his former contempt, the following fine eulogy on this occasion. "My lord, make the duke of Gloucester like yourself, and I desire no more."[2] King William, likewise, appointed the new governor one of the junta of nine, called by the people, "the nine kings," and by the parliament, "the nine lords-justices." This place we have shown that lord Marlborough had previously filled, when William and Mary first ascended the throne.

The official organ of William's government announced the advancement of Marlborough, in the following style:—

"June 16, 1698.—His majesty has been pleased to appoint the right honourable the earl of Marlborough to be governor to his highness the duke of Gloucester, as a mark of the good opinion his majesty has of his lordship's zeal for his service, and his qualifications for an employment of so great a trust; and this evening his lordship was sworn of his majesty's privy council, and took his place there."

William III. did not leave England for the delights of his Loo-palace that year, until July 20, neither was the establishment for the young duke of Gloucester's household and education settled even then, since lady Marlborough expressly says, "that the king took with him a list of the young duke's intended officials, which he had,

[1] Macpherson's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 141.

[2] Coxe and all the biographers of the duke of Marlborough repeat this speech. Had it ever been uttered, the duchess would never have omitted it in her Conduct.

in an access of unwonted graciousness, told the princess Anne to draw out for his approval;" these are the words of Sarah of Marlborough. She had every reason to know the truth with all its minutiæ, if she has chosen to relate it accurately, and in this instance her narrative is corroborated by other contemporaries. "When the duke of Gloucester," she says, "was arrived at the age to be put into men's hands, king William insinuated to such members of parliament as he knew were desirous to have the duke handsomely settled, that it would require near 50,000*l.* a year; and, at the same time, he promised other persons whom he knew it would please, that he would pay *queen Mary, in France,* [Mary Beatrice, queen of James II.,] her settlement, which was also 50,000*l.* And thus he obtained an addition of one hundred thousand a year to his civil list."[1]

"The addition was granted," continues Sarah of Marlborough, "yet king William never paid one farthing to queen Mary, in France, and, as to the duke of Gloucester, king William not only kept him in the women's hands a good while after the new revenue was granted, but, when his highness's family was settled, he positively would pay out of the 50,000*l.* but 15,000*l.* a year. Nay, of this small allowance, he refused to advance to the princess one quarter, though she absolutely needed it to buy plate and furniture; and she was forced to be at that expense herself."

"But this was not all. The king, influenced by lord Sunderland, sent the princess word, 'That though he intended to put in all the preceptors, he would leave it to her to choose the rest of the servants except one, which was to be Mr. Sayers.'"[2]

"The princess received this message with extreme pleasure, for it was more humane, and of a different air,

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 116.

[2] It will be remembered in the life of queen Mary, that she was, in her noted visit to Canterbury, in 1693, escorted by a vice-chamberlain, quoted as Mr. Sayers.

from aught that she had been used to. She immediately set herself to provide proper persons of the most consideration for the several places. Mr. Boscawen,[1] and the son of Mr. Secretary Vernon, were chosen by her royal highness, to be the grooms of her son's bedchamber, and the sons of the earls of Bridgewater and Berkeley, were to be his pages of honour.

"Meantime, king William was in no hurry to finish the affair of the duke of Gloucester's establishment; he let lord Marlborough know, 'that he would send a list from abroad, of the servants he chose to have in the young duke's family. But he regarded not in the least, the message he had previously sent to the princess.' It was then represented to his majesty, 'that the princess upon the credit of his first gracious message, had engaged her promise to several persons; and it was to be hoped, his majesty would not give her mortification at a time when any trouble of mind might do her great prejudice, as she soon expected the birth of another child.'"[2]

The intelligence that his sister Anne was in the hopeful situation which might strengthen the protestant interest, far from obtaining for her the slightest indulgence, appeared to aggravate the acerbity of the royal temper; instead of sending the complimentary congratulations customary on such occasions, his majesty angrily exclaimed:—

"Anne shall not be queen before her time, and I *will* make the list of what servants her son shall have!" "The king remained so peremptory," continues the Marlborough, "that all my husband could do, was to get lord Albemarle to try to bring him to reason."[3]

The favourite took possession of the list drawn up by the princess, and promised that she should receive from

[1] Probably the Eton boy, who was sent for from the college by the princess to play with her son on his first visit to Windsor Castle.

[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. [3] Ibid.

Holland a more satisfactory account of the appointments. He exerted himself so zealously in the cause of the princess, that her own list was returned to her with but few alterations. The king only made lord Raby's brother an equerry, and appointed to be "gentlemen waiters" two or three persons who had served queen Mary II. in like stations, and had pensions on that account; "and," adds lady Marlborough,[1] "it was to make savings in regard to such pensions that king William did so ungentlemanlike a thing as to force the princess to fail in such engagements." The king had evidently, on second thoughts, repented him of the leave he had given the princess Anne, to choose the attendants of her son, and thought that he could save all the pensions he most unwillingly had to pay to his late queen's servants, by giving them full pay in the service of the duke of Gloucester, and thus he should be able to "cut off another cantle" out of the 15,000*l.* Keppel very sagaciously proved to his master, that by making enemies of all the persons to whom the princess would be forced to break her promise, his saving would at the end prove a very dear one.

The poor princess Anne, while these disputes were in the course of settlement and progress, was forced to leave her grasping brother-in-law in full possession, for at least a year, of the income voted by parliament for the use of the duke of Gloucester, being unable to settle her son's establishment until the return of the king. The Flying Post announced the important facts, "that his majesty had paid their royal highnesses, since his return, a visit on December 17, 1698, and that his highness the duke of Gloucester hath had more domestics engaged in his service." The king, therefore, really obtained a whole year and a half's income of 50,000*l.*, almost clear of incumbrances, of this allowance, since the princess was unable to wrest it out of his unrighteous grasp.

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

Yet the temper of the times did not authorize William III. in putting any very remarkable slight on the princess. Since the peace of Ryswick, king William and his English subjects had not been on those terms which rendered it very safe policy. His principal vexation was, that the English parliament insisted on his standing army being disbanded, and his Dutch guards sent out of the country. William pleaded in person for the retention of his guards; but finding the parliament inexorable, he was forced to yield, being more than once reminded that this was partly the cause why his father-in-law was exiled. William remained in a black sullen fit for many hours, without speaking to any one; at last he broke into this exclamation—

"By heavens, if I had a son, these Dutch guards of mine should *not* go!"

This was the only time he ever was heard to regret his want of offspring; yet, notwithstanding all his saturnine gloom, he was fond of little children. An anecdote is extant of him, which places this propensity in a very pleasing light.

One of his secretaries was rather later than usual in his private closet at Kensington, when a tap was heard at the door. "Who is there?" asked the king.

"Lord Buck," was the answer. The king rose, opened the door, and there was displayed to view a little child, of four years old—young lord Buckhurst, the heir of lord Dorset, his lord high chamberlain.

"And what does lord Buck want?" asked the king.

"You to be a horse to my coach: I've wanted you a long time."[1]

With a more amiable smile than the secretary had ever supposed king William could wear, his majesty looked down on his little noble, and taking the string of the toy, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his play-fellow was satisfied. It was supposed that this was

[1] Horace Walpole.

not the first game of play he had had with little lord Buckhurst.

Another personal anecdote of William, was that connected with his lord-treasurer, Godolphin. This minister, who had ever been personally attached to king James, had entered into a plot for his former master's restoration. By one of those accidents which often befal persons who are in the receipt of a great many papers, Godolphin unwittingly put into the king's hands a packet of letters which most fully criminated himself. The king read them, and the next day placed them in the hands of lord Godolphin, who stood aghast at seeing what he had done. The king then said—

"My lord Godolphin, I am happy to say that I am the only person who knows of this treason; give me your honour that you will put an end to it. I think, after this, I may trust you."[1]

The first edition of Dryden's translation of the "Æneid," is somewhat oddly connected with the memory of William III. The celebrated Jacob Tonson, his publisher, designed that the work should be dedicated to William III. Dryden, who had been deprived of his pension and laureateship by queen Mary, swore that he would rather commit his manuscript to the flames than submit to pay that compliment to the Dutch sovereign. He insisted on dedicating every canto to a separate Mecænas of his own among the aristocracy. The extensive patronage thus obtained for the work induced the publisher to let the poet have his own way. Old Jacob, though baffled, was not foiled; having devised a notable plan for outwitting Dryden, and flattering William at the same time, for he directed the artist, whom he employed to illustrate the Æniad, to represent a lively portraiture of his majesty, for the beau ideal of the person of the pious Æneas. As the features of the hero of Nassau cannot possibly be mistaken whenever they

[1] Sir John Dalrymple's History of the Revolution in Great Britain, &c.

are seen, the likeness was staring, and the bookseller rejoiced in the success of his scheme. As for William himself, he no more cared for dedications by an English poet, than he did for compliments in Chinese; either way, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him; not so to Dryden, whose ecstasy of displeasure at the sight of the features of the pious Æneas,[1] vented itself in the following bitter epigram, the more bitter because founded on truth:—

"Old Jacob, in his wondrous mood,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On *poor* Æneas' shoulders.

"To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's something lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
The other sent his packing."

As before stated, king William had, from his childhood, suffered from bad health. In the course of three or four years after the death of queen Mary, his frame was sinking under a complication of diseases. During one of the attendances by Dr. Radcliffe, his majesty's physician, the king asked him what he thought of a complaint which had attacked his legs.

"That I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," was the startling rejoinder.

King William thenceforth banished Radcliffe from court; but as the great physician was a Jacobite, this was no punishment.

The national songs of Scotland convey much statistic information; many, indeed, are the facts to be gathered from them which are well confirmed on inquiry, though utterly passed over in general history. The following popular song of that century shows that the accidents of the seasons, added to public misery, and to the unpopu-

[1] In the library of his grace the duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, is a magnificent copy of the first edition, the subscription folio adorned with all the luxury of type and engravings. On examination, this curious anecdote is fully verified by the fact, that every plate in which the pious Æneas figures presents a studied and staring likeness of king William.

larity of William in North Britain. It is part of the historical ballad of "O whurry Whigs awa," in the course of which the princess Anne is not forgotten:

"Next we gat owre an Orange king,
That played with parties baith, man,
A Hogan Mogan[1] foreign thing,
That wrought a world of skaith, man;
When he came owre, our rights to see,
His father, friend, and a', man,
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
Then swore he ran awa, man.

"The fifth day of November, he
Did land upon our coasts, man;
But those who lived his reign to see,
Of that they did not boast, man:
Seven years of famine did prevail,
The people hopeless grew, man;
But dearth and death did us assail,
And thousands overthrew, man.

"But Willie's latter end did come,
He broke his collar-bone, man;
We chose another, couthy Anne,
And set her on the throne, man.
O then we had baith meal and malt,
And plenty over all, man;
We had nae scant of sin or saint,
O, *whurry*[2] Whigs awa, man."

By this bitter Jacobite squib, we learn the statistical facts of the dearths that continued during the latter part of the reign of William, and this, though no fault of his, added to the deep hatred the common people bore him.

Another popular historical ballad alludes covertly and sarcastically to the reverse of the Episcopal church in Scotland; its title is "Willie the Wag,"—so it was printed —but it was sung "Willie the Whig."

"O! I had a wee bit mailin,[3]
And I had a good gray mare,
And I had a braw bit dwelling,
Till Willie the whig came here.
He whiggit me out of my mailin,
He whiggit me out of my gear,
And out of my bonny *black gowny*,[4]
That ne'er was the worse for the wear.

[1] A favourite epithet of reproach in Jacobite songs, a corruption of the Dutch title of honour, High Mightiness.
[2] Weary. [3] The provision for the episcopalian clergy.
[4] The canonical dress of the episcopal established church of Scotland.

"He fawned and waggit his tail,
Till he poisoned the true well ee,
And with the wagging of his fause tongue,
He gart the brave Monmouth die.[1]
He whiggit us out of our rights,
And he whiggit us out of our laws,
And he whiggit us out of our king,
O! that grieves me worst of a'.

"The tod[2] rules over the lion,
The midden's[3] aboon the moon,
And Scotland maun cower and cringe,
To a false and a foreign loon.
O! waly fu' fall the piper,
That sells his wind sae dear,
And waly fu' is the time
When Willie the whig came here."

These popular songs plainly show the unbroken spirit of Scotland; despite of the deep wounds of Glencoe and Darien, the Scottish lion was foaming at the bit, and ramping to break the reins that held him. A spirit of the strongest personal sarcasm pervades the lyric productions of the Scottish poets at that time; and the most magnificent of their national melodies were made to forget their plaintive character to accord with the rallying songs of the Jacobites.

In the spring of 1698, occurred an event, apparently of little consequence to the princess Anne, but which subsequently shook the throne to which she succeeded. Yet it was nothing more than the appointment of a destitute servant maid, a daughter of lady Marlborough's aunt, to a humble post in the palace of the princess. Abigail Hill,[4] was the name of this kinswoman of the haughty favourite, who had been a servant maid in the house of lady Rivers, of Chafford, in Kent.

When lady Marlborough was first established at the Cockpit, at the time of the marriage of the princess, a lady represented to her that she had near relations, who were in the most abject misery. At first, the favourite

[1] This allusion was unveiled in the publication of the Stuart Papers, by order of George IV.

[2] The *fox*. [3] Dunghill.

[4] Her servitude to lady Rivers is mentioned by Coxe, Life of Marlborough, vol. ii. p. 257.

denied that she had ever heard of such persons—a singular circumstance, for most persons in families, either high or low, have heard their aunts mentioned. She was, however, successfully reminded, that her father's sister had marrried an anabaptist, in trade in the city, who had become bankrupt; that this aunt was starving, with her husband; that her two young sons were in rags, and her daughters were servant-maids. The whole of this mortifying detail had, perhaps, been laid before the proud favourite, as a rebuke to her arrogance; fortunately for the afflicted persons, it impelled her to draw forth ten guineas from her purse, for the relief of her wretched aunt, who expired, as did her husband, directly after the relief arrived. The appeal had not been made, it seems, till their last extremity. Sarah began to consider, that to canton the orphans on the public would be more gratifying to her self-esteem than leaving them in the degree of house-maids and chamber-maids. Abigail Hill, the servant of lady Rivers, was withdrawn by her fortunate kinswoman, and given bitter bread, as her own nursery-maid.[1] Bitter, indeed, it must have been, if conclusions may be drawn from a very pert letter of one of her young charges, Anne Churchill, in which that vulgar term of reviling, "creature," as applied to her cousin, most odiously occurs. Abigail Hill, silent and suffering, became, if we may judge from the representation of lady Marlborough, morose, misanthropic, close, and designing, and of a temper so miserable, that it preyed inwardly on her health, so that no change of fortune could cheer her melancholy. What an autobiography could have been written by this woman! who appears to have possessed the shy, proud disposition, often noted in persons who have seen better days, and yet have sunk to the last wretched-

[1] The duchess of Marlborough, in her reviling letters, frequently speaks of her cousin as her nursery-maid, as in her Correspondence, (vol. i. p. 257,) where, though she has blundered in the use of the relative, she means Abigail Hill.

ness to which a virtuous person can fall,—that of common servitude?

Meantime, her brothers, the ragged boys—lady Marlborough especially points out their rags—were caught from the street, clothed and provided for from the rich harvest of patronage, at the Marlborough command, which opened at the Revolution. The elder Hill was placed in the customs—the younger, Jack Hill, as a page to prince George of Denmark. When the household of the young duke of Gloucester was established, lady Marlborough slipped her cousin, Mary Hill, into the snug place of laundress, with 200*l.* per annum; but for her white slave, the melancholy superintendent of her nursery, Abigail, she reserved the place of bed-chamber woman to the princess Anne, and thus was enabled to have a deputy, who could perform all her own offices, when she chose to absent herself, apprehending no danger of being supplanted by a person so reserved and unattractive.

Abigail had another connexion at court, a climbing politician. This was Robert Harley. According to lady Marlborough's statement, the father of Abigail Hill was in the same degree of relationship to Harley that his wife was to her. She adds "that Harley never did anything for his uncle or his distressed family, or owned the kindred,[1] till Abigail was likely to become a prosperous gentlewoman."

Since the advancement of lord Marlborough to the high office of governor to the duke of Gloucester, his lady had begun to lose the caressing devotion she had

[1] There is something wrong in this statement of lady Marlborough; for Robert Harley's mother was not *Abigail Hill*, but Abigail Stephens; neither had he an aunt whose maiden name was Hill. The only trace of family connexion with the chivalresque pedigree of Harley is the family name of Abigail, with which some of its ladies were afflicted in the 17th century. We should believe all connexion of the Harleys with the anabaptist Hill, who married lady Marlborough's aunt, the pure invention of that person, were it not for the abuse which the lampoons of that time level at Robert Harley's father, as a *fanatic* who had tasted the good things of Cromwell's outrageous taxation.

hitherto manifested for the princess Anne, and now and then permitted her to taste a spice of that audacious and overbearing arrogance with which she treated the rest of her contemporaries. Sometimes the aggrieved princess would let fall a word or two of complaint before the sympathizing and silent substitute of her haughty favourite. When the princess found that no evil consequences ensued, no tale was carried to Abigail's principal, and, above all, that no gossip story was raised in the court, the confidence was extended, and some condolences regarding the fiery temper of the "dear Mrs. Freeman," were received gratefully, and agreed upon by both with impunity. Such was the commencement of the intimacy between the princess Anne and the humble Abigail Hill: and such the domestic politics of the palace of St. James.

Her royal highness continued to keep court that year with some degree of splendour. She frequently bestowed patronage on the theatres. Among other entertainments of the kind, she approved of the English Opera. The Postboy[1] announces, "That her royal highness was pleased to see, this day, April 27, 1699, the opera called, 'The Island Princess,' which was performed by her command, at the Theatre Royal."

The education of the duke of Gloucester had proceeded formally under the surveillance of his preceptor Burnet, according to the account of the latter, since his highness's ninth birth day. As usual, the princess and her consort took their son to Windsor Castle, July, 1699; the birthday of the young prince, and the wedding-day of the princess, were celebrated with balls and great splendour, the whole concluded with fireworks for the duke of Gloucester—a circumstance which is never omitted in any public announcement of these rejoicings.[2] The course of study which Dr. Burnet thought best for the

[1] Collections Brit. Museum.
[2] The Postboy, ibid., July 24, 1699.

little prince of ten years old, is remarkable for its dry and abstract nature, the child's docility was greatly commended, but the lively spirit that carried him through many severe attacks of illness, supported him no longer; two years' attention to the studies described by his right reverend preceptor, would have been sufficient to subdue the petulance and break the health of a stronger individual than the little heir of Great Britain. No more of his lively sallies are reported after he was consigned to the tuition of Burnet. There is a beautiful picture of the prince at this period of his existence, at Hampton-Court; "melancholy seems to have marked him for her own." He looks like a young man of seventeen, too sensitive and delicate for this work-a-day world: the blue veins on the fair high temples, the pearly complexion, the mournful regards of the mild blue eyes, and the expression of premature care and thoughtfulness are altogether unlike the merry sprite described by his faithful Lewis Jenkins.

The princess gave receptions and held her court at Windsor Castle during the summer of 1699, to which the nobility occasionally travelled from London to present themselves. The month of August brought her a visitor of no very reputable cast, being the notorious lady Dorchester, the unworthy rival of her hated step-mother. Mary Beatrice. As this person posted to Windsor to make her obeisance at the court of Anne, when she thought proper to own her marriage with sir David Collier, it may be supposed that the princess kept up some intimacy with her, either as acquaintance or partisan. The incident is thus sarcastically mentioned by the marchioness of Halifax.[1]

[1] Letter in Devonshire Collection from the marchioness of Halifax, dated August 22, 1699. Copied by permission. In the same series of letters, the marchioness mentions as news, that the first duke of Devonshire had purchased Berkeley House, so long the residence of the princess Anne, and that he had paid the first instalment August 3, 1699. This incident strengthens the tradition mentioned in Knight's London, that Berkeley House occupied the present site of Devonshire House.

"I see marriage is still honourable by your cousin Savill, in the country, and my lady Dorchester in this town, who now owns hers to sir David Collier, and hath been at Windsor on purpose to kiss the princess Anne's hand upon it."

The consort of the princess Anne continued to live an easy and luxurious life with her, neither causing nor conceiving jealousies: either as prince or husband, had he displayed the slightest tendency to ambition, all parties would have hastened to attack him with envenomed libels. Inoffensive as he was, they would not permit him to remain at peace, but satirized his very peacefulness. One wicked wit[1] thus mentions him.

"'They perceived another king[2] hard by in the same quarter, much concerned for the loss of a brother, whom many years ago he had disposed of extremely well, yet nobody since ever heard one word of him. Momus laughing, said, 'the good prince was not quite dead, though forced to breathe hard to prevent being buried, because nobody perceived any other sign of life in him.' Some of the gods smiled and said, 'It were well for the good of mankind if all other princes were as quiet as he was.'"

This picture was drawn by a rival, the marquess of Normanby. It was well that the harmless prince had not afforded reason for severer satire. The brother alluded to was the king of Denmark, whose death in 1699, gave prince George some share in the troubles of this world, by plunging him into the deepest affliction. Christiern V. had been loved by him with enduring affection, which had caused him to perform, when fighting by his side, acts of generous and romantic valour, worthy of Bayard or Philip Sydney. Probably it was the esteem the Danish prince obtained in Europe for rescuing his royal brother from captivity by a desperate charge when taken by the

[1] Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 139.]
[2] The king of Denmark, brother of prince George.

Swedes, at the lost battle of Varna, that obtained for him the hand of the heiress in reversion of the British empire, which the princess Anne then was. Prince George had, since his settlement in England, frequently visited his brother at Copenhagen, therefore the love between them had not failed from entire absence. The king of Denmark died[1] Sept. 4, 1699; prince George of Denmark was in the depth of his mourning habiliments, and had not mastered his sorrow, when the birthday of William III. occurred, November 4. On this account, the prince expressed his wish that his majesty would permit the princess and himself to congratulate him without doffing their sable weeds; fancying that liberty might be taken, "because the late kings Charles II. and James II. never wished any persons in recent mourning for their relatives to change it for coloured clothes on such occasions." King William's ideas, on the subject of death and "mourning dool," were more consonant with those of Henry VIII. His Dutch majesty, although king Christiern was a relative of his own, and an ally withal, signified his pleasure that their royal highnesses were to visit him in gay court dresses or to keep away;[2] the prince of Denmark was both angry and afflicted at this message.

Other causes of disquiet relative to the death of the king of Denmark were felt by Anne and her spouse: the successor of Christiern V., his son Frederic IV. had, in the course of his travels in France, visited St. Germains, and had, despite of the rival interests of his uncle's consort, professed himself deeply interested in the exiled queen and her children, and withal mightily disposed to espouse their quarrel against the advancement of his young cousin Gloucester. An absurd dispute with Louis XIV. put a stop to this enthusiasm; that monarch would only address his despatches to the king

[1] Calamy's Life and Diary, vol. i. p. 418.
[2] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

of Denmark as "serenity" and not "majesty;" in retaliation, king Christiern directed his papers to the high and mighty majesty of France only as "serenity;" which proceeding did not produce much serenity in the tempers of either royal correspondent, for the king of France, in a great rage, bade his ministers address Frederic IV. only as *vous*.[1] Such were the childish matters that occupied the attention of sovereigns at the close of the seventeenth century, nor were they much amended in the commencement of the eighteenth, for we shall see that the princess Anne, when queen, was insulted by the emperor in the same manner, after millions of treasure and oceans of blood had been wasted by England in the cause of his son.

Notwithstanding the verbal skirmish with the *grande monarque* regarding the dignity of Denmark, the princess Anne and her consort had the vexation of finding that their nephew, Frederic IV., did his utmost against the government of Great Britain, and consequently against the succession of Anne and her son. Sir George Rooke forthwith bombarded Copenhagen with the English fleet; but the king of Denmark, after the reverses he sustained from the young Swedish hero, Charles XII., was compelled to make peace. William III., when the early successes of Charles were described to him by Keppel, was heard to say, with a heavy sigh, "Ah, youth is a fine thing!"[2]

Their family griefs and troubles detained the princess and her consort later than usual, in the autumn of 1699, at Windsor; there is no notice in the Gazette or Postboy of their attendance at the king's birth-day that year, 1699—therefore the prince and princess probably took his majesty at his word, and kept themselves and their mourning from the royal presence. The princess did not

[1] Despatches of the earl of Manchester, edited by Christian Cole, addressed to the earl of Jersey, p. 64.

[2] White Kennet's Perfect History, vol. iii.

arrive at St. James's for the winter, until December, when her cortège is thus described in one of the newspapers of the day:[1]

"1699, Dec. 2. Thursday, about four in the afternoon, their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, with his highness the duke of Gloucester, came to the palace of St. James's, from Windsor, having eleven coaches, with six horses each, besides some others that attended them. Yesterday they were complimented by the nobility on their arrival. A curious ode is prepared[2] to be sung, as usual, this morning, and *there's* to be a ball at St. James's, to conclude the solemnity of the day."

The princess expected another accouchement, in the spring of 1700; she was again destined to disappointment, her infant did not live to be baptized; during its private burial, in the night of January 27th, in the vault in Henry VII.'s chapel, an odd circumstance took place. Some robbers stole into Westminster Abbey, and lurking among the recesses of Henry VII.'s chapel, contrived to break open the tomb of Charles II., and rob his wax effigy of its regal array, and succeeded in carrying off all the ornaments. So far the information of the *Flying Post.* But it requires a little explanation: Charles II. had no tomb, but probably something of a hearse was placed on the spot where he was buried, on which was extended his wax effigy, in the same dress in which it was carried at his funeral; for want of a better, the people called this his tomb; thousands went to see it, and an additional charge was made for the sight. Since the robbery, Charles's wax statue has been dressed in a dark velvet costume, which was probably one of his old court dresses.

Among the few incidents which remain of the residence of the princess Anne at the palace of St. James,

[1] Flying Post, Dec. 1699. Collections Brit. Museum.
[2] Written by Hughes, author of The Siege of Damascus.

is the memory of a freak of bishop Burnet, who it appears united the office of almoner to the princess, with that of preceptor to her son, since he usually preached at St. James's chapel. Here he perceived, or fancied that the ladies of the princess's establishment, did not look at him while preaching his sermons—"his thundering long sermons," as queen Mary called them. Nay, bishop Burnet suspected, that the ladies preferred looking at any other person. He, therefore, after much remonstrance on this impropriety, prevailed on the princess Anne to order all the pews in St. James's chapel to be raised so high, that the fair delinquents could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit. The princess could not help laughing at the complaint, but she complied when Burnet represented that the interests of the church were in danger. All traces of these high barricaded pews have long disappeared from the royal chapel; but the whim of bishop Burnet was imitated in many churches which had not been pewed until that era, and are, at this hour to be seen in remote country parishes.[1] The bishops and clergy of our church at the present day are, we have heard, by no means partial to these high boxes as inducements to pious demeanour.

As for the damsels for whose edification they were first devised, they were transported with the utmost indignation, which was only surpassed by the rage of the cavaliers of the court and household of the princess. One of them vented his wrath by the composition of a satirical ballad on the intermeddling of Burnet, the gist of which was,—that if the ladies of the princess had no better reason to restrain their eyes from wandering at church, than a pew higher than their heads, their forced attention would do little good. This squib[2] has some

[1] Shorne Church, in Kent, is, or was, an instance of Burnet's alterations. A lady must be tall even to see over the side of a pew when standing. The whole of the church is parcelled out into these high boxes.

[2] The Earl of Oxford's MS. Collection of Tory and Jacobite Verses. Lansdowne Papers, 825, pp. 236.

historical utility, because it preserves the description of the principal ladies domesticated with the princess Anne :

"When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames,
Who flocked to the chapel of Holy St. James,
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,
And smiled not at him when he bellowed below,
To the princess he went,
With a pious intent,
This dangerous ill in the church to prevent.
'Oh, madam,' he said, 'our religion is lost,
If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the *toast*.'[1]

"'Your highness observes how I labour and sweat,
Their affections to raise and attention to get;
And sure when I preach all the world will agree,
That their eyes and their ears should be pointed at me;
But now I can find
No beauty so kind,
My parts to regard or my person to mind;
Nay, I scarce have the sight of one feminine face,
But those of old Oxford or ugly Arglass.

"'Those sorrowful matrons with hearts full of ruth,
Repent for the manifold sins of their youth;
The rest with their tattle my harmony spoil,
And Burlington, Anglesey, Kingston, and Boyle,
Their minds entertain
With fancies profane,
That not even at church their tongues they restrain;
E'en Henningham's shape their glances entice,
And rather than me they will ogle the *Vice!*'[2]

"'These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace,
Shall laymen enjoy the just rights of my place?
Then all may lament my condition so hard,
Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
Therefore pray condescend,
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send,
To build up the seats that the beauties may see
The face of no brawling pretender but me.'

"The princess by the man's importunity prest,
Though she laugh'd at his reasons, allowed his request.
And now Britain's nymphs in a protestant reign,
Are lock'd up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

It was provided, among the other regulations of the duke of Gloucester's education, that four of the governing

[1] So written; but perhaps it means the courtiers, who brought beauties into celebrity, by toasting them at their drinking orgies. Montague, lord Halifax, had the names of the court beauties written on drinking glasses, accompanied by quaint descriptive rhymes, which were repeated when the health was drunk.

[2] The princess's vice-chamberlain.

junta should examine his progress in learning, every quarter. The child had gone through this somewhat arduous ordeal, in the summer of 1700, with great credit.[1] He was considered a prodigy of juvenile attainment, and surely the mind of the poor child must have been crammed with extraordinary mental diet, for his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system, perfectly astonished the four deputies from the governing junta. Nevertheless, all that the young boy answered on these abstract subjects, must have been on the parrot system of education, painfully committed to memory, and pronounced without a concomitant idea. Clear and luminous ideas on jurisprudence and the diverse laws which the communities of mankind have agreed to observe, can only be obtained by the exertions of riper intellect, as inferences drawn from the historical statistics of various nations, and the knowledge of their customs and manners. A very small share of such information appertained to the preceptor, —the pupil was more to be pitied, into whose tender mind, sapless and incomprehensible verbiage was unwholesomely thrust—the languages and sciences to which young Edward VI. fell a victim, were infinitely preferable, because they were connected with facts and ideas. The young duke of Gloucester's mind was chiefly occupied by this abstruse pedantry, added to which, were those branches of the mathematics of use in sieges and fortification, together with the manœuvres of field days, all tending to train him for that injurious ruler to England, a regimental sovereign.

A circumstance happened, just before the princess and her household left St. James's Palace for Windsor Castle, which was supposed to have ultimately occasioned very injurious effects on the duke of Gloucester's health, by removing from him the physician who had successfully studied his constitution from his infancy.

[1] Roger Coke.

The princess Anne had always been remarked for her devotion to the pleasures of the table, but as life advanced, her digestion weakened, and, very often, she suffered under the re-action of the stimulants she took to improve it; she then became low spirited, and apprehensive regarding her health. One evening, she sent for the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, at an inconvenient time, just as he had opened his second bottle of sack. He affected unbelief concerning the illness of the princess, and positively refused to prescribe any medicine for her, but bade her attendants put her to bed, declaring that she would be well in the morning. In a few days, he was again summoned, at the same inconvenient time, but he refused to leave his bottle. "Pooh, pooh!" said he; "tell her royal highness, nothing ails her but vapours, she needs neither physic nor physician." The princess was, of course, very angry, and struck him off her list of physicians,[1] with which, Dr. Radcliffe was much delighted; for, as he said, "he hated the whig sovereigns, so unfeignedly, that he should certainly have the credit of poisoning them; therefore, he wanted none of their custom, not he!"

The hostility between the princess Anne and her physician, had commenced as early as her flight from her father, in 1688; when the bishop of London sent for him to come to Nottingham, to see after the health of the princess, which showed some dangerous symptoms. Radcliffe indulged in much coarse vituperation on her conduct, and finished, by assuring her messenger, "that he would not come." Radcliffe had been appointed physician to the princess Anne, by the king, her father, in 1686.[2]

The following intelligence heralded the preparations for the departure of the princess from St. James's, that

[1] This is one of Horace Walpole's anecdotes; it is besides related by the biographers of Radcliffe.

[2] Bio. Brit.: article, Radcliffe.

summer. "May 21.—We hear their royal highnesses and the duke, design for Windsor, next week. Her royal highness has distributed a great deal of money among the poor of St. James's, St. Ann's, this Whitsuntide, according to her annual custom."[1]

The princess Anne and her household removed with the duke of Gloucester to Windsor before the expiration of the month of May. The languishing health of king William occasioned all politicians to be on the alert. The earl of Marlborough and his lady, although reckoned among the leading tories of the day, were perfectly certain that their political power would be limited to the mere personal influence they had over the princess, in case of her accession, if they remained in the tory ranks. On the accession of Anne, it was anticipated that such men as the uncle of the princess, lord Rochester, the duke of Ormond, and other personal friends of her father, would govern the country under her reign, according to the economical plans of an earlier day. Well did the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, know that such statesmen would shrink from co-operation with them, for most of them were aware of the reiterated treacheries of their renewed correspondence with the court of St. Germains, and the second betrayal of its interests, when the coalition with the party of king William took place after the death of queen Mary. But the Marlboroughs had planned a great family alliance, which they truly foresaw would render them too strong for the old-fashioned statesmen, who scrupled the daring anticipation of the funds of the country, according to the Dutch mode of finance, introduced by king William. Lord Marlborough and his lady, therefore, asked a long leave of absence from the princess, and hastened to hold a convention at Althorpe, with the old, serpent-like politician, Sunderland. They were joined in the organization of their family scheme, by lord Godolphin, whose only son

[1] Flying Post, Brit. Museum.

had, the year before, married their eldest daughter, Henrietta.

The hatred lady Marlborough had borne to lord Sunderland (which, it may be observed, flamed through the despatches of Anne to her sister Mary, in 1688) when they were driving on the revolution, vanished, and the favourite, who had joined with her mistress in denouncing him to the late queen as "the *subtlest workingest villain* on earth," now gave her second daughter in marriage to his eldest son. The princess had previously portioned the eldest daughter, having humbly craved permission in the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

"I have a request to make to my dear Mrs. Freeman; it is, that whenever dear lady Hariote (Henrietta) marries, you would give me leave to give her something to keep me in her thoughts. I beg my poor mite may be accepted, being offered from a heart that is without any reserve, with more passion and sincerity, my dear Mrs. Freeman, than any other can be capable of."[1]

The mite was 5000*l.*; the same was now given to Anne Churchill:[2] thus did the princess rivet the chains the weight of which was to crush her very soul, during the chief of her remaining years.

The princess Anne kept the eleventh birth-day of her son, the duke of Gloucester, with great rejoicings, little anticipating the result. The boy reviewed his little regiment, exulted in the discharge of cannon and crackers, and presided over a grand banquet. He was very much heated and fatigued, and probably had been induced to intrench on his natural abstemiousness. The next day he complained of sickness, headache, and a sore throat; towards night, he became delirious. The family physician of the princess sought to relieve him by bleeding, but this operation did not do him any good. There was a general outcry and lamentation in the young duke's household that he would be lost, be-

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 285, 287.

[2] The princess offered ten thousand pounds to each bride; if lady Marlborough is to be believed, she only accepted 5000*l.* for each daughter.

cause Dr. Radcliffe was not in attendance on him, owing to the affront the princess Anne had taken. Dr. Radcliffe was, however, sent for by express, and though unwilling, he was prevailed on to come. When he arrived at Windsor Castle, and saw his poor little patient, he declared the malady to be the scarlet fever; he demanded who had bled him? The physician in attendance, owned the duke had been bled by his order. "Then," said Radcliffe, "you have destroyed him, and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." The event justified the prediction of the most skilful physician of the age, but he was as much abused by the people, who clung to the last scion of their native princes, as if he had wilfully refused to save the child.

The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure, which astonished every one.[1] She gave way to no violent bursts of agony, never wept, but seemed occupied with high and awful thoughts. In truth she was debating, with an awakened conscience, on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God.

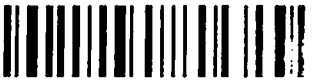
Lord Marlborough was summoned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge; but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young duke took place, July 30, 1700, five days after his birthday.

The thoughts of Anne were, at this crisis of her utter maternal bereavement, wholly and solely fixed on her father. All she felt as a parent, reminded her of her crimes towards him. She rose from the bed where was extended the corpse of her only child, with an expression of awe and resignation on her features, which made a solemn impression on the minds of all who saw her, and sat down to write to her father, pouring out in her letter her whole heart in penitence, and declaring her conviction that her bereavement was sent as a visible

[1] Burnet's Hist. of his Own Times.

punishment from Heaven, for her cruelty to him. It does not appear that Anne had ever felt the slightest compunction at any previous period.[1]

[1] Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. ii., p. 223. Her letter, which seems to have been dictated by sincere feelings at the time, has not yet come to light, yet its tenour is clearly to be ascertained in documents connected with the era. The princess positively promised, moreover, "that she would use her utmost power to effect the restoration of her brother, if ever she came to the throne, and that she would only accept that dignity in trust for him." Lamberty and Carte affirm this, although neither had the slightest connexion with each other.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